CANTVS.

THE SECOND SET

Of *Madrigals*, and *Paſtorals*, of 3. 4. 5. and 6. Parts;

Apt for Violls and Voyces:

Newly Compoſed by FRANCIS PILKINGTON, Batchelar of *Muſicke*, and *Lutemiſt*, and *Chaunter* of the Cathedrall Church of CHRIST, and bleſſed MARY the Virgin, in *Cheſter*.

LONDON:
Printed by THOMAS SNODHAM, for *M. L.* and *A. B.* 1624.

TO THE RIGHT VVORſhipfull, And worthy of much Honor, Sir PETER LEIGHE of *Lyme*, KNIGHT.

Honoured Sir:

TO him that ſhall demand of me, why I preſume to ſend this fruit of my (now aged *Muſe*) to ſeeke patronage vnder your worth: my anſwere ſhall be this; Aske the little ſparks why they dare flie vpwards towards the glorious Sunne, or the ſmall Riuerets and Brookes, why they with a haſtie boldneſſe ſtriue to be engulphed into the boſome of the vaſte *Ocean*.

Nature her ſelfe hath taught all her workes to tend vnto their proper place: and the *Subiects* of *Vertue* can neuer offer their ſeruice, nor her *Prieſts* bring their ſacrifice, but where their ſoueraigne *Queene* erects a Temple.

Sir: Your Noble diſpoſition inuites all eyes to behold the generous reſpect you beare to all the poore trauellers, that labour in the tedious iourney which leades to *Merit* and *Perfection*: And if *I*, the meaneſt and vnableſt of thouſands of thoſe, (encouraged by all mens generall Admiration of your noble Courteſies, and imboldened by your particular acceptation of ſuch former ſeruices, as my good hap hath beene to performe in ſome of your imployments) may now procure the Reflection of the leaſt beame of your faire *Aſpect*, vpon this my little *Bundle* of *Ruſhes*, that I carry towards the ſtrewing of the flore of that *Amiable Temple*, where that *Great Goddeſſe* hath her *Chaire*, the *Muſes* ſit in the *Quier*, and the *Noiſe* is nothing but *Melodie* and *Harmonious Sweetneſſe*: It will infinitely refreſh my wearie ſteppes: and (happily) yet enliue my fainting ſpirits, that I may lagge on, yet one Iourney more, (if not in the middeſt,) yet in the Rereward of thoſe many expert and able ſeruants of this Soueraigne *Queene*, to doe her and you ſome further ſeruice. To which I deuote the Remainder of my poore endeauours, and my ſelfe to be

Euer your Worſhips at command,

FRANCIS PILKINGTON.

To my approoued Friend, Maſter FRANCIS PILKINGTON, Batchelar of *Muſicke*.

A Sonnet.

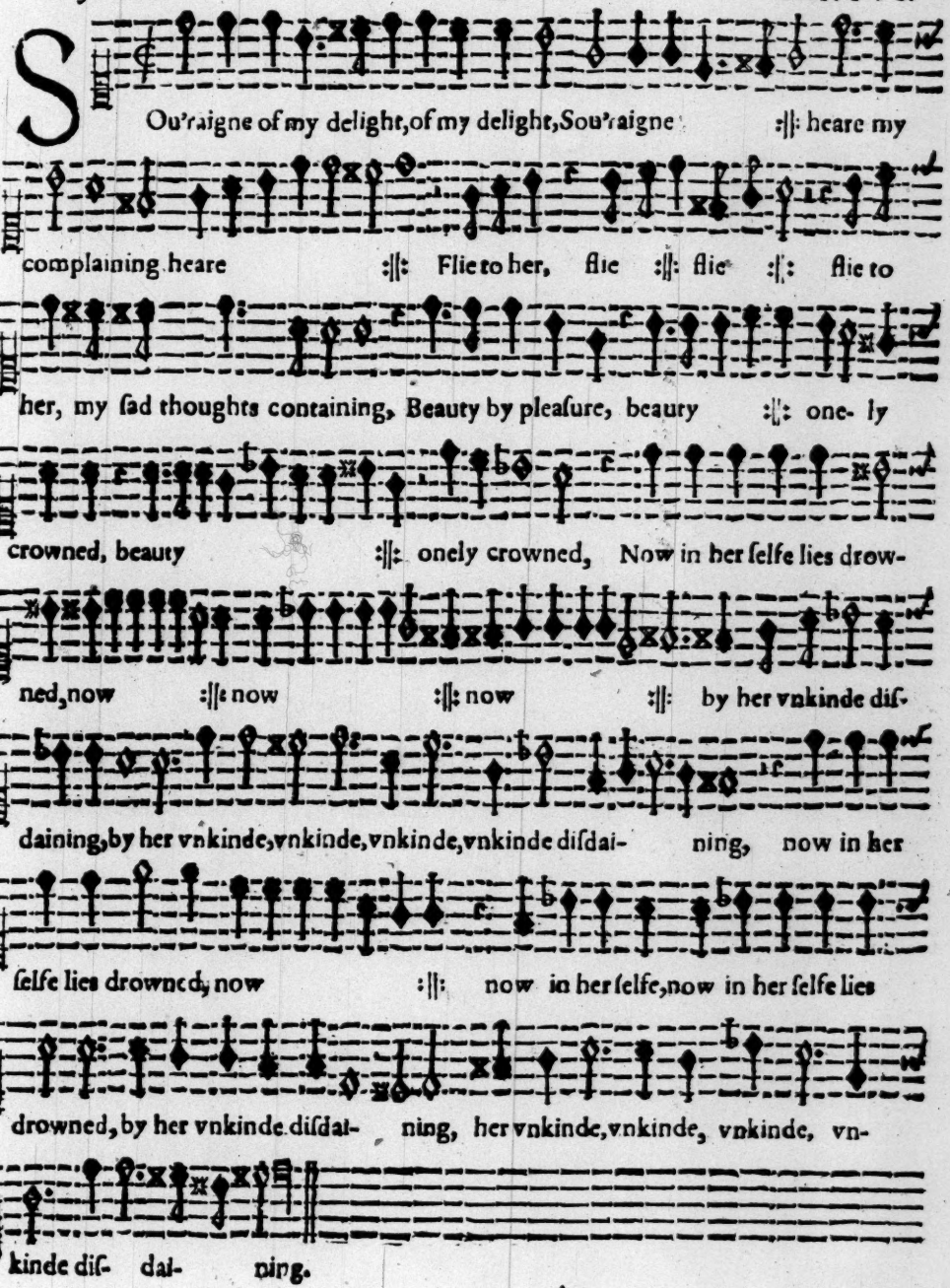
Thoſe great Atchieuements *our* Heroicke Spirits
Haue done in Englands *old or later* Victories,
Shall we attribute wholly to the Merrits,
Of our Braue Leaders? *And faire* Induſtries
Which their not-named Followers haue expreſt
Lie hid? And muſt the Matchleſſe Excellencies
Of Bird, Bull, Dowland, Morley, *and the reſt*
Of our rare Artiſts, *(who now dim the lights*
Of other lands) be onely in Requeſt?
Thy ſelfe, (and others) looſing your due Rights
To high Deſert? *nay, make it (yet) more plaine,*
That thou canſt hit the Ayres of euery vaine.
Their praiſe was their Reward, *and ſo 'tis thine:*
The Pleaſure of thy paines all mens: *and mine.*

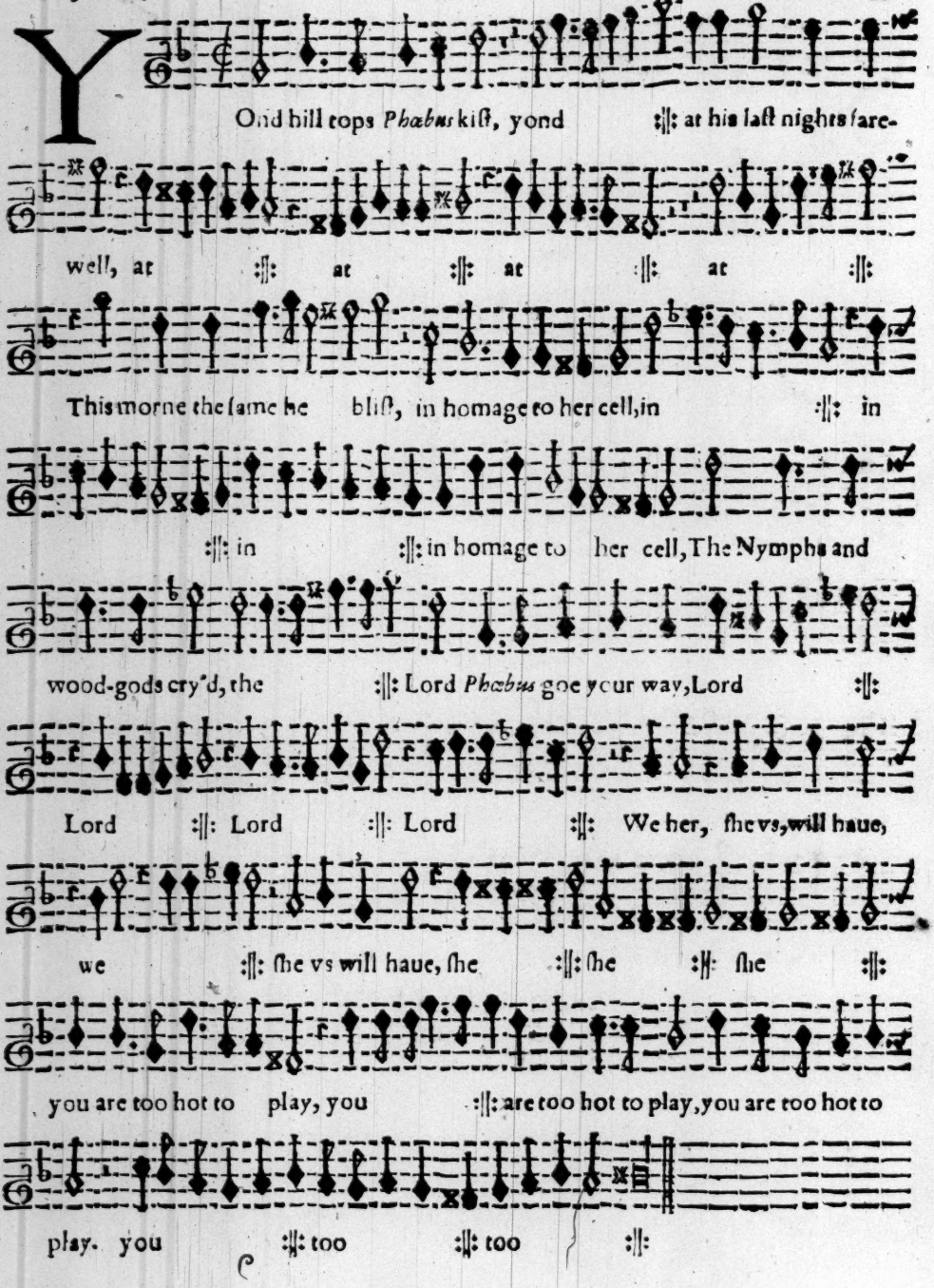
William Webbe.

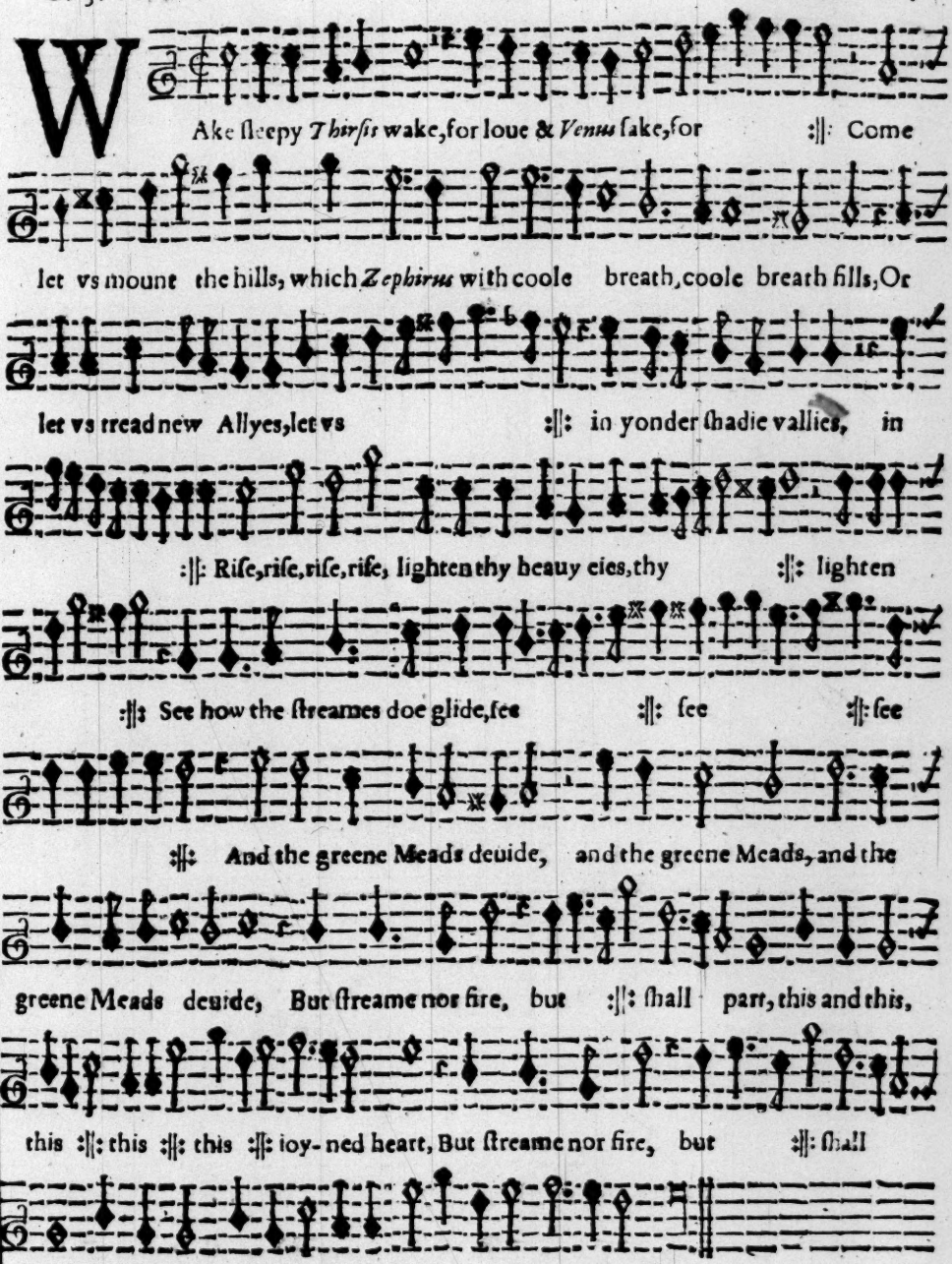
To Maſter FRANCIS PILKINGTON, Batchelar of *Muſicke*.

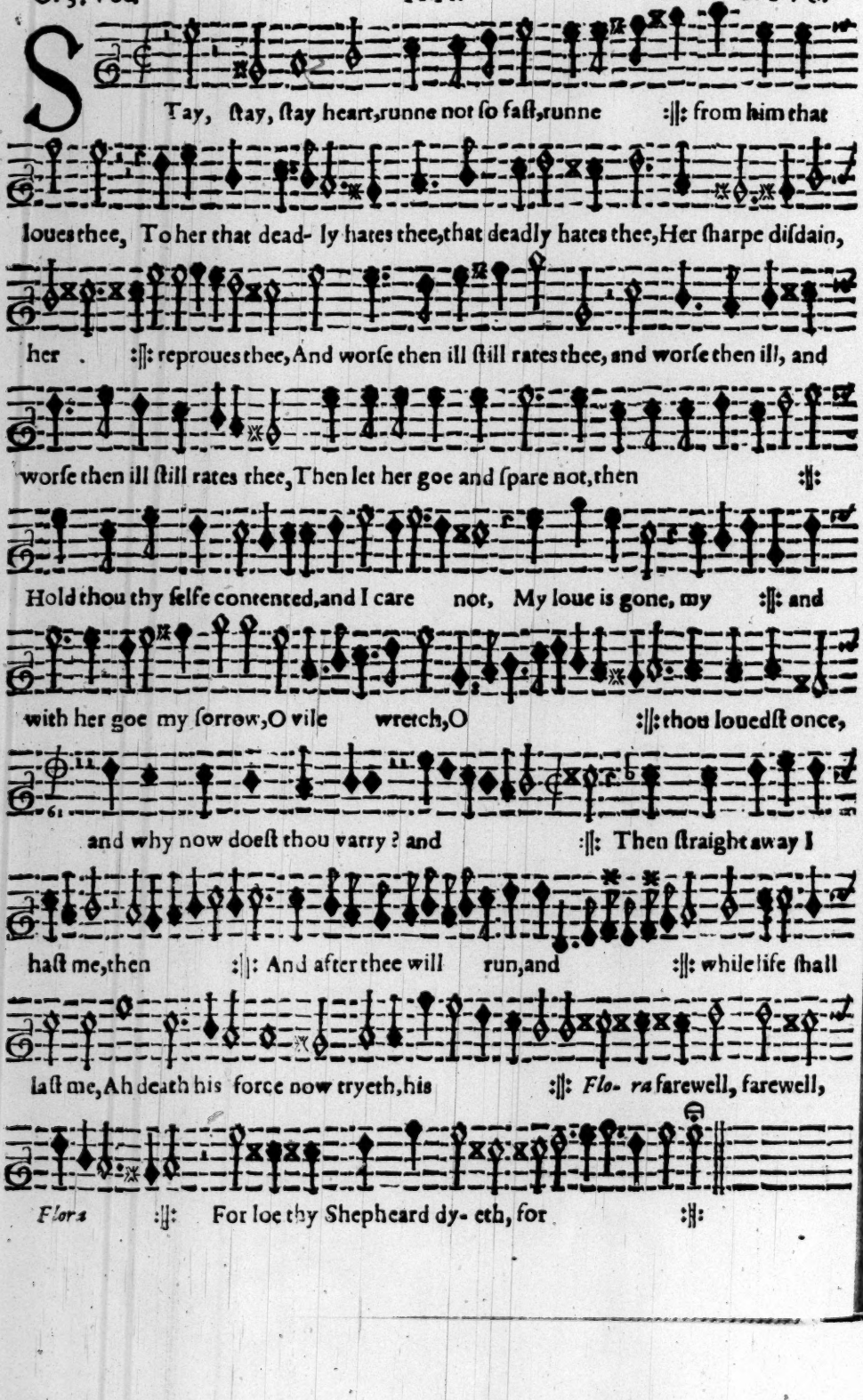
ART's praiſe, and Skill's high pitch, are not ſo tyed
To bankes of *Po*, or ſiluer Thames (we ſee)
But *Iouer* faire bird may haunt fine ſtreames beſide,
And chaunt ſweet layes on brinkes of Antique dee.
Old *Cheſter* is not ſo with Eld ore-laine,
That where contention is for praiſe, ſhee then
Should not her old-borne title ſtill maintaine,
And put in, for her claime to chiefe of Men.
Witneſſe more Inſtances hereof, then caſt
Into few lines can be (ſome larger Quill
Shall labour that) Witneſſe thy firſt and laſt
Rare-fram'de compoſures. And this witneſſe will
Thy choice for Patron: one for glorious fame,
Chiefe in our Clyme, Grace to thy worke, thy name.

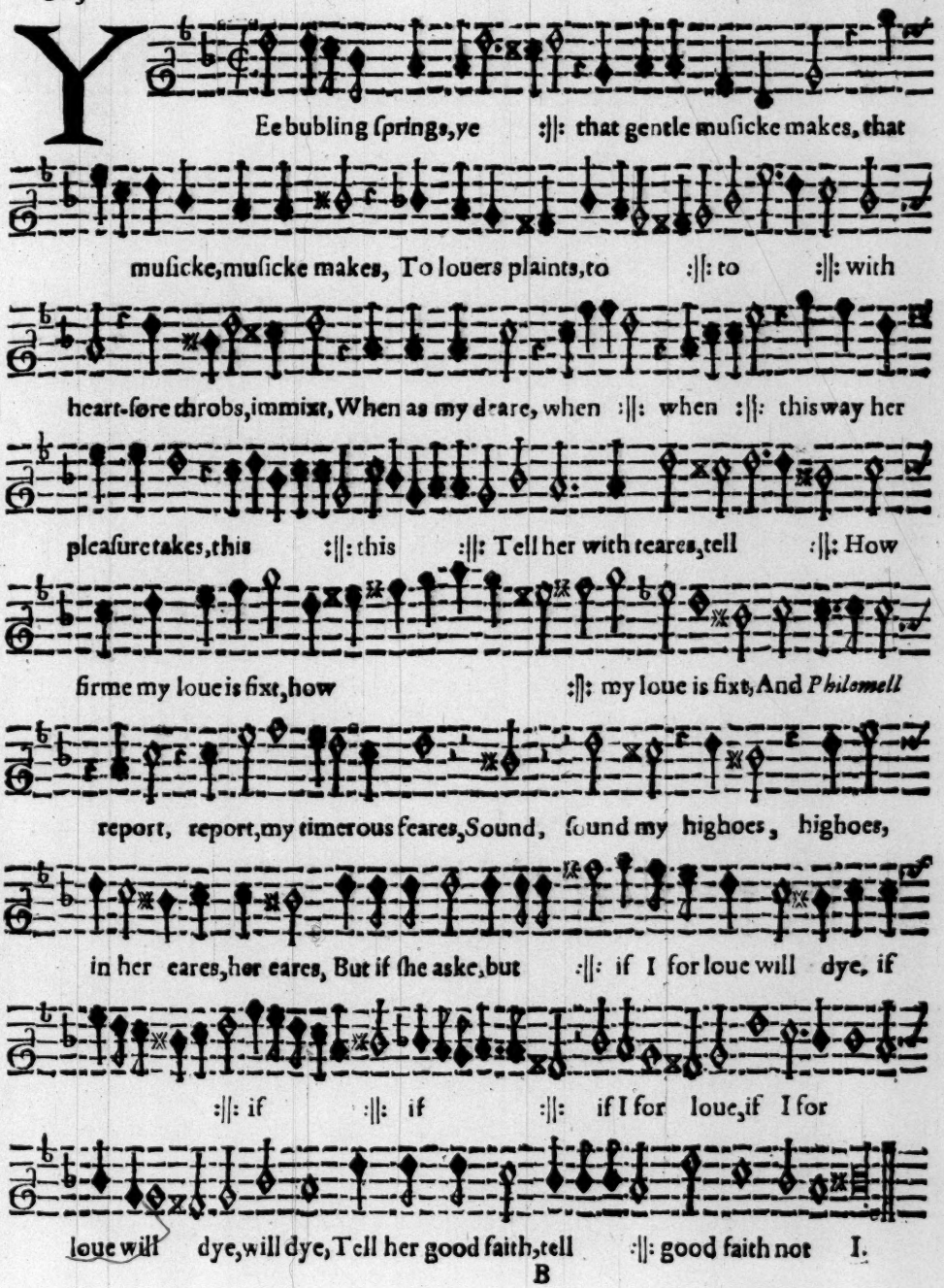
Thine and the Muſes friends of *Cheſter*,
Henry Harpur.

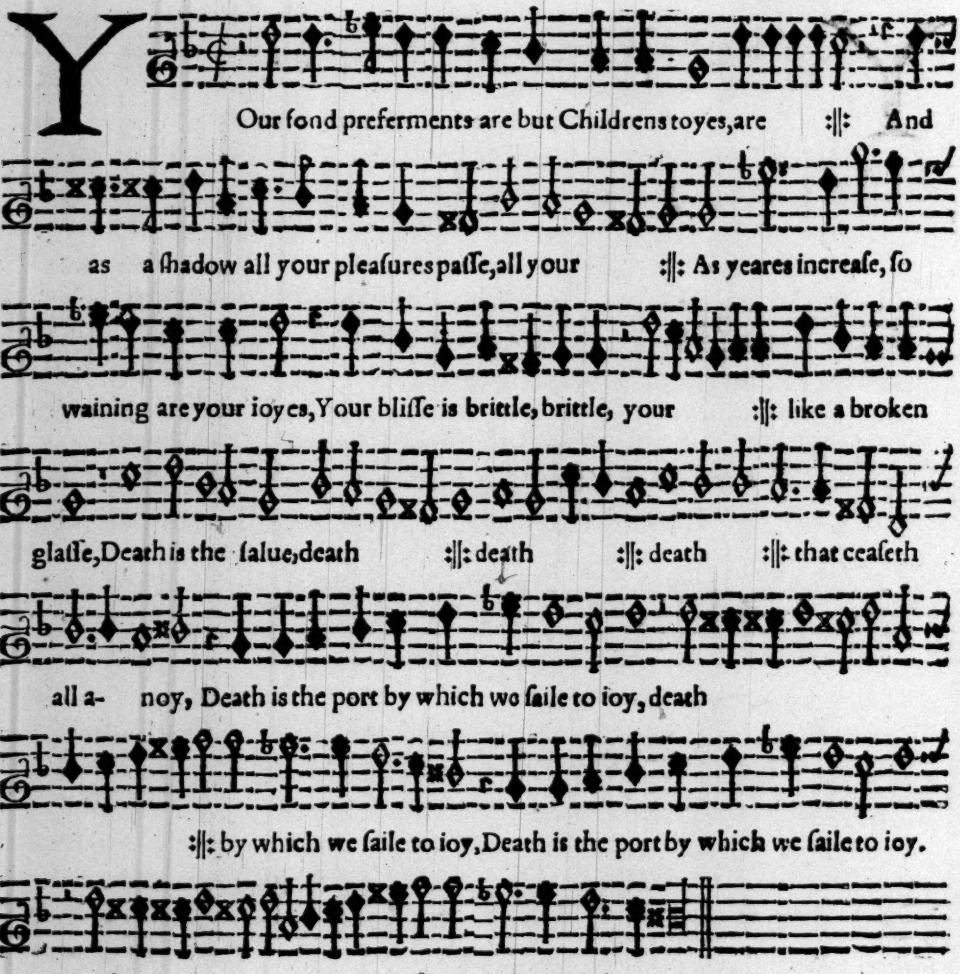

Sou'raigne of my delight, of my delight, Sou'raigne :|: heare my
complaining heare :|: Flie to her, flie :|: flie :|: flie to
her, my ſad thoughts containing, Beauty by pleaſure, beauty :|: one- ly
crowned, beauty :|: onely crowned, Now in her ſelfe lies drow-
ned, now :|: now :|: now :|: by her vnkinde diſ-
daining, by her vnkinde, vnkinde, vnkinde, vnkinde diſdai- ning, now in her
ſelfe lies drowned, now :|: now in her ſelfe, now in her ſelfe lies
drowned, by her vnkinde diſdai- ning, her vnkinde, vnkinde, vnkinde, vn-
kinde diſ- dai- ning.


Yond hill tops Phœbus kiſſ, yond :||: at his laſt nights fare-
well, at :||: at :||: at :||: at :||:
This morne the ſame he bliſſ, in homage to her cell, in :||: in
:||: in :||: in homage to her cell, The Nymphs and
wood-gods cry'd, the :||: Lord Phœbus goe your way, Lord :||:
Lord :||: Lord :||: Lord :||: We her, ſhe vs, will haue,
we :||: ſhe vs will haue, ſhe :||: ſhe :||: ſhe :||:
you are too hot to play, you :||: are too hot to play, you are too hot to
play. you :||: too :||: too :||:

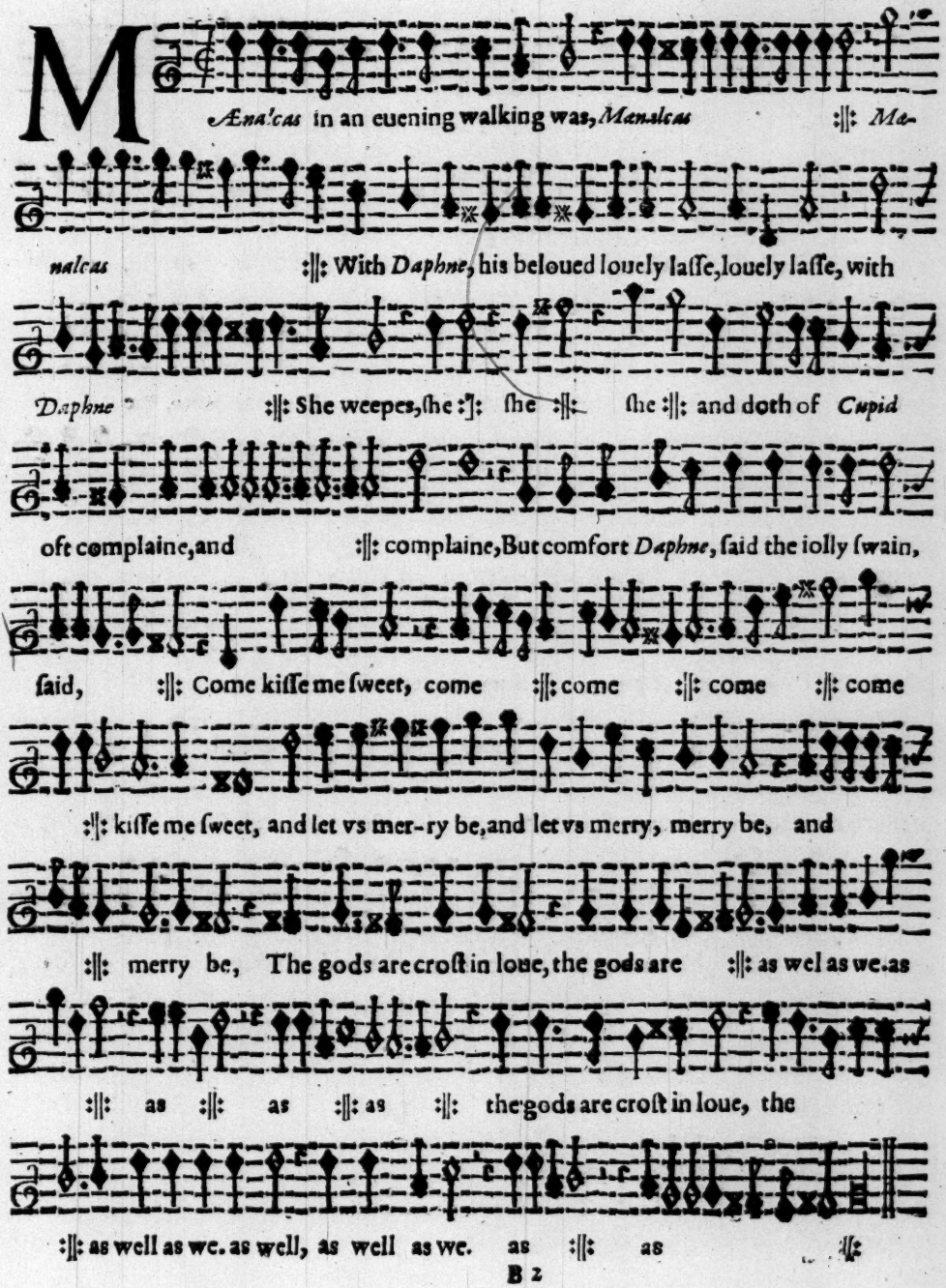

Wake ſleepy Thirſis wake, for loue & Venus ſake, for :|: Come
let vs mount the hills, which Zephirus with coole breath, coole breath fills, Or
let vs tread new Allyes, let vs :|: in yonder ſhadie vallies, in
:|: Riſe, riſe, riſe, riſe, lighten thy heauy eies, thy :|: lighten
:|: See how the ſtreames doe glide, ſee :|: ſee :|: ſee
:|: And the greene Meads deuide, and the greene Meads, and the
greene Meads deuide, But ſtreame nor fire, but :|: ſhall part, this and this,
this :|: this :|: this :|: ioy-ned heart, But ſtreame nor fire, but :|: ſhall
part, this and this, this :|: this :|: this :|: ioy- ned heart.

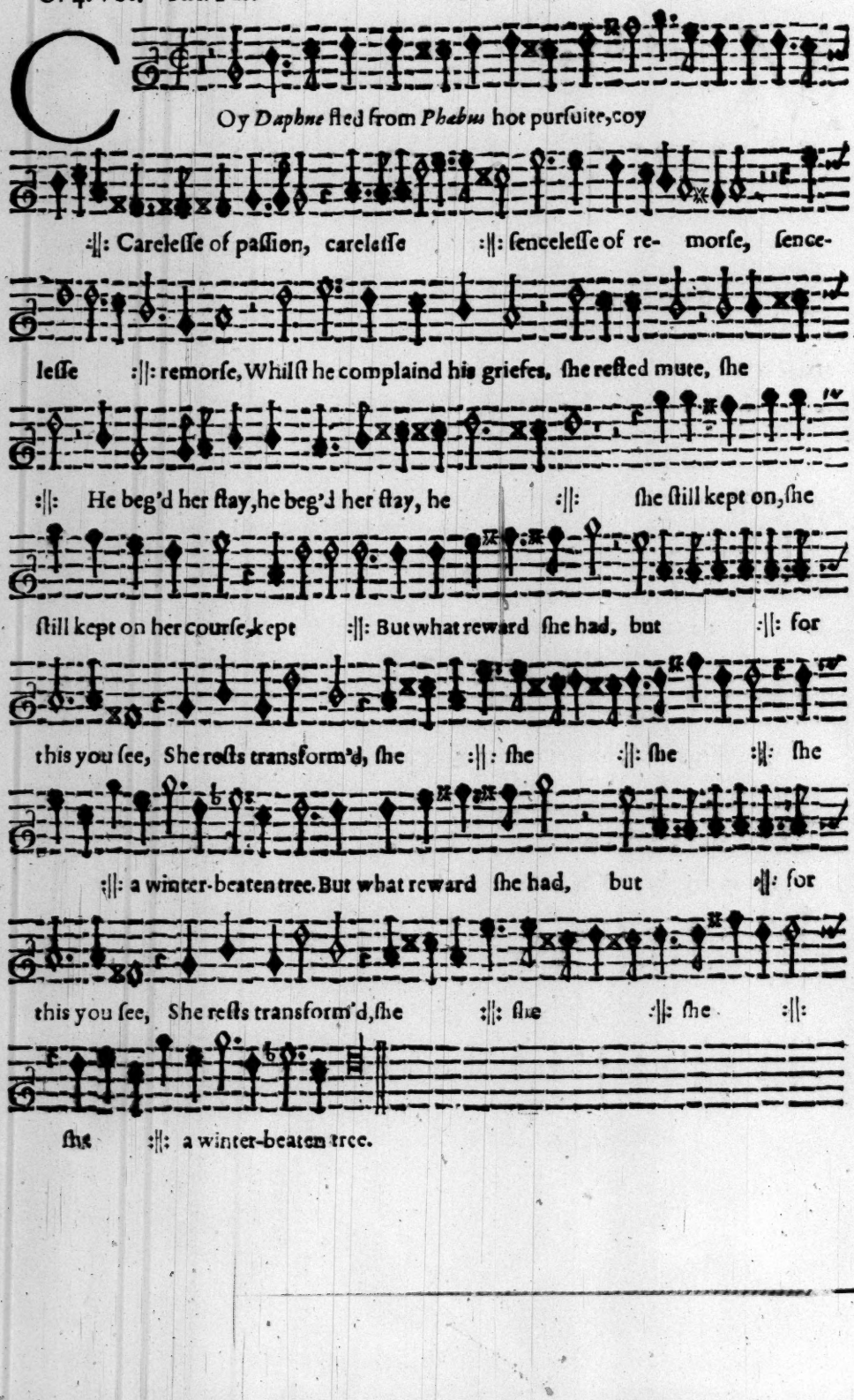

Stay, ſtay, ſtay heart, runne not ſo faſt, runne :||: from him that
louesthee, To her that dead- ly hates thee, that deadly hates thee, Her ſharpe diſdain,
her . :||: reproues thee, And worſe then ill ſtill rates thee, and worſe then ill, and
worſe then ill ſtill rates thee, Then let her goe and ſpare not, then :||:
Hold thou thy ſelfe contented, and I care not, My loue is gone, my :||: and
with her goe my ſorrow, O vile wretch, O :||: thou louedſt once,
and why now doeſt thou varry? and :||: Then ſtraight away I
haſt me, then :||: And after thee will run, and :||: while life ſhall
laſt me, Ah death his force now tryeth, his :||: Flo- ra farewell, farewell,
Flora :||: For loe thy Shepheard dy- eth, for :||:

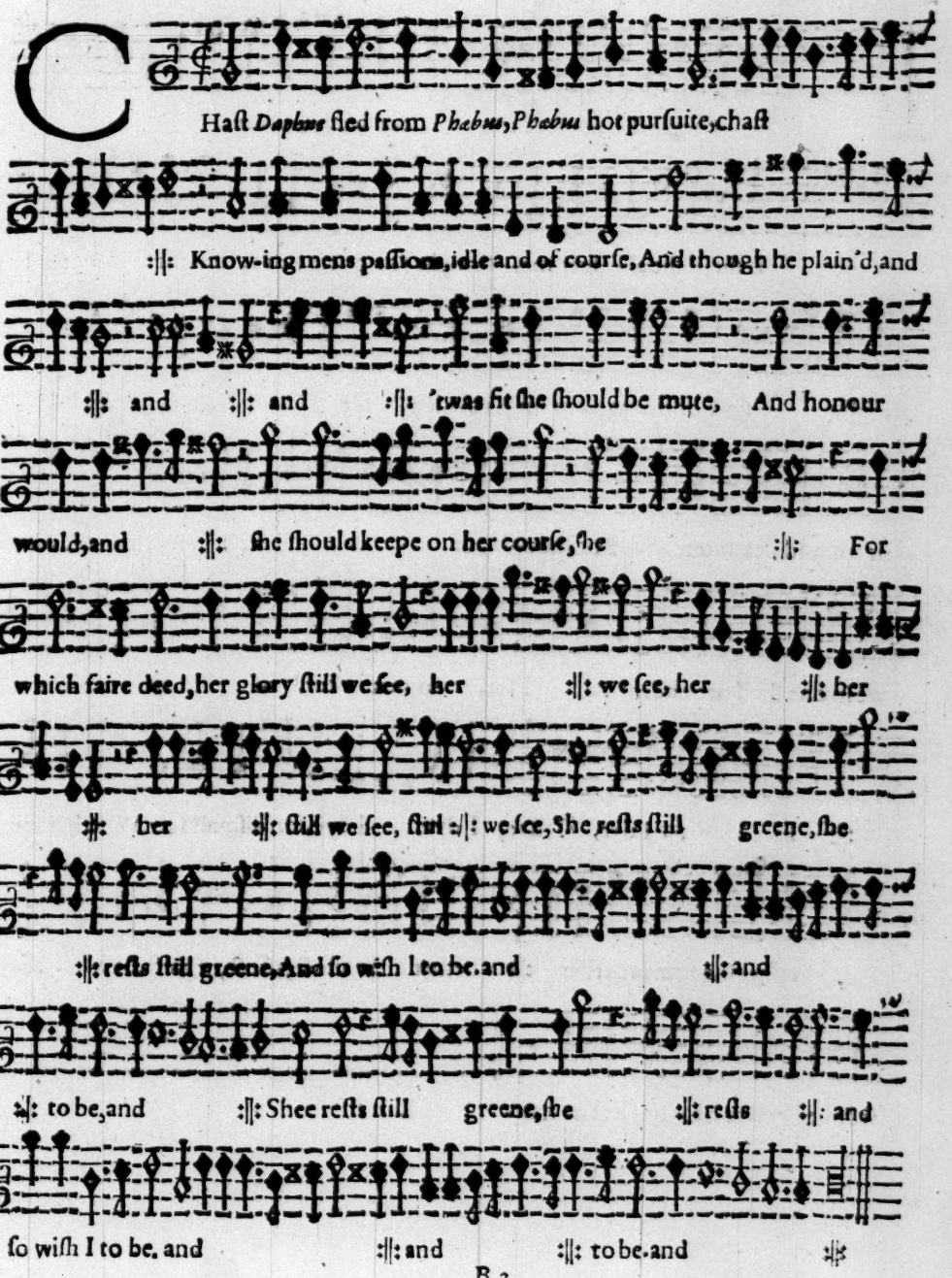

Ye bubling ſprings, ye :||: that gentle muſicke makes, that
muſicke, muſicke makes, To louers plaints, to :||: to :||: with
heart-ſore throbs, immixt, When as my deare, when :||: when :||: this way her
pleaſure takes, this :||: this :||: Tell her with teares, tell :||: How
firme my loue is fixt, how :||: my loue is fixt, And *Philomell*
report, report, my timerous feares, Sound, ſound my highoes, highoes,
in her eares, her eares, But if ſhe aske, but :||: if I for loue will dye, if
:||: if :||: if :||: if I for loue, if I for
loue will dye, will dye, Tell her good faith, tell :||: good faith not I.

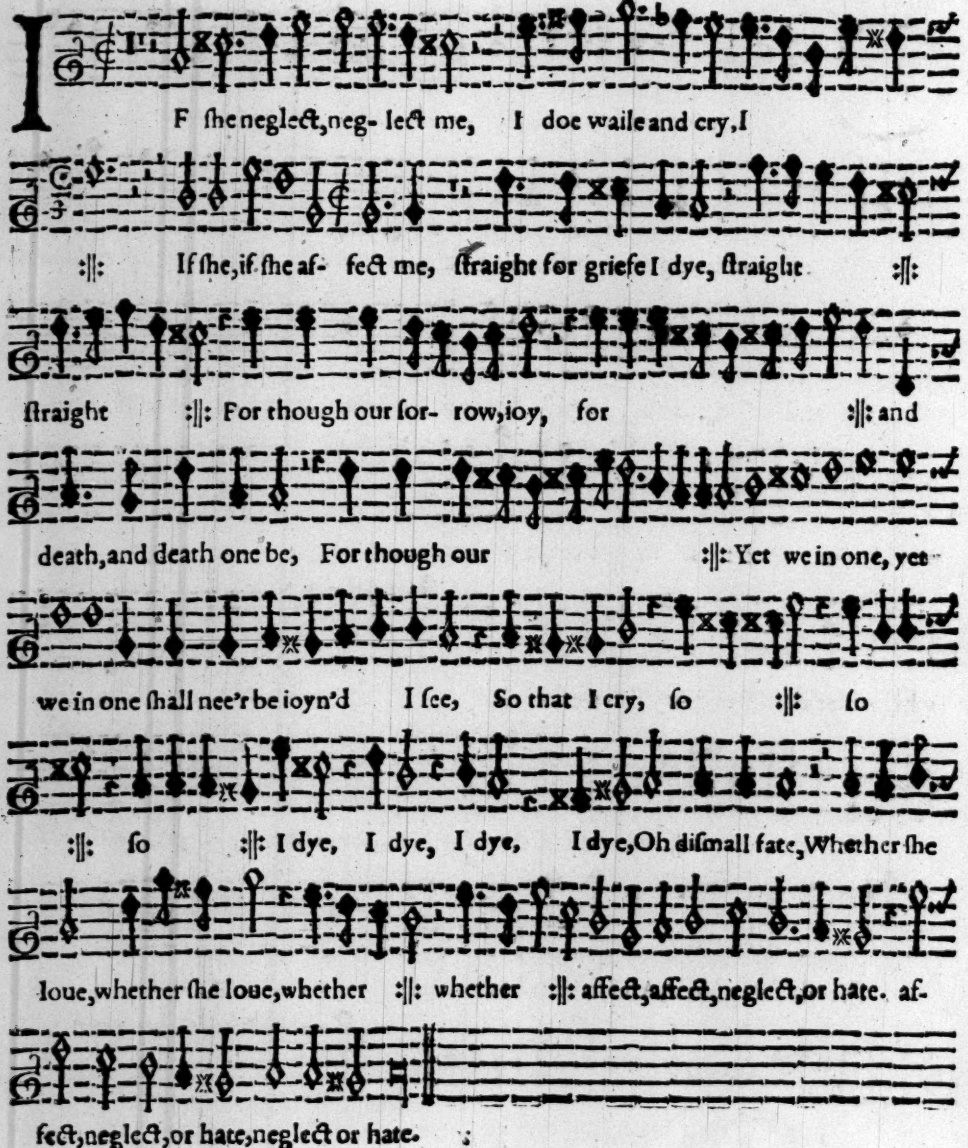


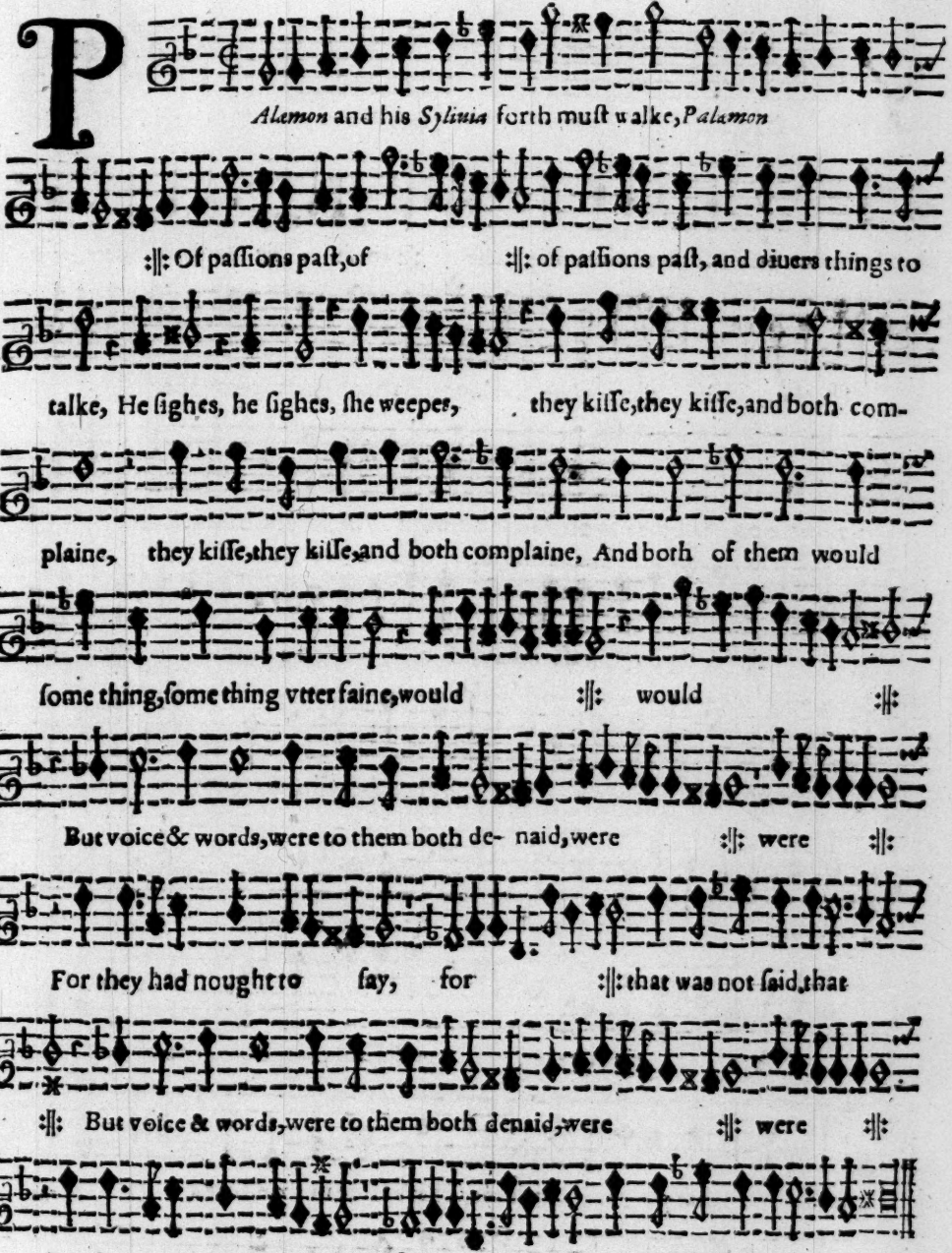
Here endeth the Songs of three Parts.

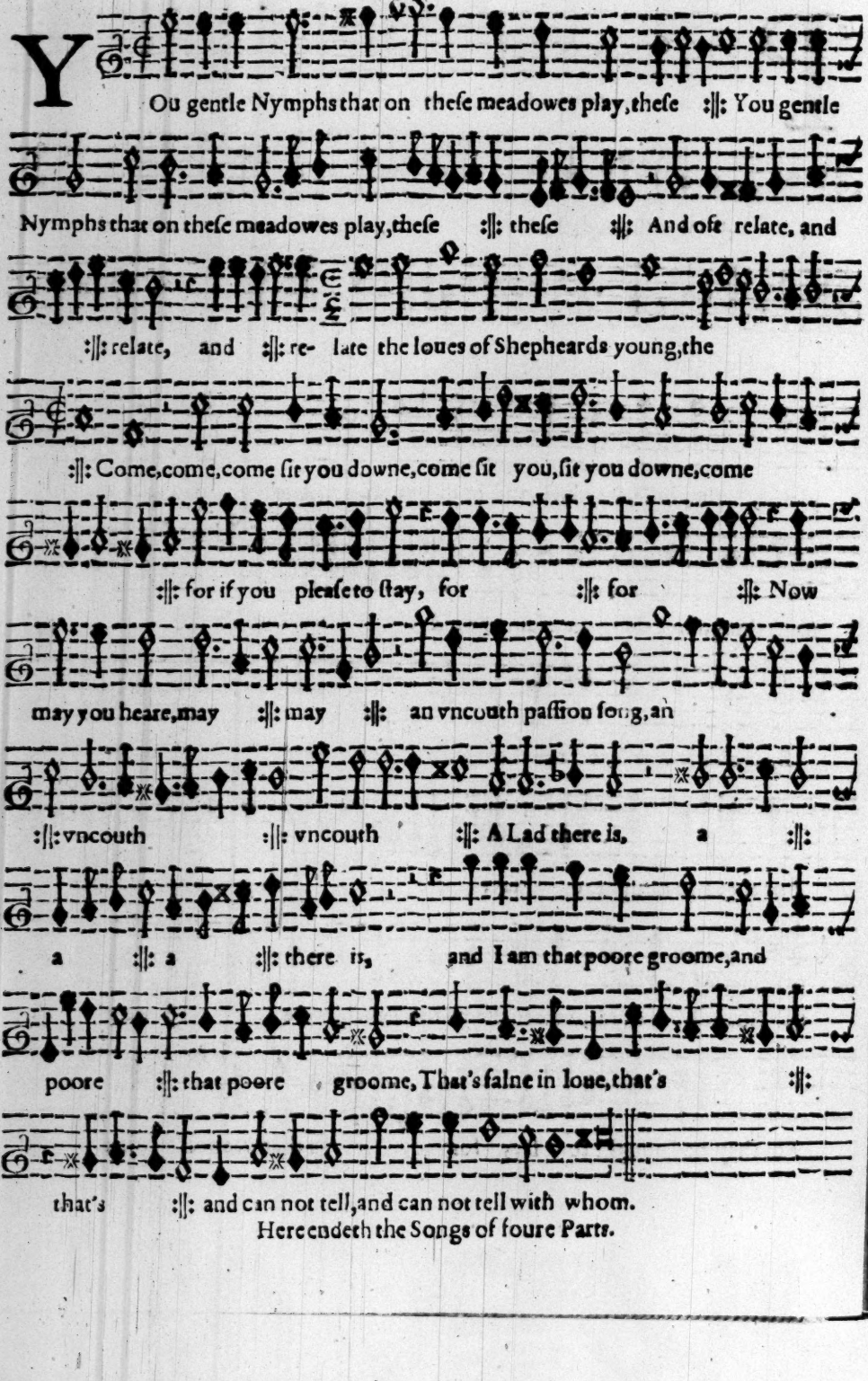

Mænalcas in an euening walking was, Manalcas :||: Ma-
nalcas :||: With Daphne, his beloued louely laſſe, louely laſſe, with
Daphne :||: She weepes, ſhe :]: ſhe :||: ſhe :||: and doth of Cupid
oft complaine, and :||: complaine, But comfort Daphne, ſaid the iolly ſwain,
ſaid, :||: Come kiſſe me ſweet, come :||: come :||: come :||: come
:||: kiſſe me ſweet, and let vs mer-ry be, and let vs merry, merry be, and
:||: merry be, The gods are croſt in loue, the gods are :||: as wel as we. as
:||: as :||: as :||: as :||: the gods are croſt in loue, the
:||: as well as we. as well, as well as we. as :||: as :||:


Coy Daphne fled from Phœbus hot purſuite, coy
:||: Careleſſe of paſſion, careleſſe :||: ſenceleſſe of re- morſe, ſence-
leſſe :||: remorſe, Whilſt he complaind his griefes, ſhe reſted mute, ſhe
:||: He beg'd her ſtay, he beg'd her ſtay, he :||: ſhe ſtill kept on, ſhe
ſtill kept on her courſe, kept :||: But what reward ſhe had, but :||: for
this you ſee, She reſts transform'd, ſhe :||: ſhe :||: ſhe :||: ſhe
:||: a winter-beaten tree. But what reward ſhe had, but :||: for
this you ſee, She reſts transform'd, ſhe :||: ſhe :||: ſhe :||:
ſhe :||: a winter-beaten tree.

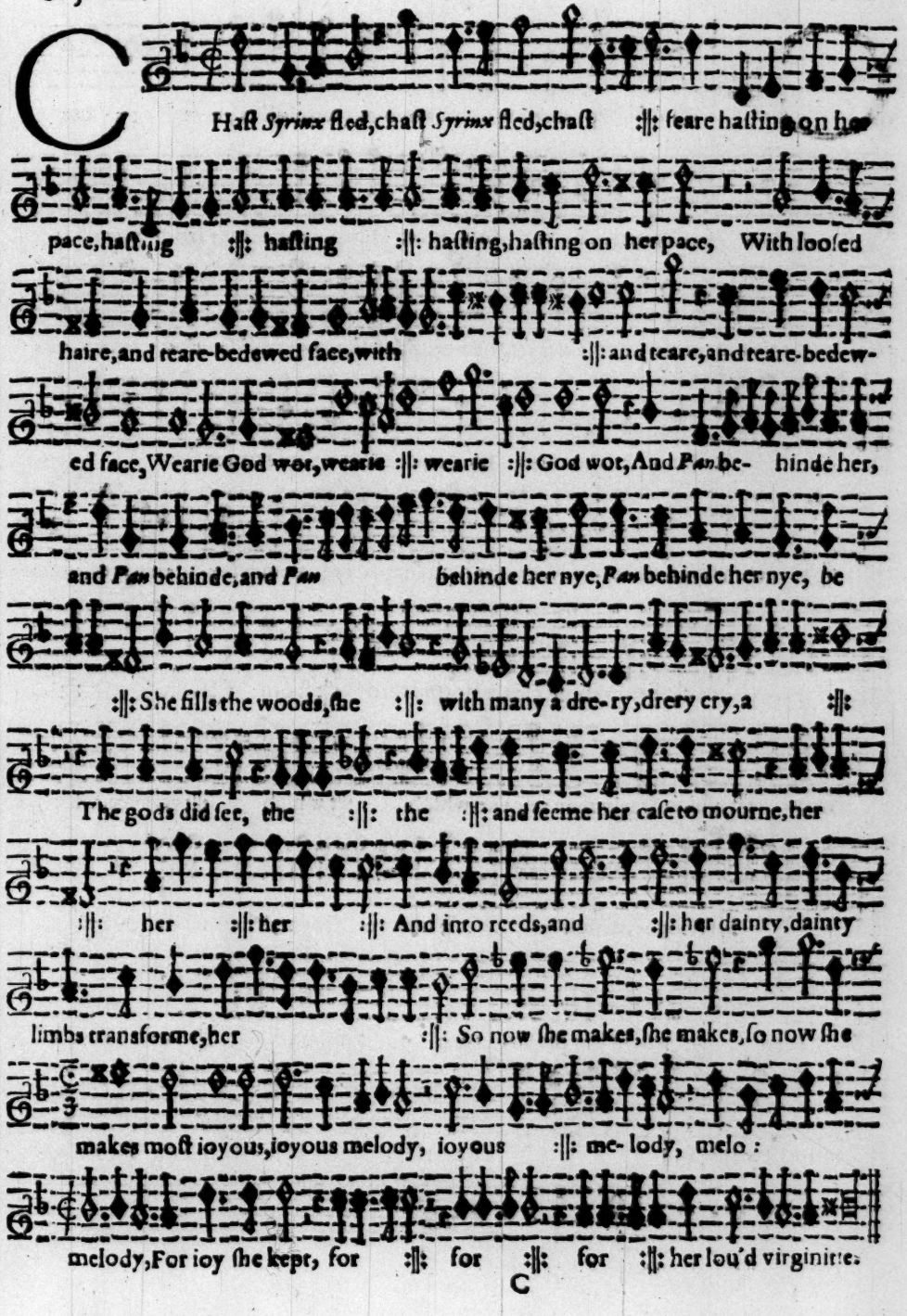

Haſt Daphne fled from Phœbus, Phœbus hot purſuite, chaſt
:||: Know-ing mens paſſions, idle and of courſe, And though he plain'd, and
:||: and :||: and :||: 'twas fit ſhe ſhould be mute, And honour
would, and :||: ſhe ſhould keepe on her courſe, ſhe :||: For
which faire deed, her glory ſtill we ſee, her :||: we ſee, her :||: her
:||: her :||: ſtill we ſee, ſtill :||: we ſee, She reſts ſtill greene, ſhe
:||: reſts ſtill greene, And ſo with I to be. and :||: and
:||: to be, and :||: Shee reſts ſtill greene, ſhe :||: reſts :||: and
ſo wiſh I to be. and :||: and :||: to be. and :||:

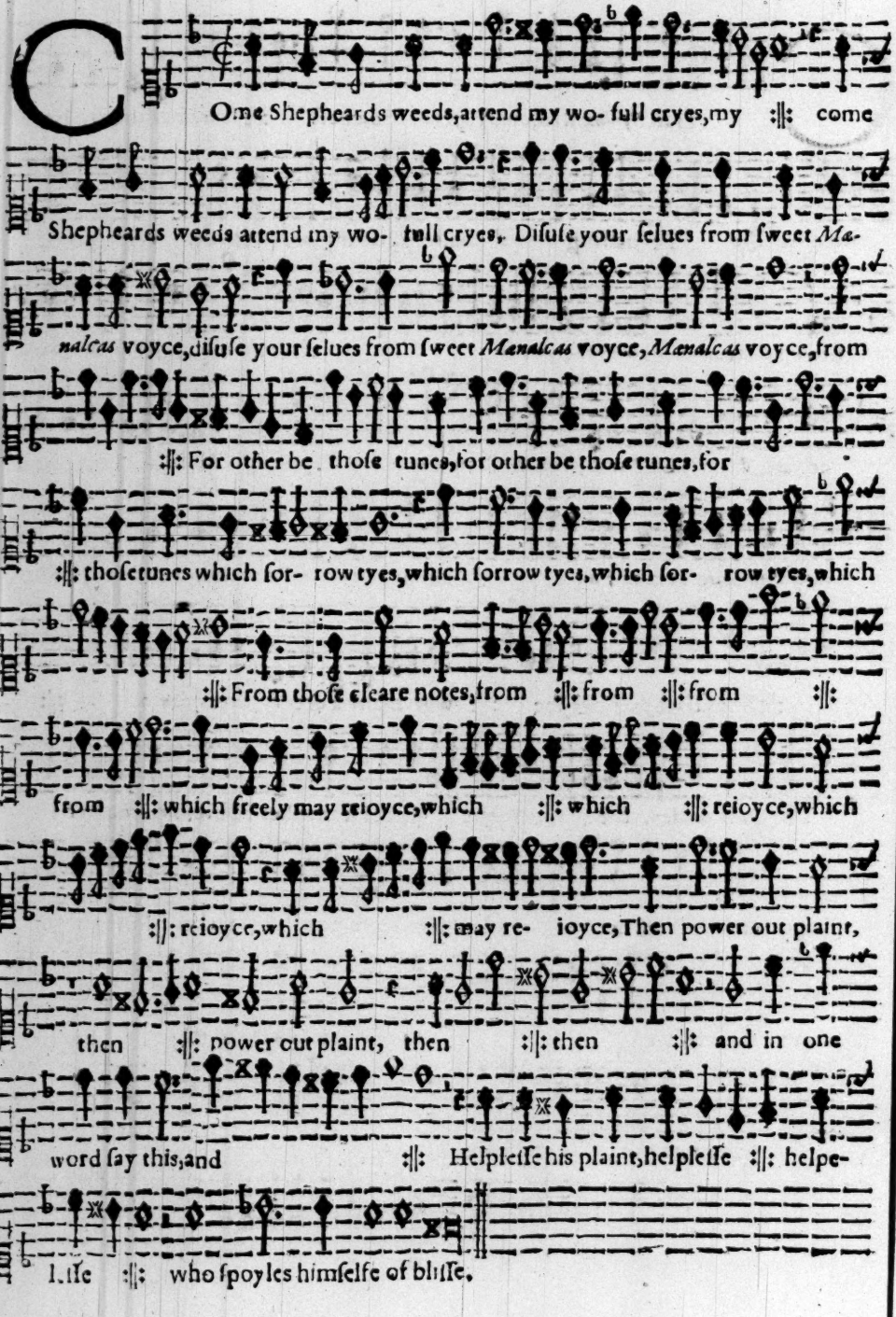

IF ſhe neglect, neg- lect me, I doe waile and cry, I
:||: If ſhe, if ſhe af- fect me, ſtraight for griefe I dye, ſtraight :||:
ſtraight :||: For though our ſor- row, ioy, for :||: and
death, and death one be, For though our :||: Yet we in one, yet
we in one ſhall nee'r be ioyn'd I ſee, So that I cry, ſo :||: ſo
:||: ſo :||: I dye, I dye, I dye, I dye, Oh diſmall fate, Whether ſhe
loue, whether ſhe loue, whether :||: whether :||: affect, affect, neglect, or hate. af-
fect, neglect, or hate, neglect or hate.

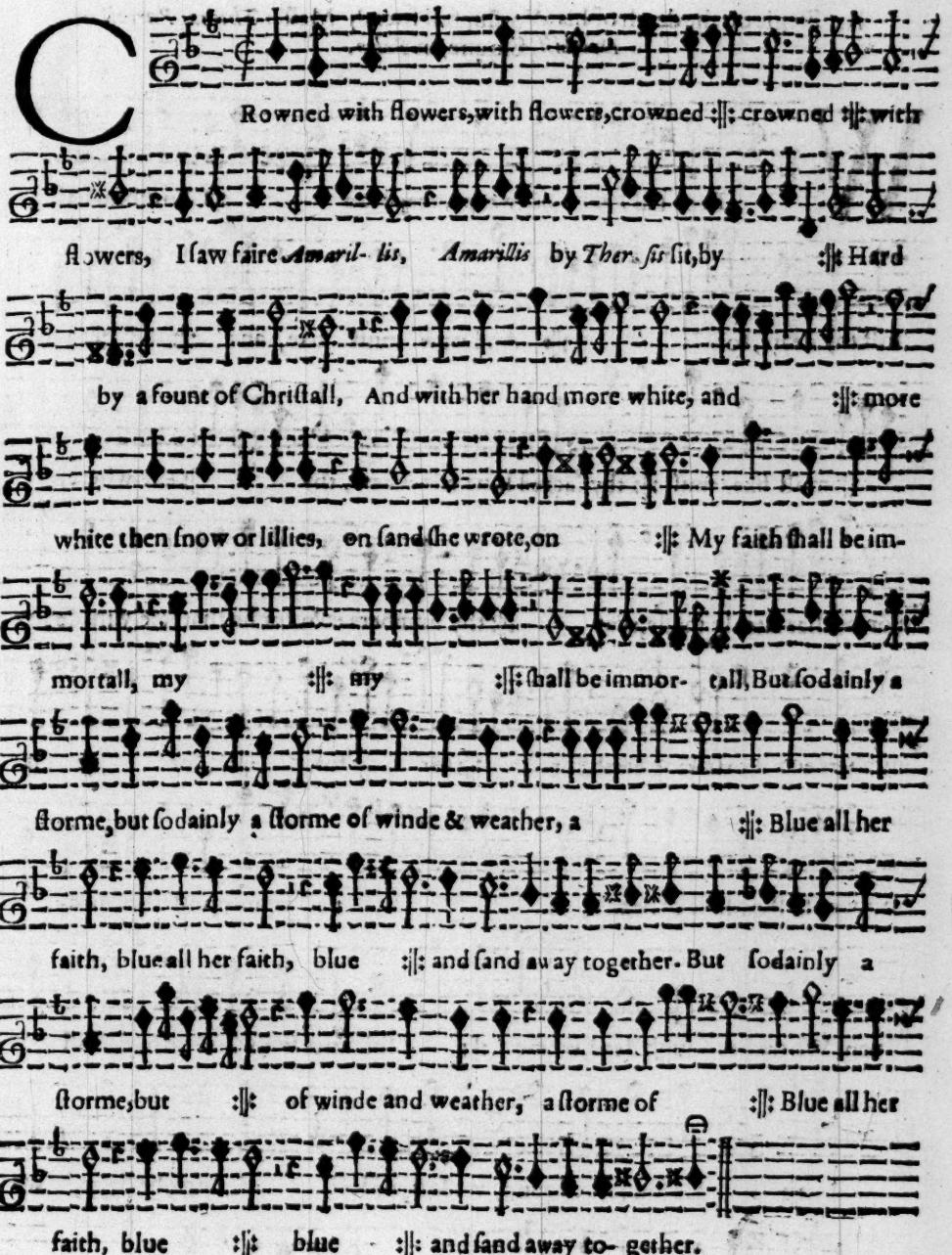

Alemon and his Syluia forth muſt walke, Palamon
:||: Of paſſions paſt, of :||: of paſſions paſt, and diuers things to
talke, He ſighes, he ſighes, ſhe weepes, they kiſſe, they kiſſe, and both com-
plaine, they kiſſe, they kiſſe, and both complaine, And both of them would
ſome thing, ſome thing vtter faine, would :||: would :||:
But voice & words, were to them both de- naid, were :||: were :||:
For they had nought to ſay, for :||: that was not ſaid, that
:||: But voice & words, were to them both denaid, were :||: were :||:
For they had nought to ſay, for :||: that was not ſaid. that :||:



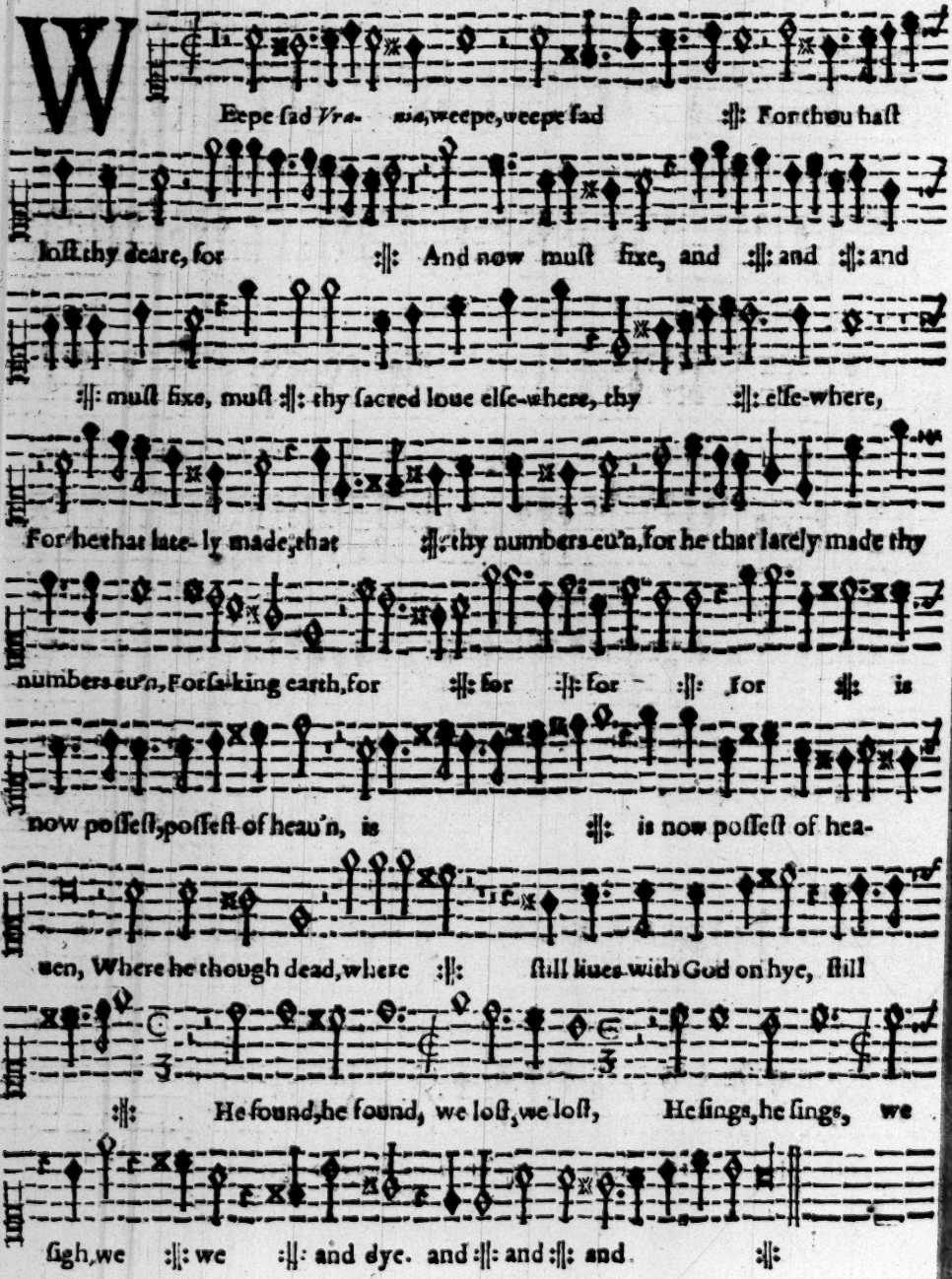
Here endeth the Songs of foure Parts.

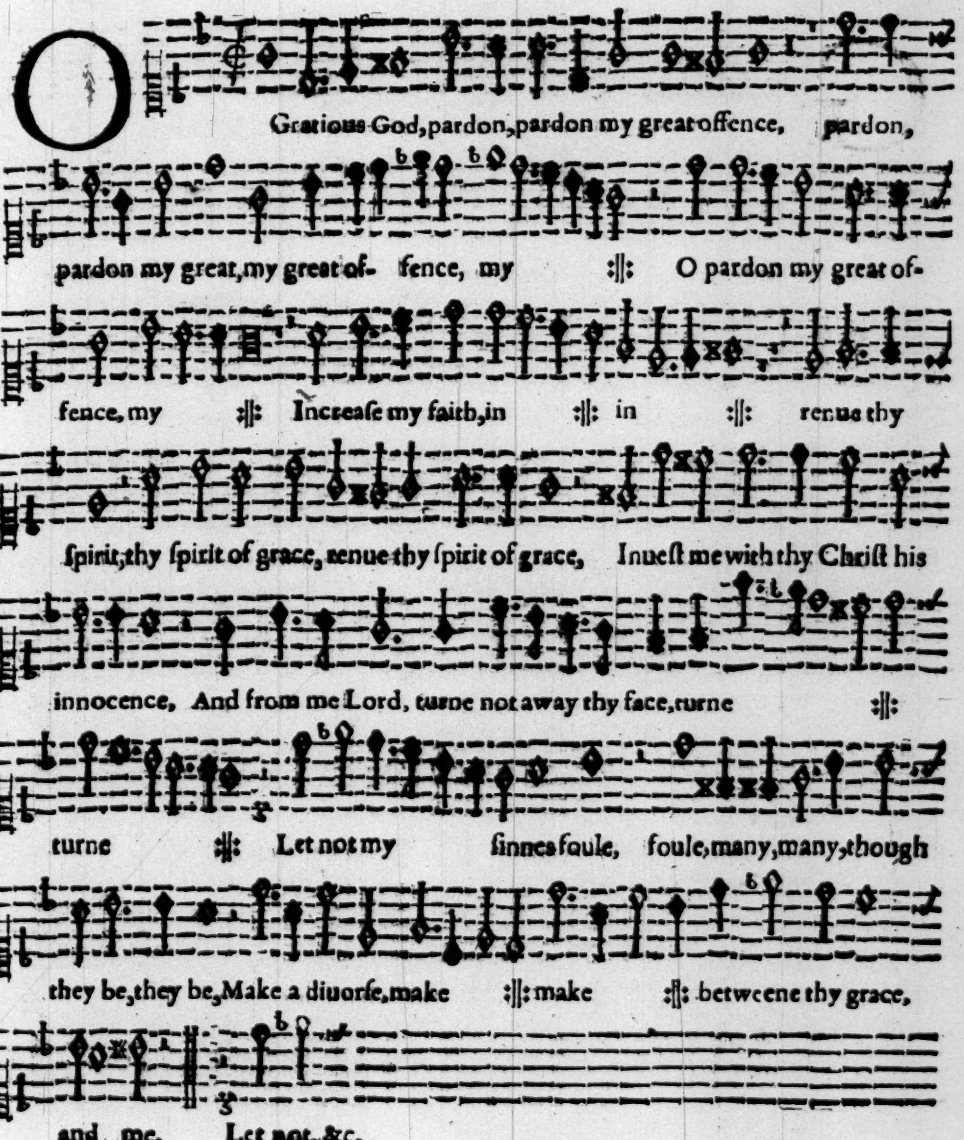

Haſt Syrinx fled, chaſt Syrinx fled, chaſt :||: feare haſting on her
pace, haſting :||: haſting :||: haſting, haſting on her pace, With looſed
haire, and teare-bedewed face, with :||: and teare, and teare-bedew-
ed face, Wearie God wot, wearie :||: wearie :||: God wot, And Pan be- hinde her,
and Pan behinde, and Pan behinde her nye, Pan behinde her nye, be
:||: She fills the woods, ſhe :||: with many a dre- ry, drery cry, a :||:
The gods did ſee, the :||: the :||: and ſeeme her caſe to mourne, her
:||: her :||: her :||: And into reeds, and :||: her dainty, dainty
limbs transforme, her :||: So now ſhe makes, ſhe makes, ſo now ſhe
makes moſt ioyous, ioyous melody, ioyous :||: me- lody, melo :
melody, For ioy ſhe kept, for :||: for :||: for :||: her lou'd virginitie.

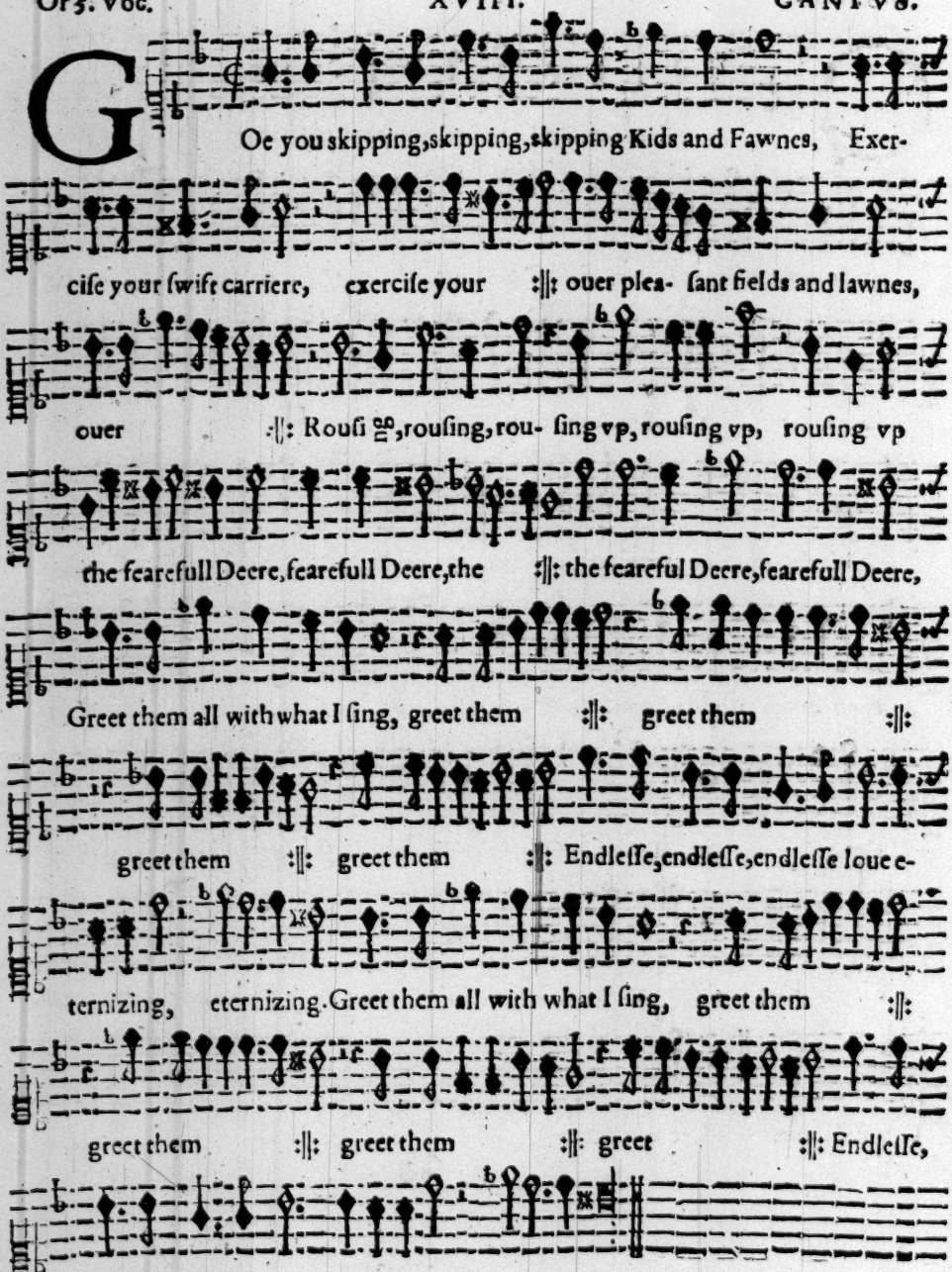

Come Shepheards weeds, attend my wo- full cryes, my :||: come
Shepheards weeds attend my wo- full cryes, Diſuſe your ſelues from ſweet Ma-
naleas voyce, diſuſe your ſelues from ſweet Mænalcas voyce, Mænalcas voyce, from
:||: For other be thoſe tunes, for other be thoſe tunes, for
:||: thoſe tunes which for- row tyes, which ſorrow tyes, which for- row tyes, which
:||: From thoſe cleare notes, from :||: from :||: from :||:
from :||: which freely may reioyce, which :||: which :||: reioyce, which
:||: reioyce, which :||: may re- ioyce, Then power out plaint,
then :||: power out plaint, then :||: then :||: and in one
word ſay this, and :||: Helpleſſe his plaint, helpleſſe :||: helpe-
leſſe :||: who ſpoyles himſelfe of bliſſe.

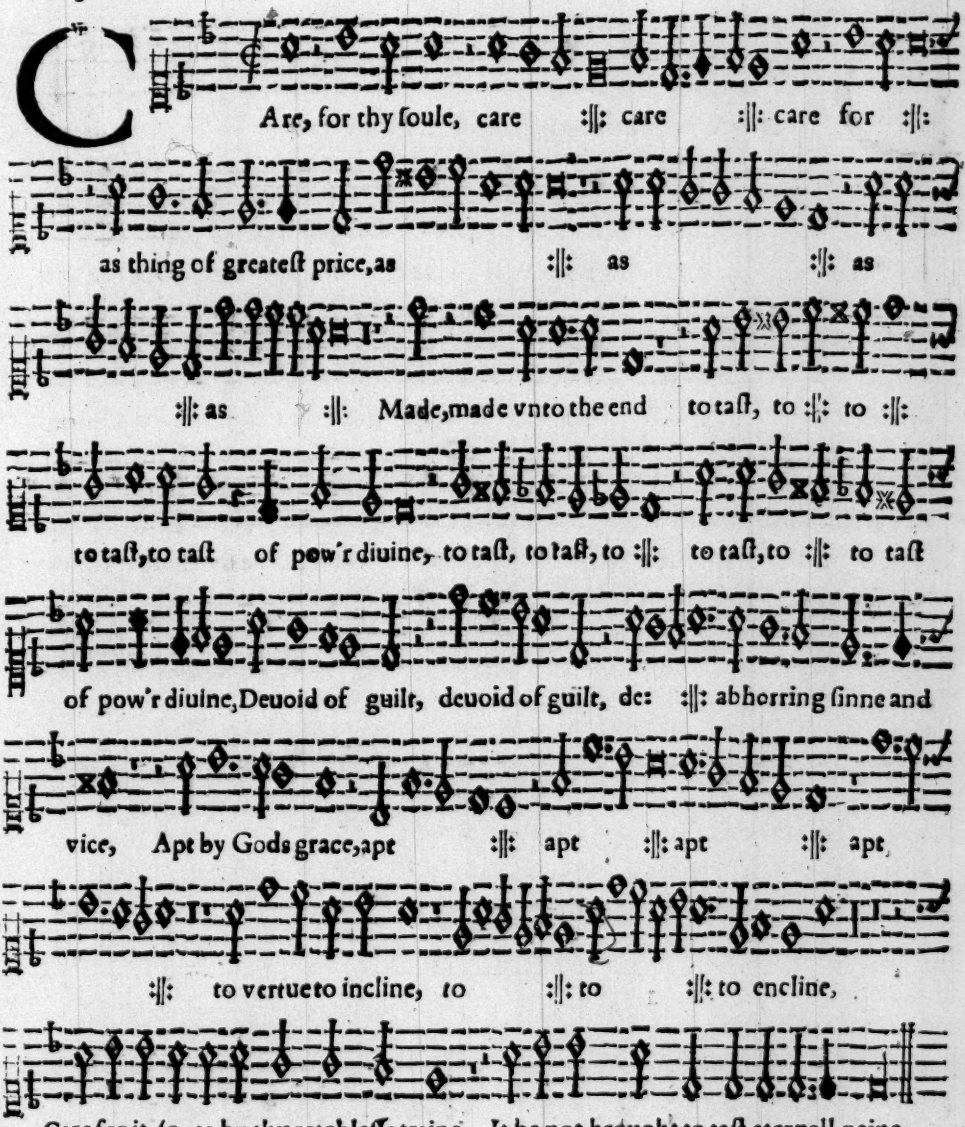

Crowned with flowers, with flowers, crowned :|: crowned :|: with
flowers, I saw faire Amaril- lis, Amarillis by Ther- sis sit, by :|: Hard
by a fount of Christall, And with her hand more white, and :|: more
white then snow or lillies, on sand she wrote, on :|: My faith shall be im-
mortall, my :|: my :|: shall be immor- tall, But sodainly a
storme, but sodainly a storme of winde & weather, a :|: Blue all her
faith, blue all her faith, blue :|: and sand away together. But sodainly a
storme, but :|: of winde and weather, a storme of :|: Blue all her
faith, blue :|: blue :|: and sand away to- gether.

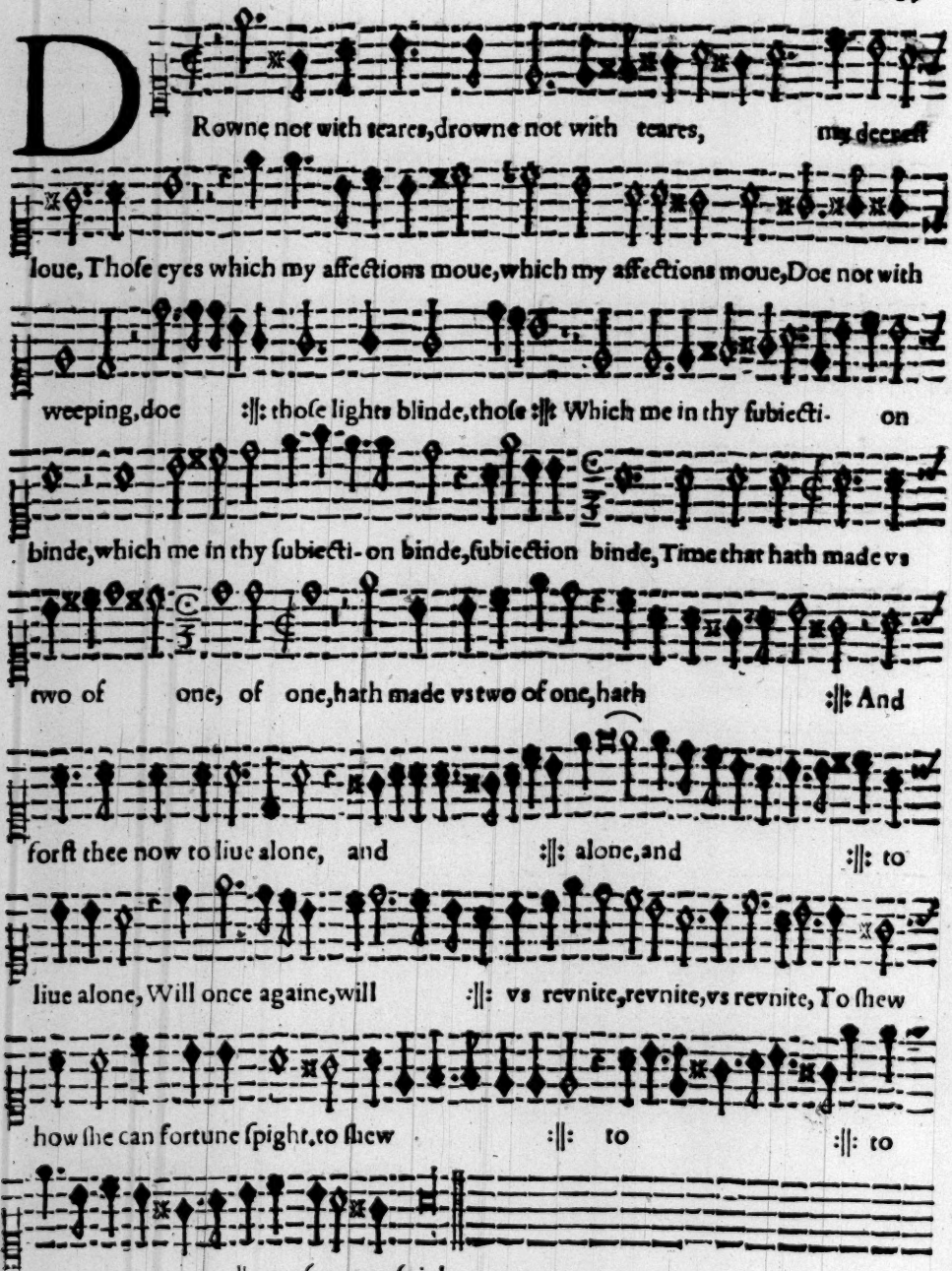
An Elegie on the death of his Worshipfull friend, Master *Thomas Purcell* of *Dunhill*, Esquire, in *Salop*.



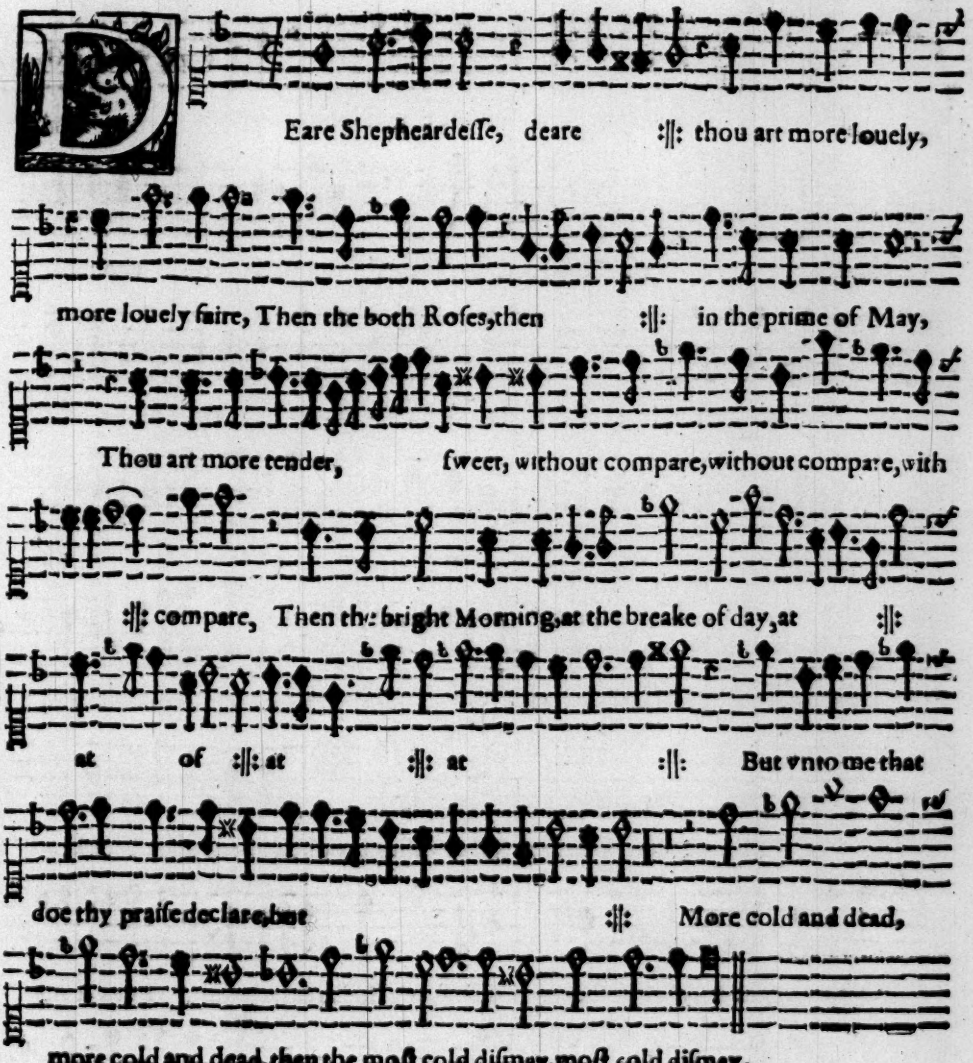

O Gratious God, pardon, pardon my great offence, pardon,
pardon my great, my great of- fence, my :||: O pardon my great of-
fence, my :||: Increaſe my faith, in :||: in :||: renue thy
ſpirit, thy ſpirit of grace, renue thy ſpirit of grace, Inueſt me with thy Chriſt his
innocence, And from me Lord, turne not away thy face, turne :||:
turne :||: Let not my ſinnes foule, foule, many, many, though
they be, they be, Make a diuorſe, make :||: make :||: betweene thy grace,
and me. Let not, &c.

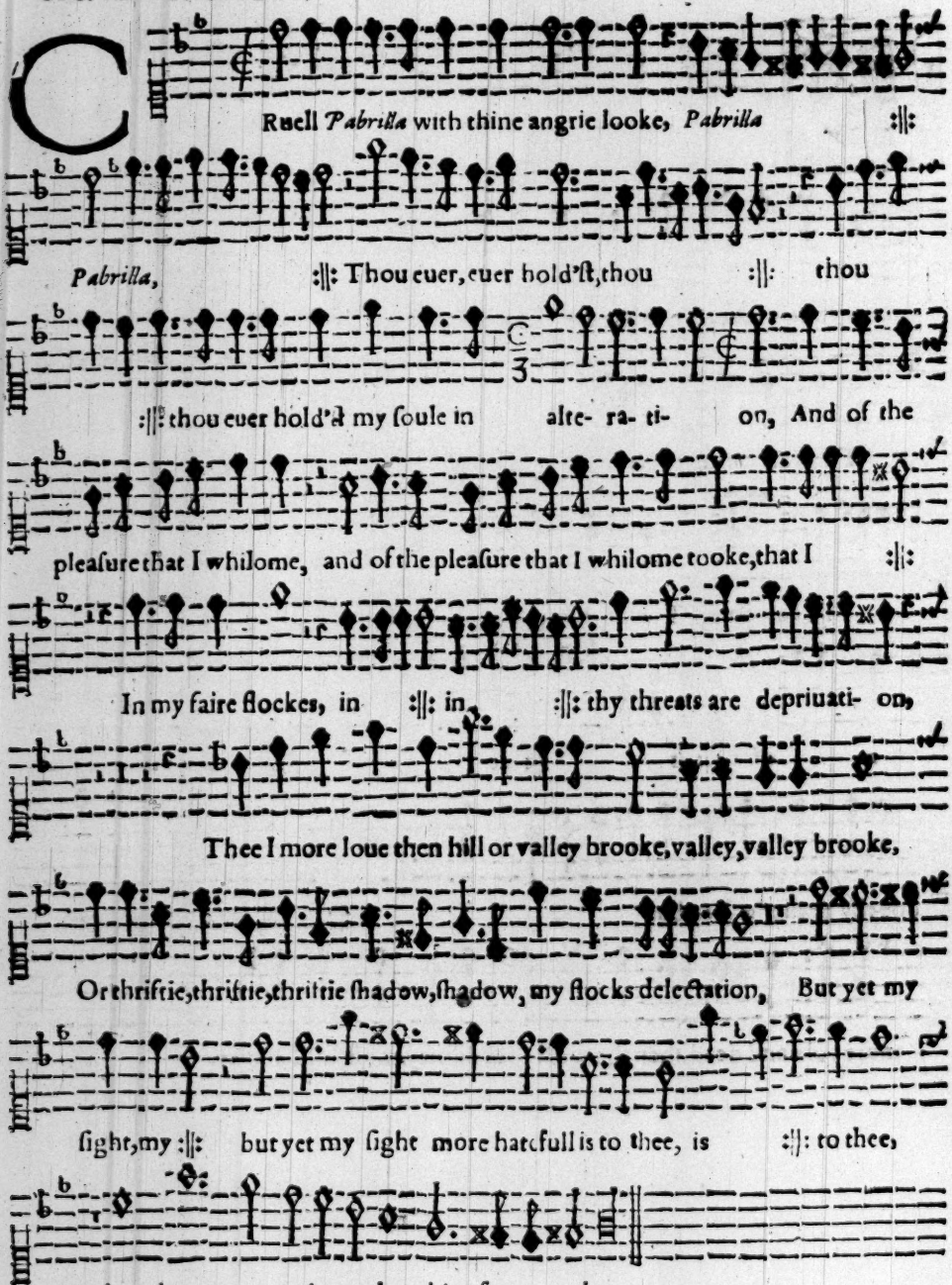

Goe you skipping, skipping, skipping Kids and Fawnes, Exer-
ciſe your ſwift carriere, exerciſe your :||: ouer plea- ſant fields and lawnes,
ouer :||: Rouſing, rouſing, rou- ſing vp, rouſing vp, rouſing vp
the fearefull Deere, fearefull Deere, the :||: the feareful Deere, fearefull Deere,
Greet them all with what I ſing, greet them :||: greet them :||:
greet them :||: greet them :||: Endleſſe, endleſſe, endleſſe loue e-
ternizing, eternizing. Greet them all with what I ſing, greet them :||:
greet them :||: greet them :||: greet :||: Endleſſe,
endleſſe, endleſſe loue, eternizing, eterni- zing.


Care, for thy ſoule, care :||: care :||: care for :||:
as thing of greateſt price, as :||: as :||: as
:||: as :||: Made, made vnto the end to taſt, to :||: to :||:
to taſt, to taſt of pow'r diuine, to taſt, to taſt, to :||: to taſt, to :||: to taſt
of pow'r diuine, Deuoid of guilt, deuoid of guilt, de: :||: abhorring ſinne and
vice, Apt by Gods grace, apt :||: apt :||: apt :||: apt
:||: to vertue to incline, to :||: to :||: to encline,
Care for it ſo, as by thy retchleſſe traine, It be not brought to taſt eternall paine.

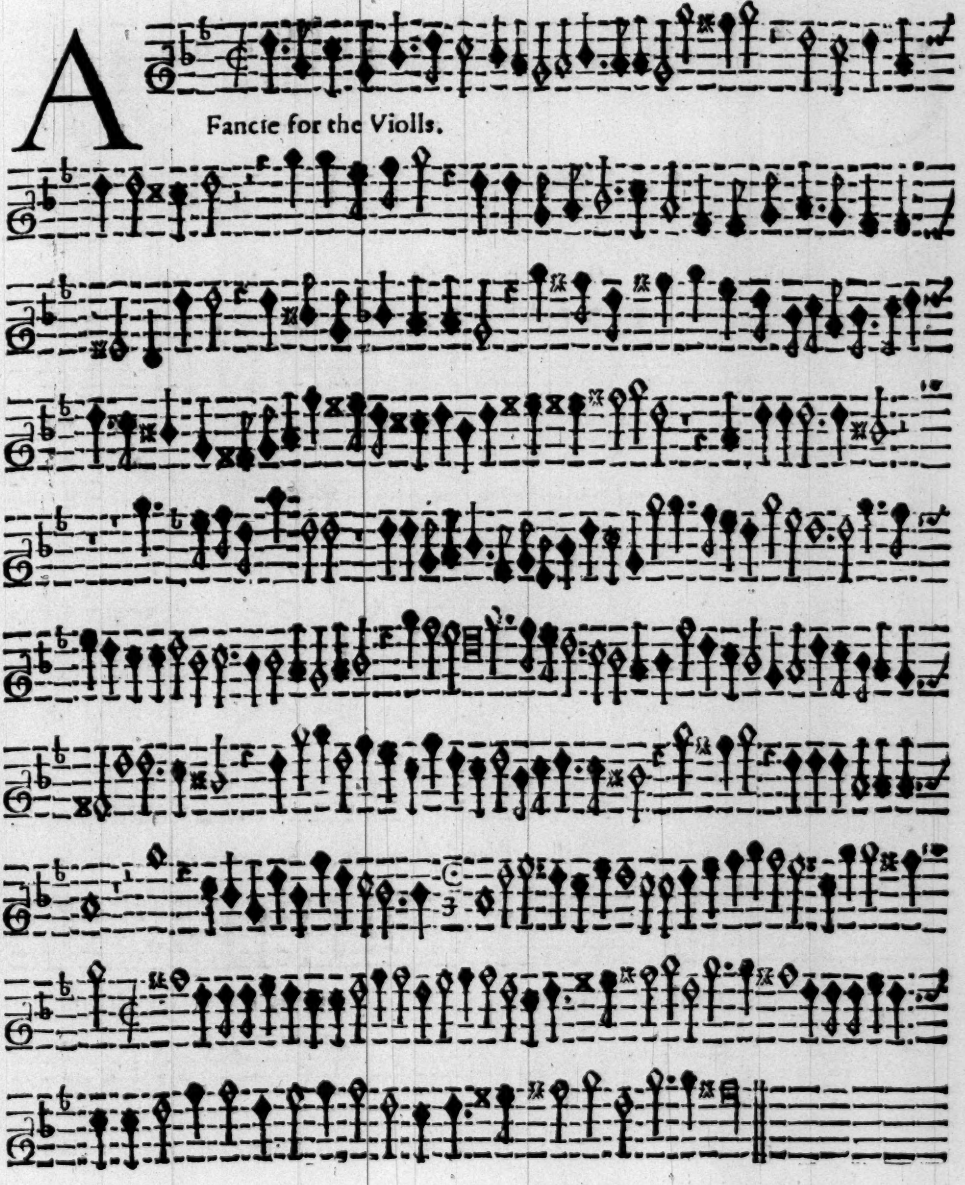


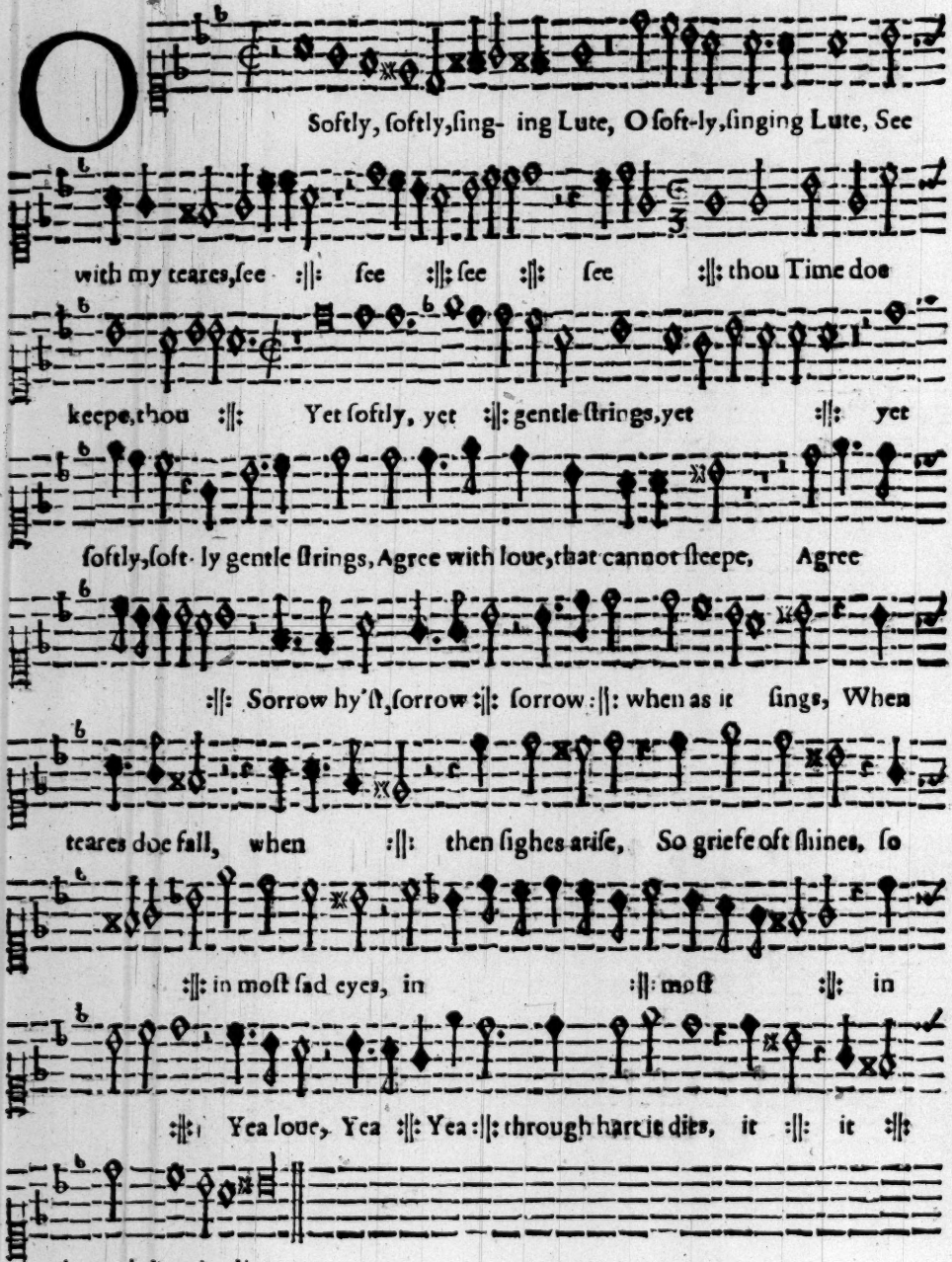
Here endeth the Songs of fiue Parts.

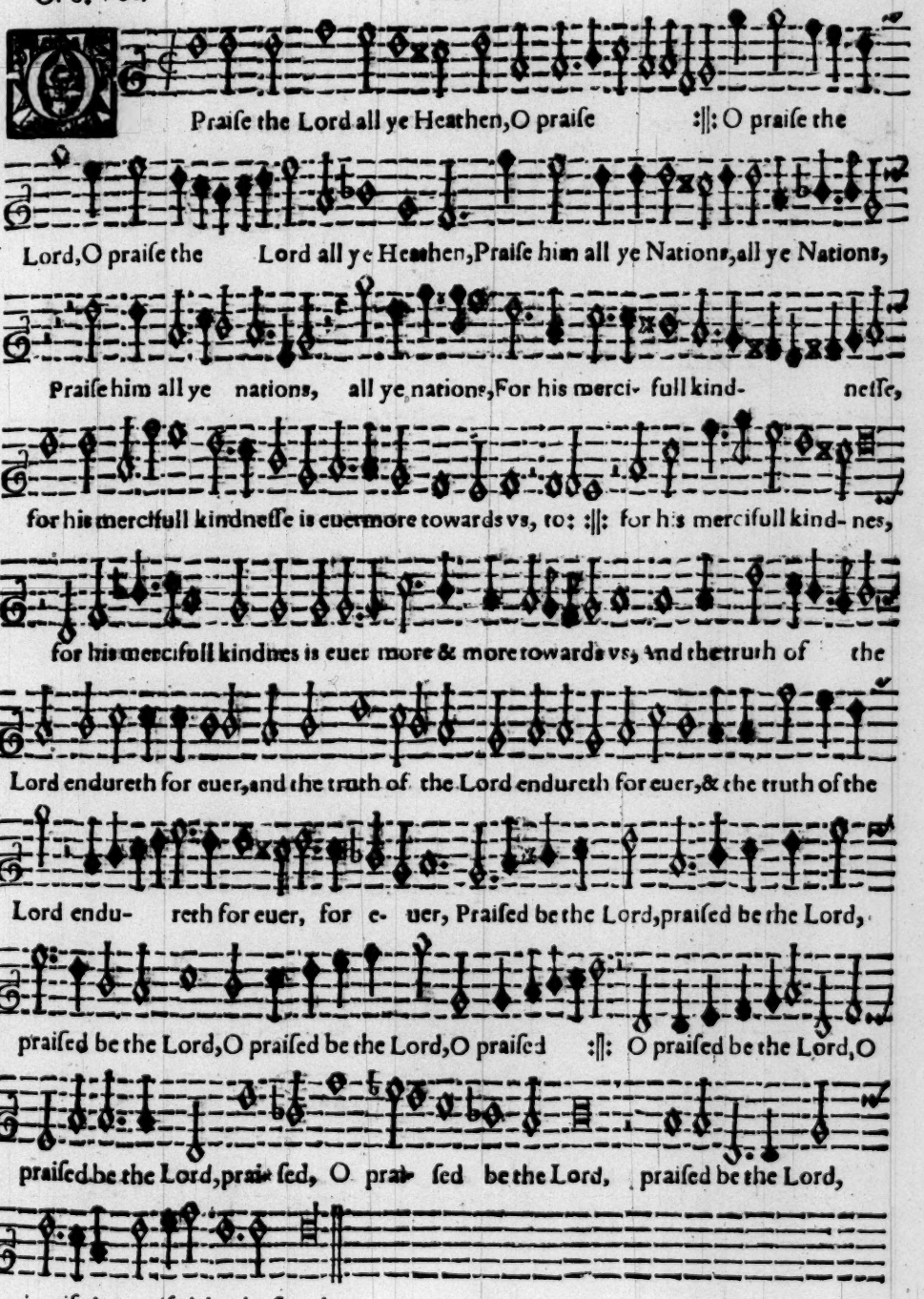

Eare Shepheardeſſe, deare :||: thou art more louely,
more louely faire, Then the both Roſes, then :||: in the prime of May,
Thou art more tender, ſweet, without compare, without compare, with
:||: compare, Then the bright Morning, at the breake of day, at :||:
at of :||: at :||: at :||: But vnto me that
doe thy praiſe declare, but :||: More cold and dead,
more cold and dead, then the moſt cold diſmay. moſt cold diſmay.

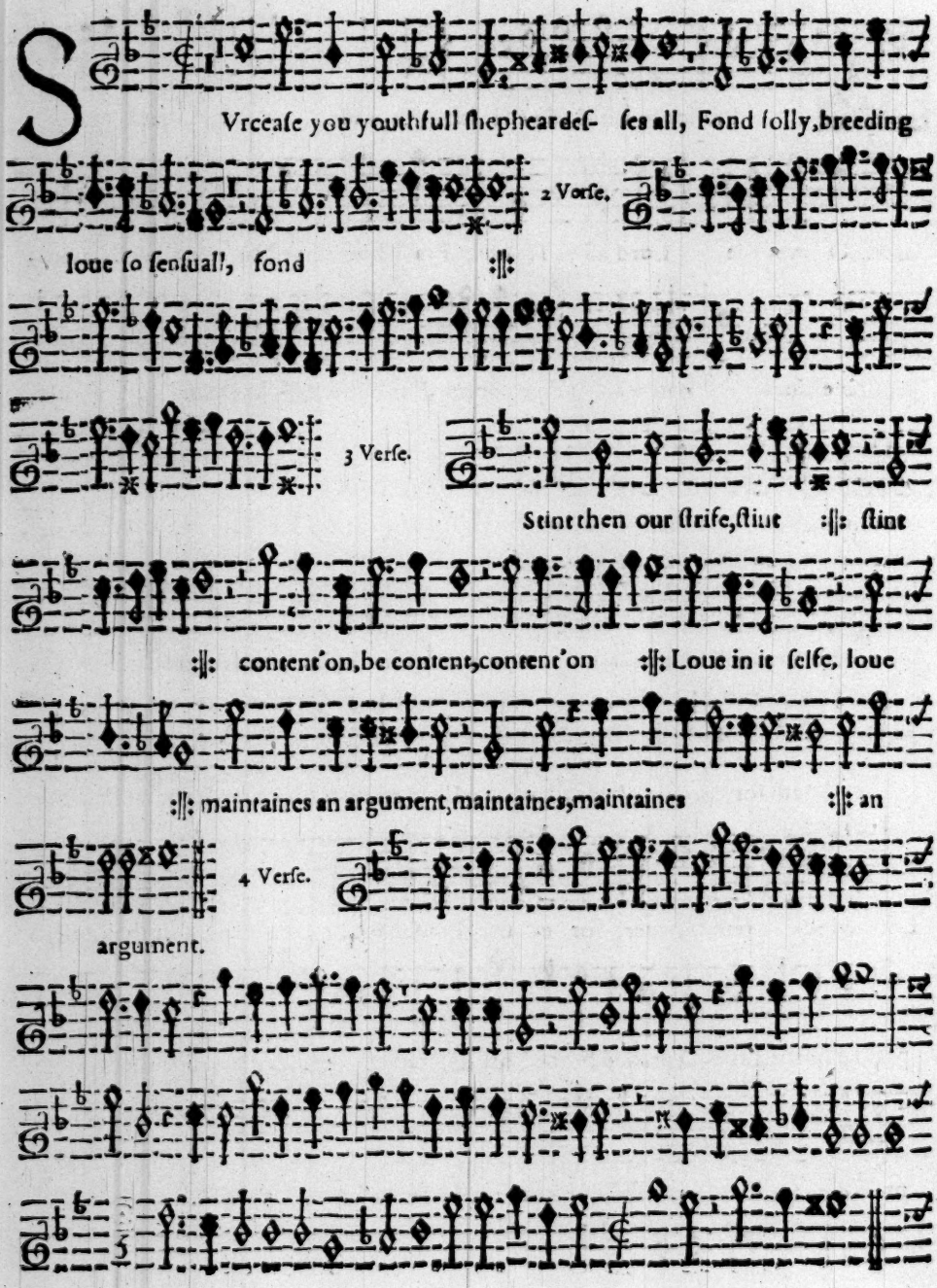

Ruell *Pabrilla* with thine angrie looke, *Pabrilla* :||:
Pabrilla, :||: Thou euer, euer hold'ſt, thou :||: thou
:||: thou euer hold'ſt my ſoule in alte- ra- ti- on, And of the
pleaſure that I whilome, and of the pleaſure that I whilome tooke, that I :||:
In my faire flockes, in :||: in :||: thy threats are depriuati- on,
Thee I more loue then hill or valley brooke, valley, valley brooke,
Or thriftie, thriftie, thriftie ſhadow, ſhadow, my flocks delectation, But yet my
ſight, my :||: but yet my ſight more hatefull is to thee, is :||: to thee,
Then thornes or nettles to thy white feet be.

A Fancie for the Violls.



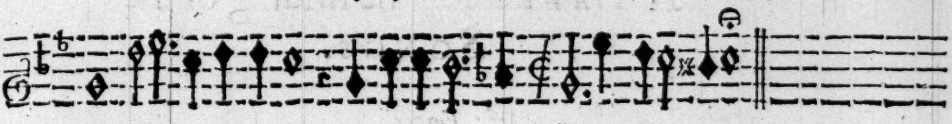

O Softly, ſoftly, ſing- ing Lute, O ſoft-ly, ſinging Lute, See
with my teares, ſee :||: ſee :||: ſee :||: ſee :||: thou Time doe
keepe, thou :||: Yet ſoftly, yet :||: gentle ſtrings, yet :||: yet
ſoftly, ſoft- ly gentle ſtrings, Agree with loue, that cannot ſleepe, Agree
:||: Sorrow hy'ſt, ſorrow :||: ſorrow :||: when as it ſings, When
teares doe fall, when :||: then ſighes ariſe, So griefe oft ſhines, ſo
:||: in moſt ſad eyes, in :||: moſt :||: in
:||: Yea loue, Yea :||: Yea :||: through hart it dies, it :||: it :||:
through hart it dies.


O Praiſe the Lord all ye Heathen, O praiſe :||: O praiſe the
Lord, O praiſe the Lord all ye Heathen, Praiſe him all ye Nations, all ye Nations,
Praiſe him all ye nations, all ye nations, For his merci- full kind- neſſe,
for his merciſull kindneſſe is euermore towards vs, to: :||: for his merciſull kind- nes,
for his merciſull kindnes is euer more & more towards vs, And the truth of the
Lord endureth for euer, and the truth of the Lord endureth for euer, & the truth of the
Lord endu- reth for euer, for e- uer, Praiſed be the Lord, praiſed be the Lord,
praiſed be the Lord, O praiſed be the Lord, O praiſed :||: O praiſed be the Lord, O
praiſed be the Lord, prai- ſed, O prai- ſed be the Lord, praiſed be the Lord,
praiſed, praiſed be the Lord.


Vrceaſe you youthfull ſhepheardeſ-
ſes all, Fond folly, breeding
2 Verſe.
loue ſo ſenſuall, fond
3 Verſe.
Stint then our ſtrife, ſtint
content'on, be content, content'on
Loue in it ſelfe, loue
maintaines an argument, maintaines, maintaines
an
4 Verſe.
argument.

Chorus.

Loue be propitious, Shepheardeſ- des ſing, *Olympus* likes and



loues, *Olimp*: :‖: *Olimp*: :‖: our Caro- ling.

FINIS.

A TABLE for the finding of the SONGS.

Of 3. Voyces.

SOu'raigne of my delight.		I
YOnd hill tops.		II
Wake sleepy *Thirsis*.		III
Stay hart, runne not so fast.		IV
Ye bubling springs.		V
Your fond preferments.		VI

Of 4. Voyces.

Manalcas in an Euening.		VII
Coy *Daphne*.	*First Part.*	VIII
Chast *Daphne*.	*Second Part.*	IX
If shee neglect.		X
Palamon.		XI
You gentle Nymphs.		XII

Of 5. Voyces.

Chast *Syrinx*,		XIII
Come Shepheards.		XIIII
Crowned with flowers.		XV
Weepe sad *Vrania*.		XVI
O gratious God,		XVII
Goe you skipping.		XVIII
Care for thy soule.		XIX
Drowne not with teares.		XX

Of 6. Voyces.

Deare Shepheardesse.	*First Part.*	XXI
Cruell *Pabrilla*.	*Second Part.*	XXII
A Fancie for the Viols.		XXIII
O softly singing Lute.		XXIIII
O Praise the Lord.		XXV
Surcease you youthfull.		XXVI
A Pauan by the Earle of *Darbie* for the Orpherion.		XXVII

FINIS.

ALTVS.

THE SECOND SET

Of *Madrigals*, and *Paſtorals*, of 3. 4. 5. and 6. Parts;

Apt for Violls and Voyces:

Newly Compoſed by FRANCIS PILKINGTON, Batchelar of *Muſicke*, and *Luteniſt*, and *Chaunter* of the Cathedrall Church of CHRIST, and bleſſed MARY the Virgin, in *Cheſter*.

LONDON:
Printed by THOMAS SNODHAM, for *M. L.* and *A. B.* 1624.

TO THE RIGHT VVORshipfull, And worthy of much Honor, Sir PETER LEIG of *Lyme*, KNIGHT.

Honoured Sir:

O him that ſhall demand of me, why I preſume to ſend this fruit of my (now aged *Muſe*) to ſeeke patronage vnder your worth: my anſwere ſhall be this; Aske the little ſparks why they dare flie vpwards towards the glorious Sunne, or the ſmall Riuerets and Brookes, why they with a haſtie boldneſſe ſtriue to be engulphed into the boſome of the vaſte *Ocean*.

Nature her ſelfe hath taught all her workes to tend vnto their proper place: and the *Subiects* of *Vertue* can neuer offer their ſeruice, nor her *Prieſts* bring their ſacrifice, but where their ſoueraigne *Queene* erects a Temple.

Sir: Your Noble diſpoſition inuites all eyes to behold the generous reſpect you beare to all the poore trauellers, that labour in the tedious iourney which leades to *Merit* and *Perfection*: And if *I*, the meaneſt and vnableſt of thouſands of thoſe, (encouraged by all mens generall Admiration of your noble Courteſies, and imboldened by your particular acceptation of ſuch former ſeruices, as my good hap hath beene to performe in ſome of your imployments) may now procure the Reflection of the leaſt beame of your faire *Aſpect*, vpon this my little *Bundle* of *Ruſhes*, that I carry towards the ſtrewing of the flore of that *Amiable Temple*, where that *Great Goddeſſe* hath her *Chaire*, the *Muſes* ſit in the *Quier*, and the *Noiſe* is nothing but *Melodie* and *Harmonious Sweetneſſe*: It will infinitely refreſh my wearie ſteppes: and (happily) yet enliue my fainting ſpirits, that I may lagge on, yet one Iourney more, (if not in the middeſt,) yet in the Rereward of thoſe many expert and able ſeruants of this Soueraigne *Queene*, to doe her and you ſome further ſeruice. To which I deuote the Remainder of my poore endeauours, and my ſelfe to be

Euer your Worſhips at command,

FRANCIS PILKINGTON.

To my approoued Friend, Maſter FRANCIS PILKINGTON, Batchelar of *Muſicke*.

A Sonnet.

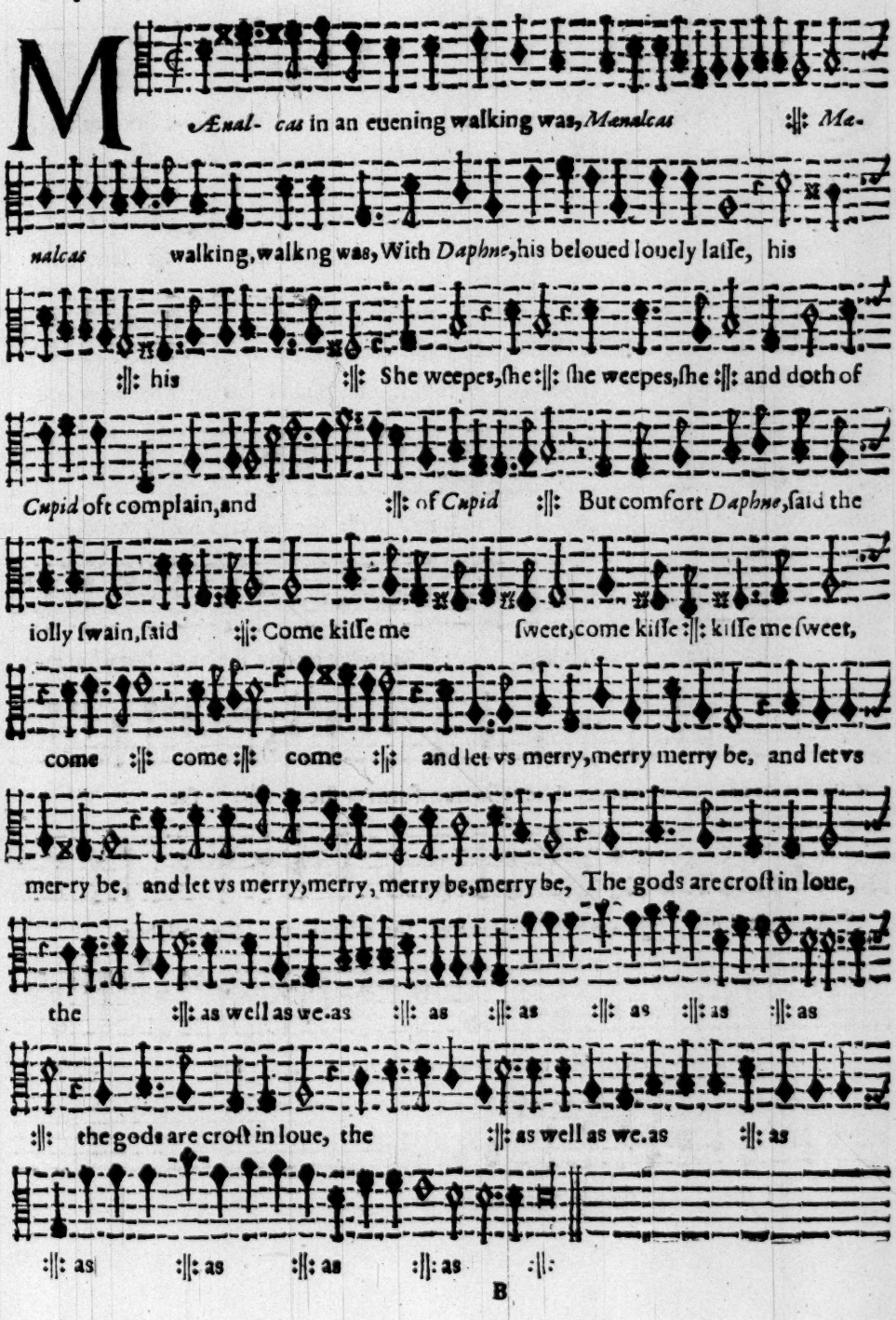
THoſe great Atchieuements our Heroicke Spirits
Haue done in Englands old or later Victories,
Shall we attribute wholly to the Merrits,
Of our Braue Leaders? And faire Induſtries
Which their not-named Followers haue expreſt
Lie hid? And muſt the Matchleſſe Excellencies
Of Bird, Bull, Dowland, Morley, and the reſt
Of our rare Artiſts, (who now dim the lights
Of other lands) be onely in Requeſt?
Thy ſelfe, (and others) looſing your due Rights
To hi[illegible] Deſert? nay, make it (yet) more plaine,
That thou canſt hit the Ayres of euery vaine.
Their praiſe was their Reward, and ſo 'tis thine:
The Pleaſure of thy paines all mens: and mine.

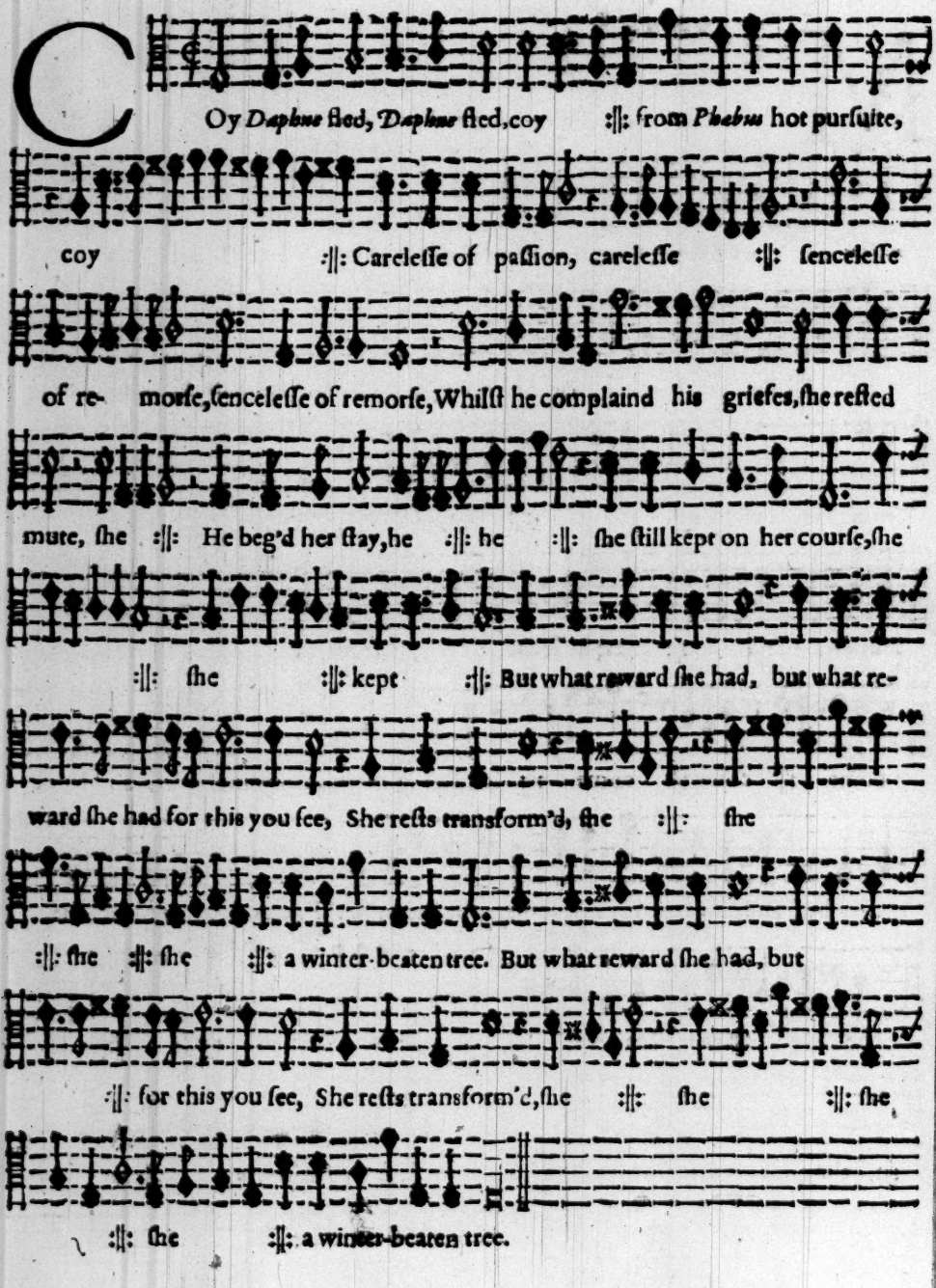
William Webbe.

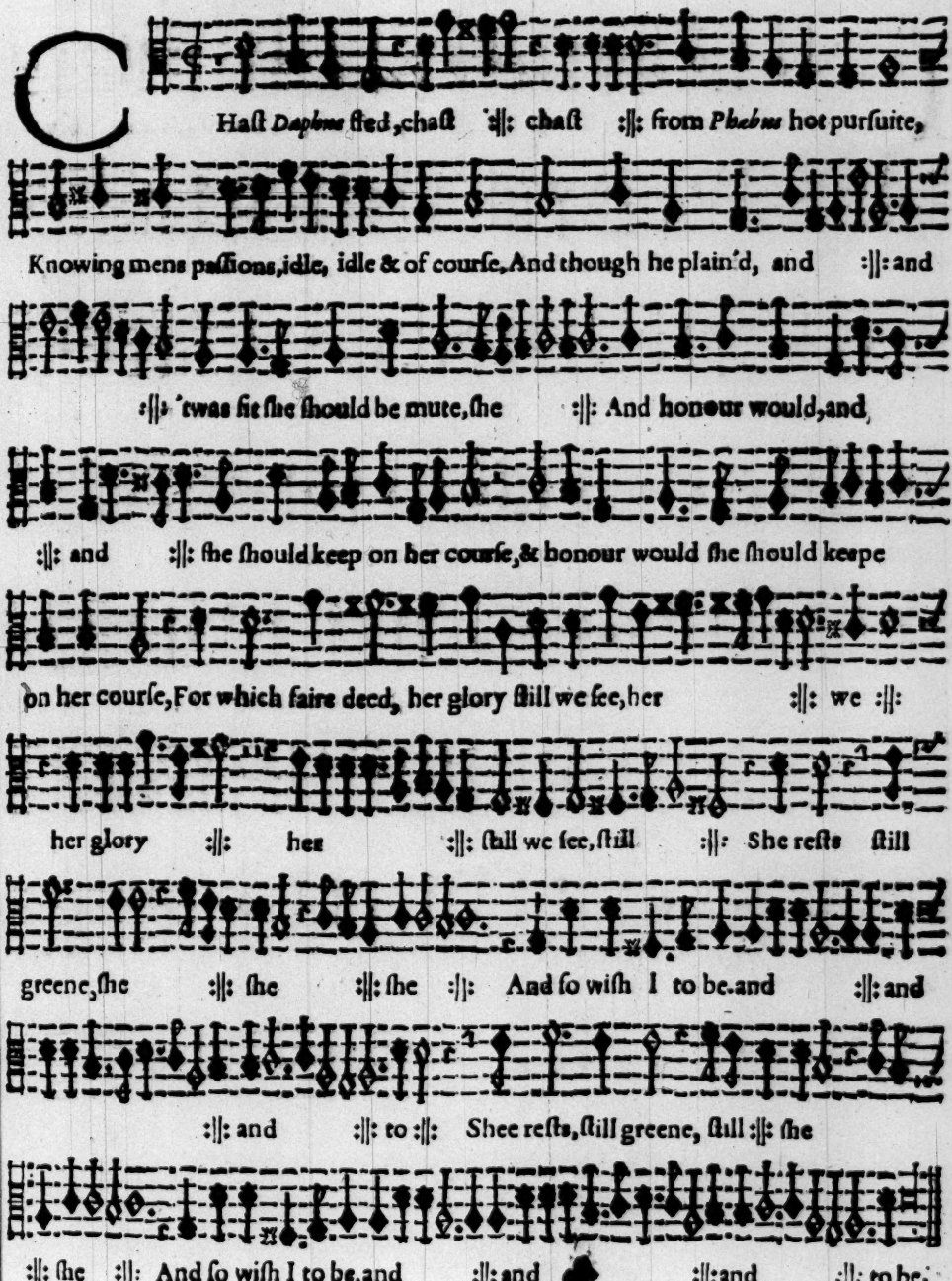
To Maſter FRANCIS PILKINGTON, Batchelar of *Muſicke*.

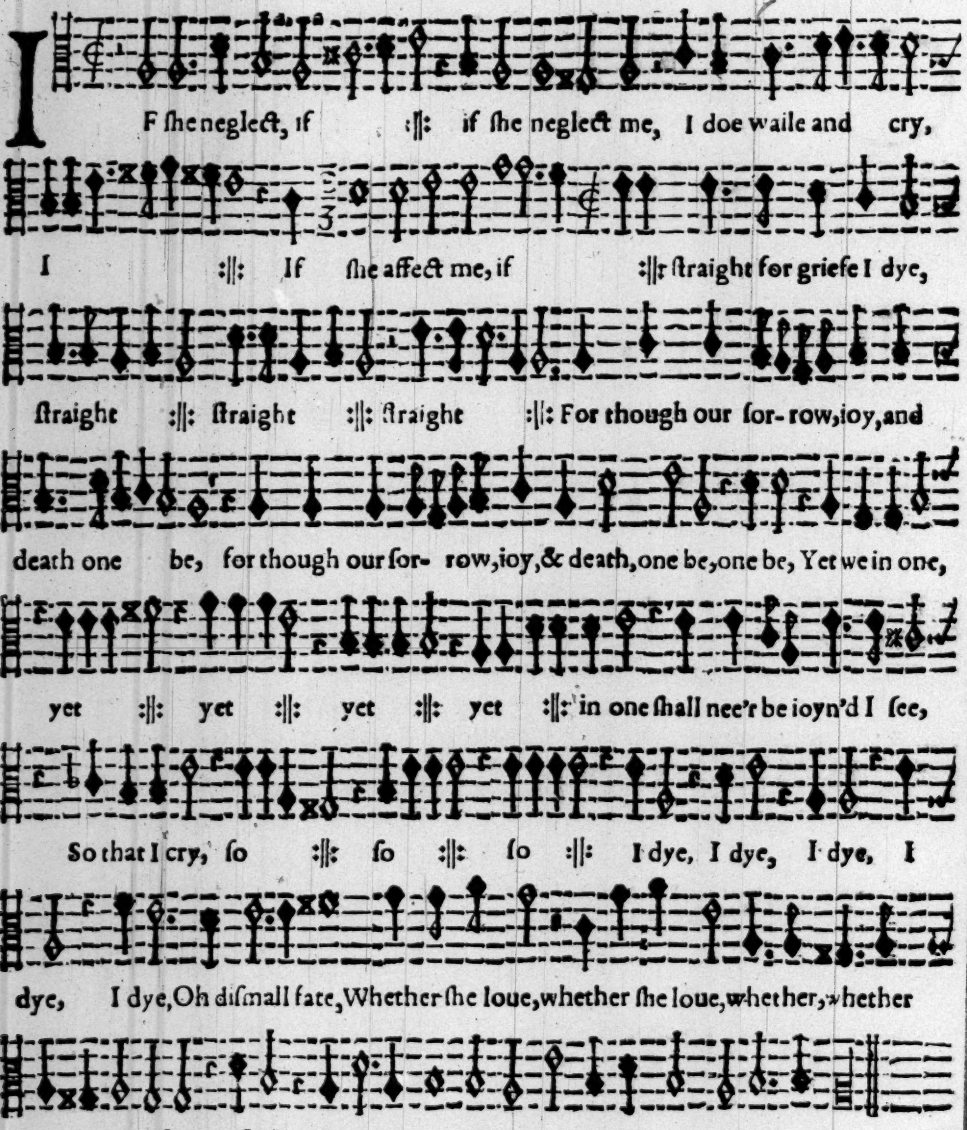
ARt's praiſe, and Skill's high pitch, are not ſo tyed
To bankes of *Po*, or ſiluer Thames (we ſee)
But *Ioues* faire bird may haunt fine ſtreames beſide,
And chaunt ſweet layes on brinkes of Antique dee.
Old *Cheſter* is not ſo with Eld ore-laine,
That where contention is for praiſe, ſhee then
Should not her old-borne title ſtill maintaine,
And put in, for her claime to chiefe of Men.
Witneſſe more Inſtances hereof, then caſt
Into few lines can be (ſome larger Quill
Shall labour that) Witneſſe thy firſt and laſt
Rare-fram'de compoſures. And this witneſſe will
Thy choice for Patron: one for glorious fame,
Chiefe in our Clyme, Grace to thy worke, thy name.

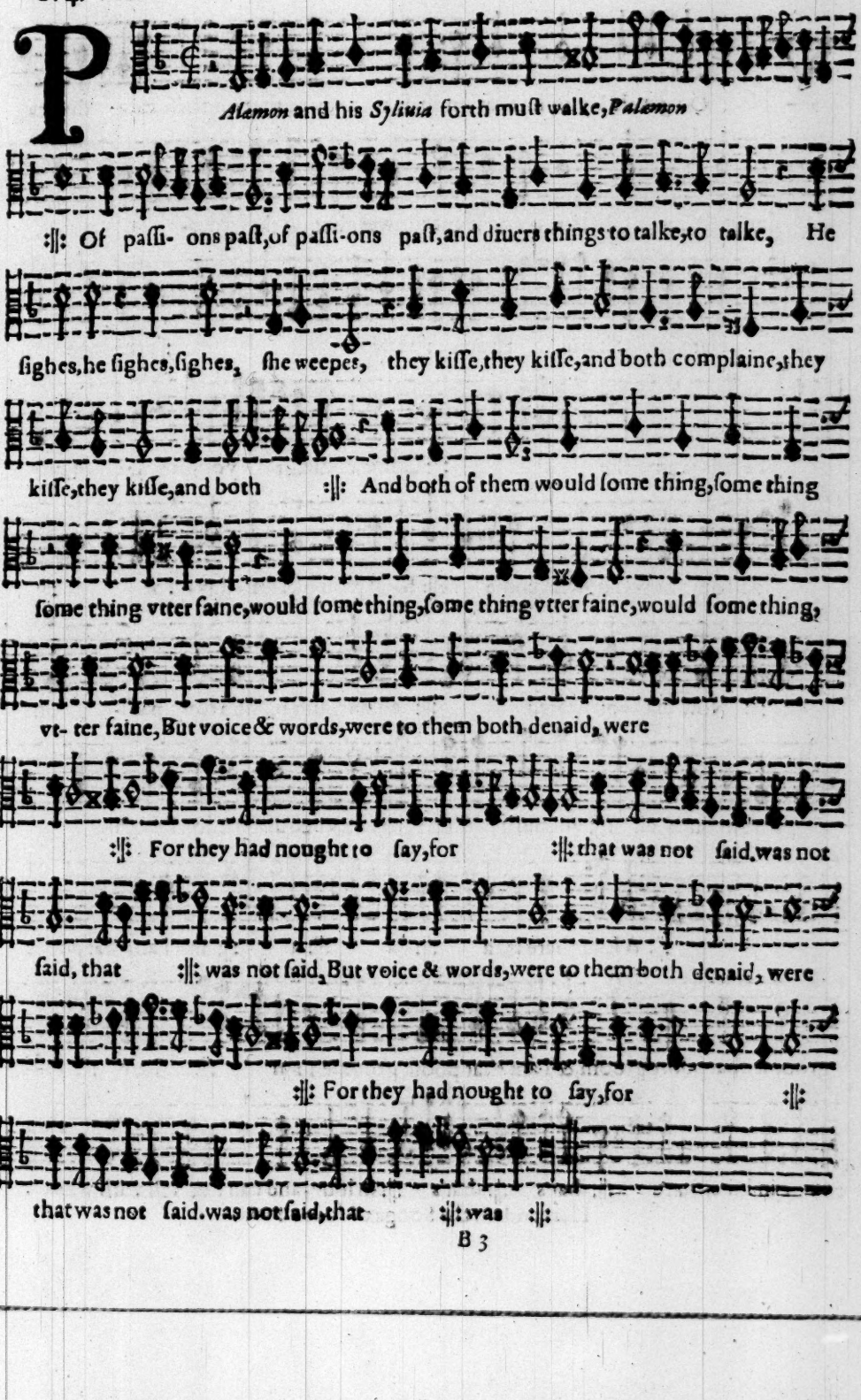
Thine and the Muſes friends of *Cheſter*,
Henry Harpur.

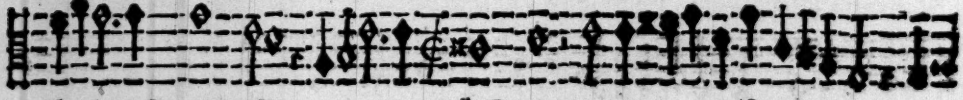

Menalcas in an euening walking was, Menalcas :|: Me-
nalcas walking, walking was, With Daphne, his beloued louely laſſe, his
:|: his :|: She weepes, ſhe :|: ſhe weepes, ſhe :|: and doth of
Cupid oft complain, and :|: of Cupid :|: But comfort Daphne, ſaid the
iolly ſwain, ſaid :|: Come kiſſe me ſweet, come kiſſe :|: kiſſe me ſweet,
come :|: come :|: come :|: and let vs merry, merry merry be, and let vs
mer-ry be, and let vs merry, merry, merry be, merry be, The gods are croſt in loue,
the :|: as well as we. as :|: as :|: as :|: as :|: as :|: as
:|: the gods are croſt in loue, the :|: as well as we. as :|: as
:|: as :|: as :|: as :|: as :|:

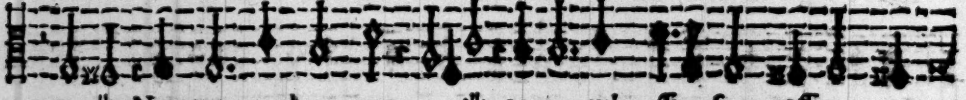

Coy Daphne fled, Daphne fled, coy :||: from Phebus hot purſuite,
coy :||: Careleſſe of paſſion, careleſſe :||: ſenceleſſe
of re- morſe, ſenceleſſe of remorſe, Whilſt he complaind his griefes, ſhe reſted
mute, ſhe :||: He beg'd her ſtay, he :||: he :||: ſhe ſtill kept on her courſe, ſhe
:||: ſhe :||: kept :||: But what reward ſhe had, but what re-
ward ſhe had for this you ſee, She reſts transform'd, ſhe :||: ſhe
:||: ſhe :||: ſhe :||: a winter-beaten tree. But what reward ſhe had, but
:||: for this you ſee, She reſts transform'd, ſhe :||: ſhe :||: ſhe
:||: ſhe :||: a winter-beaten tree.

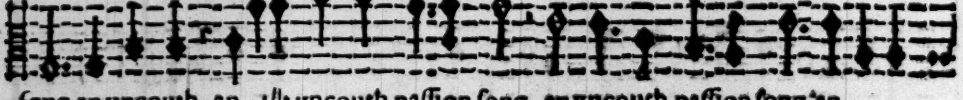

Haſt Daphne fled, chaſt :||: chaſt :||: from Phebus hot purſuite,
Knowing mens paſſions, idle, idle & of courſe. And though he plain'd, and :||: and
:||: 'twas fit ſhe ſhould be mute, ſhe :||: And honour would, and
:||: and :||: ſhe ſhould keep on her courſe, & honour would ſhe ſhould keepe
on her courſe, For which faire deed, her glory ſtill we ſee, her :||: we :||:
her glory :||: her :||: ſtill we ſee, ſtill :||: She reſts ſtill
greene, ſhe :||: ſhe :||: ſhe :||: And ſo wiſh I to be. and :||: and
:||: and :||: to :||: Shee reſts, ſtill greene, ſtill :||: ſhe
:||: ſhe :||: And ſo wiſh I to be, and :||: and :||: and :||: to be.

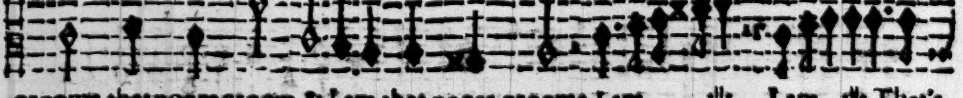

IF ſhe neglect, if :||: if ſhe neglect me, I doe waile and cry,
I :||: If ſhe affect me, if :||: ſtraight for griefe I dye,
ſtraight :||: ſtraight :||: ſtraight :||: For though our ſor-row, ioy, and
death one be, for though our ſor- row, ioy, & death, one be, one be, Yet we in one,
yet :||: yet :||: yet :||: yet :||: in one ſhall nee'r be ioyn'd I ſee,
So that I cry, ſo :||: ſo :||: ſo :||: I dye, I dye, I dye, I
dye, I dye, Oh diſmall fate, Whether ſhe loue, whether ſhe loue, whether, whether
ſhe loue, affect, affect, neglect, or hate. affect, neglect or hate. neglect or hate.


Palemon and his Syluia forth muſt walke, Palemon
:||: Of paſſi- ons paſt, of paſſi-ons paſt, and diuers things to talke, to talke, He
ſighes, he ſighes, ſighes, ſhe weepes, they kiſſe, they kiſſe, and both complaine, they
kiſſe, they kiſſe, and both :||: And both of them would ſome thing, ſome thing
ſome thing vtter faine, would ſome thing, ſome thing vtter faine, would ſome thing,
vt- ter faine, But voice & words, were to them both denaid, were
:||: For they had nought to ſay, for :||: that was not ſaid, was not
ſaid, that :||: was not ſaid, But voice & words, were to them both denaid, were
:||: For they had nought to ſay, for :||:
that was not ſaid. was not ſaid, that :||: was :||:

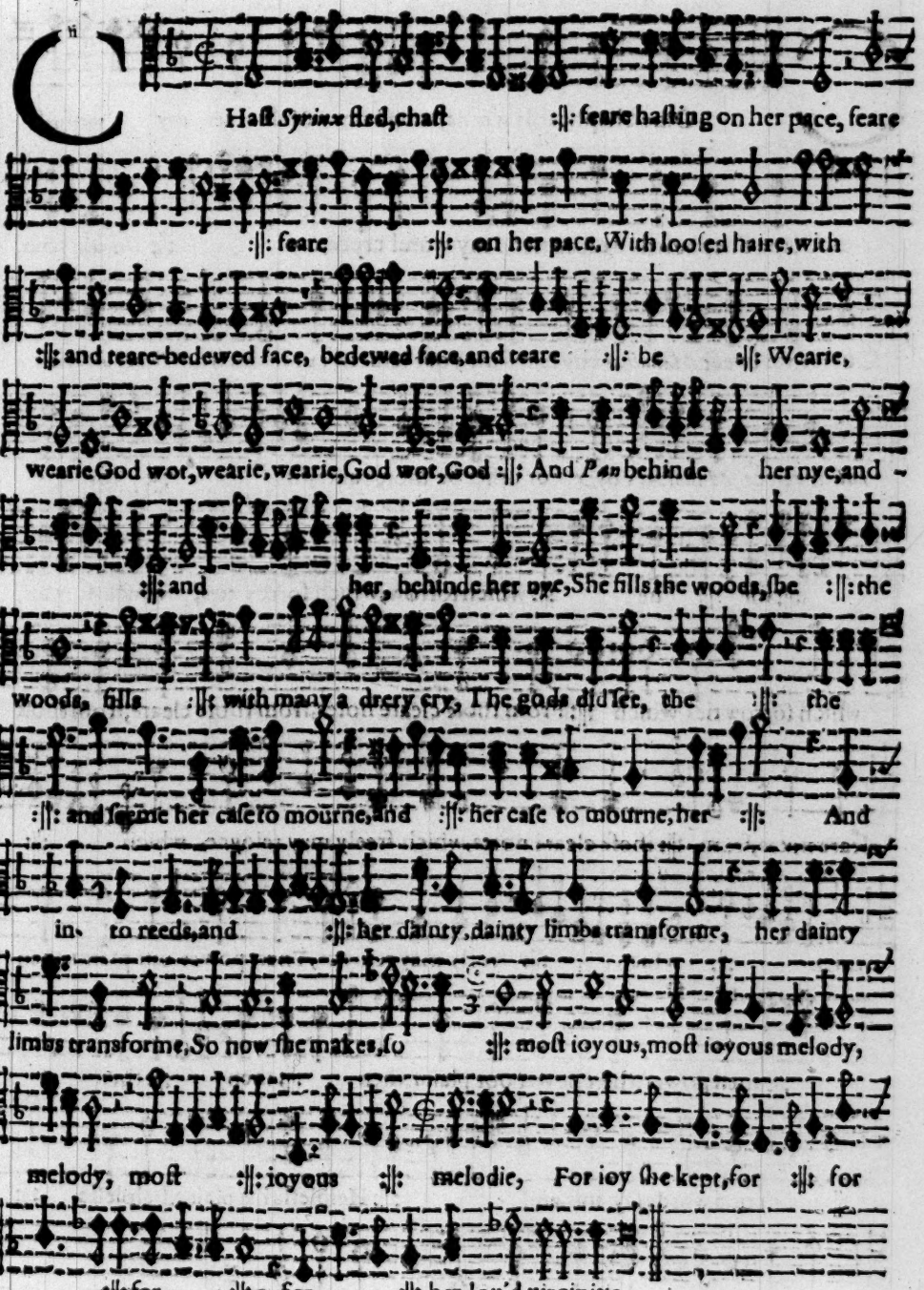


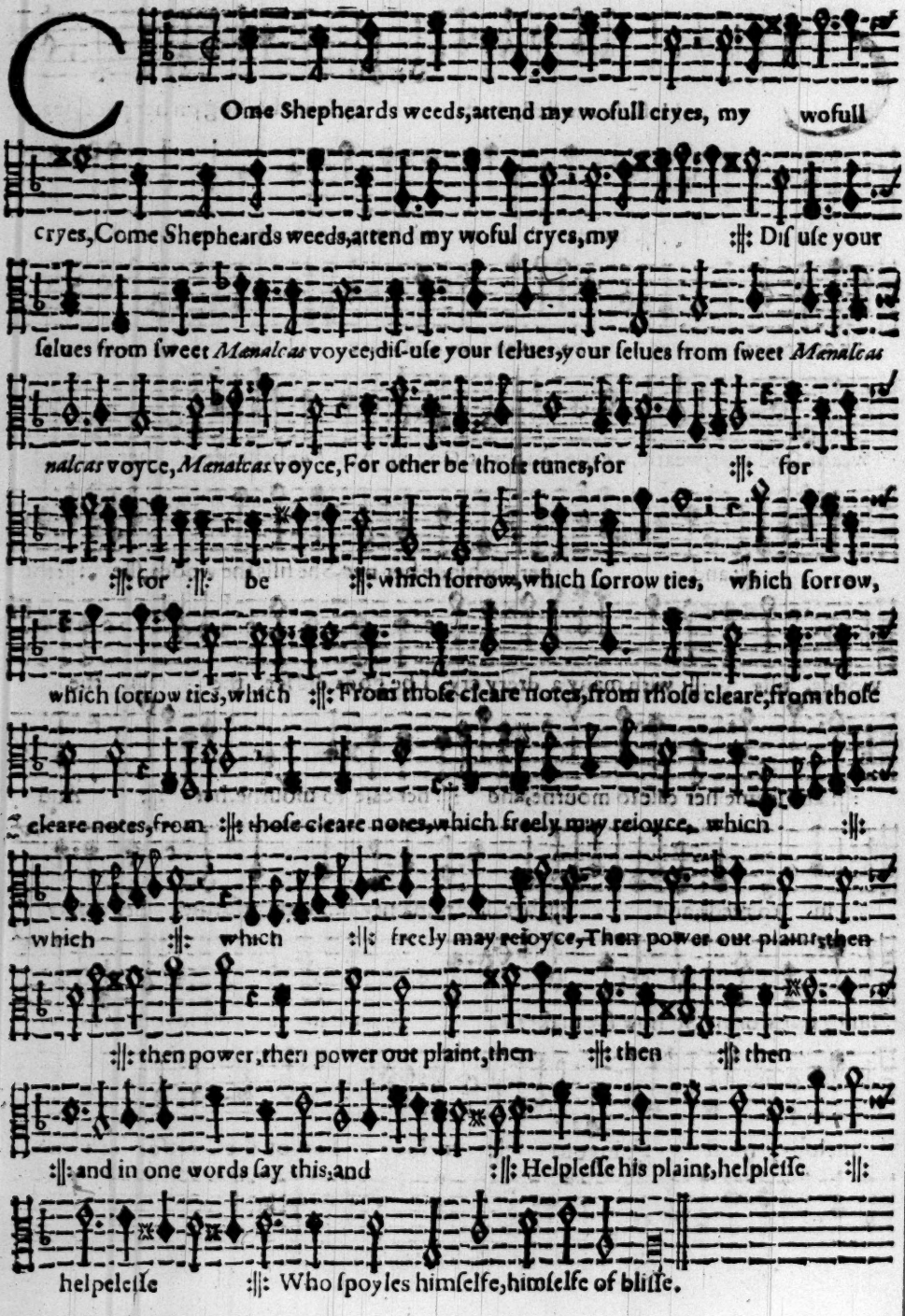


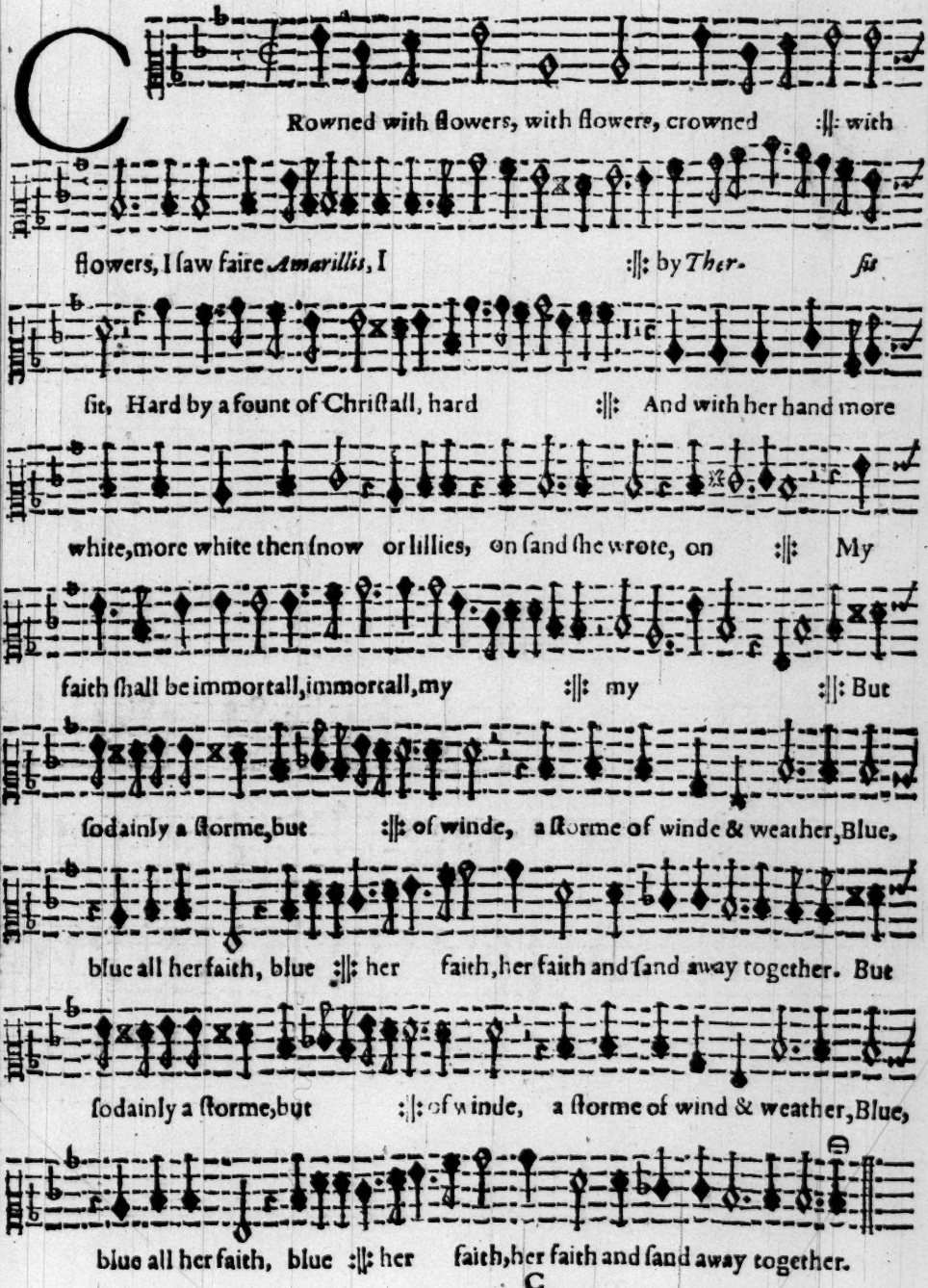




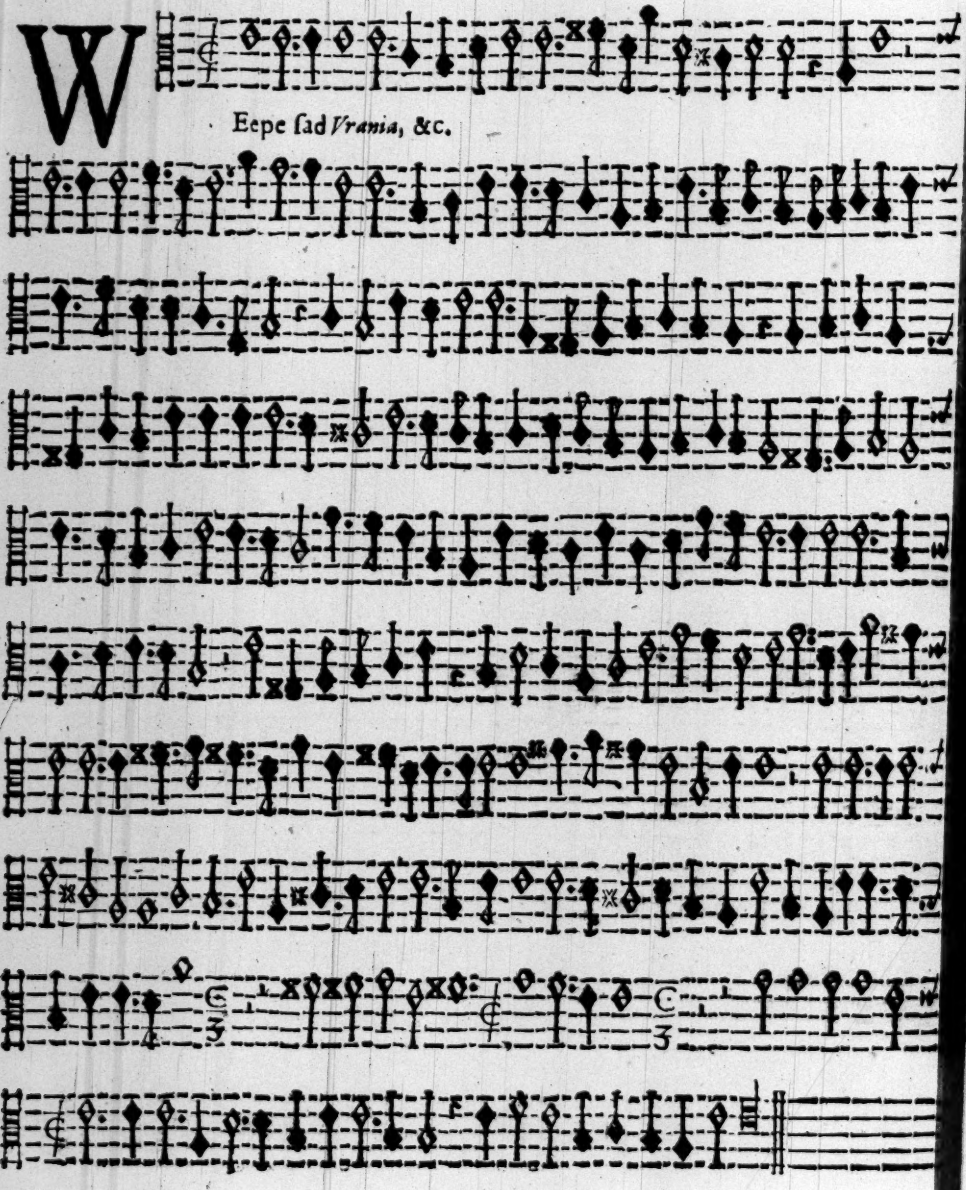
Hereendeth the Songs of foure Parts.

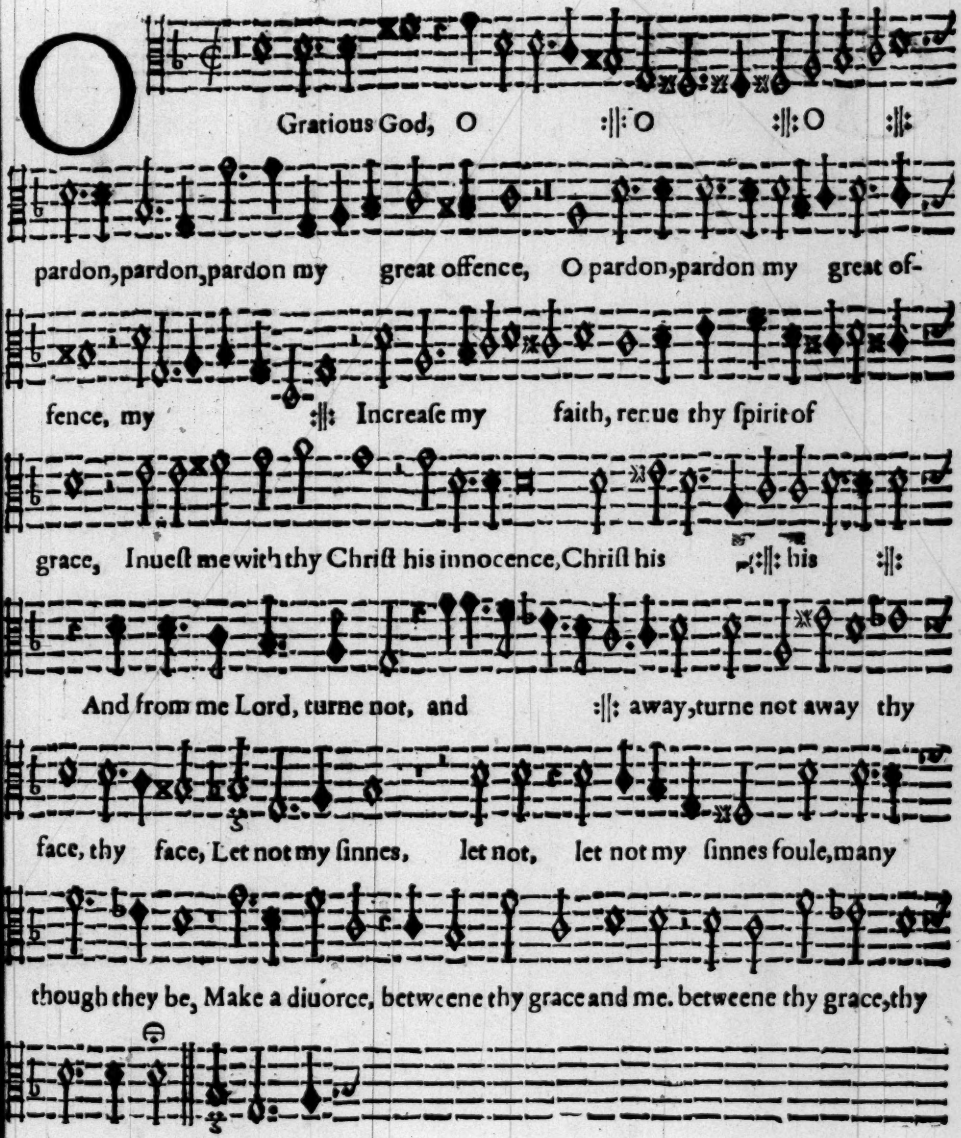

Haſt Syrinx fled, chaſt :||: feare haſting on her pace, feare
:||: feare :||: on her pace, With looſed haire, with
:||: and teare-bedewed face, bedewed face, and teare :||: be :||: Wearie,
wearie God wot, wearie, wearie, God wot, God :||: And Pan behinde her nye, and
:||: and her, behinde her nye, She fills the woods, ſhe :||: the
woods, fills :||: with many a drery cry, The gods did tee, the :||: the
:||: and ſeeme her caſe to mourne, and :||: her caſe to mourne, her :||: And
in- to reeds, and :||: her dainty, dainty limbs transforme, her dainty
limbs transforme, So now ſhe makes, ſo :||: moſt ioyous, moſt ioyous melody,
melody, moſt :||: ioyous :||: melodie, For ioy ſhe kept, for :||: for
:||: for :||: for :||: her lou'd virginitie.

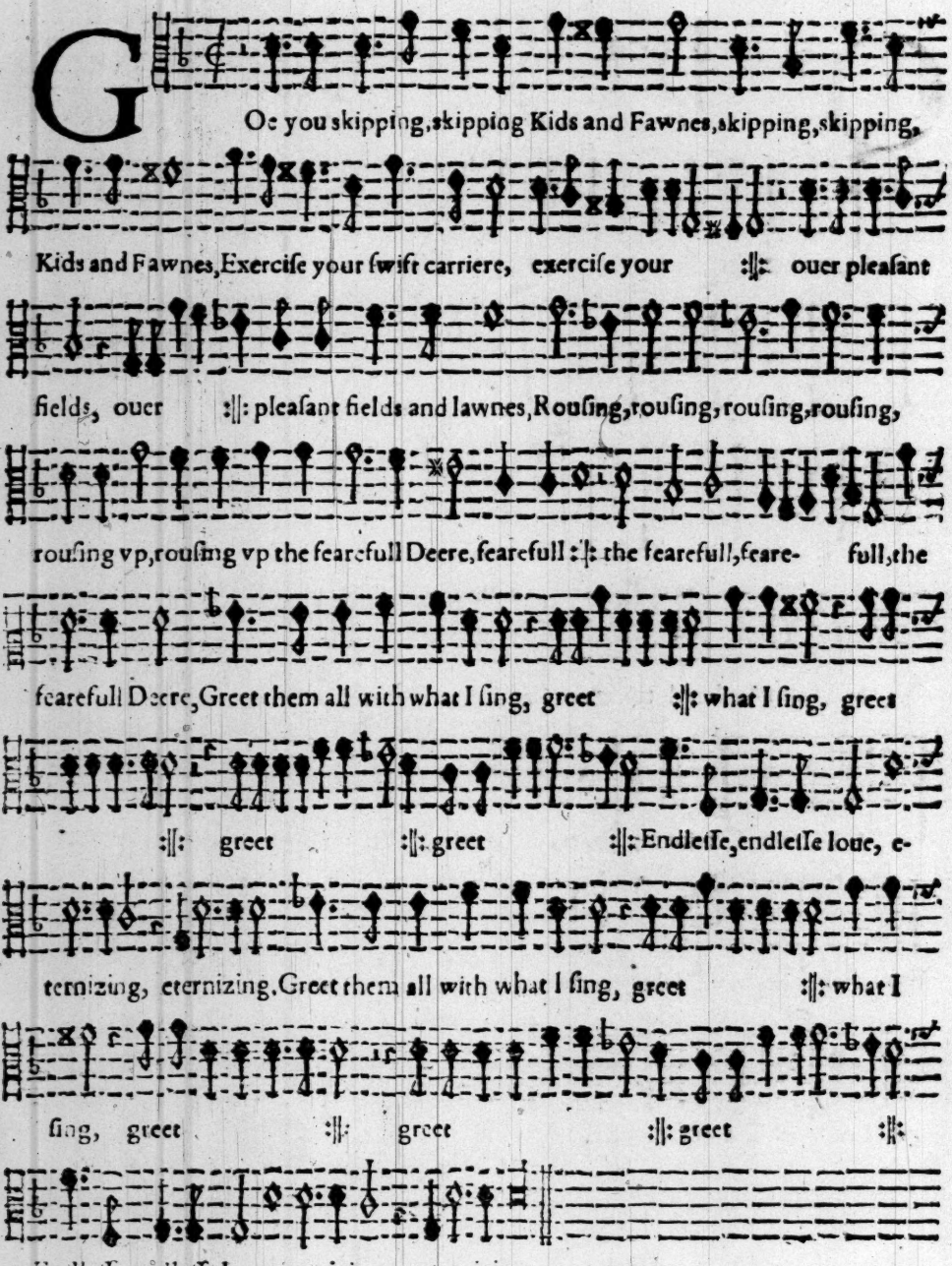

Come Shepheards weeds, attend my wofull cryes, my wofull
cryes, Come Shepheards weeds, attend my woful cryes, my
:|: Diſuſe your
ſelues from ſweet Menalcas voyce, diſ-uſe your ſelues, your ſelues from ſweet Menalcas
nalcas voyce, Menalcas voyce, For other be thoſe tunes, for
:|: for
:|: for :|: be :|: which ſorrow, which ſorrow ties, which ſorrow,
which ſorrow ties, which
:|: From thoſe cleare notes, from thoſe cleare, from thoſe
cleare notes, from :|: thoſe cleare notes, which freely may reioyce, which
:|:
which :|: which :|: freely may reioyce, Then power out plaint, then
:|: then power, then power out plaint, then :|: then :|: then
:|: and in one words ſay this, and :|: Helpleſſe his plaint, helpleſſe :|:
helpeleſſe :|: Who ſpoyles himſelfe, himſelfe of bliſſe.

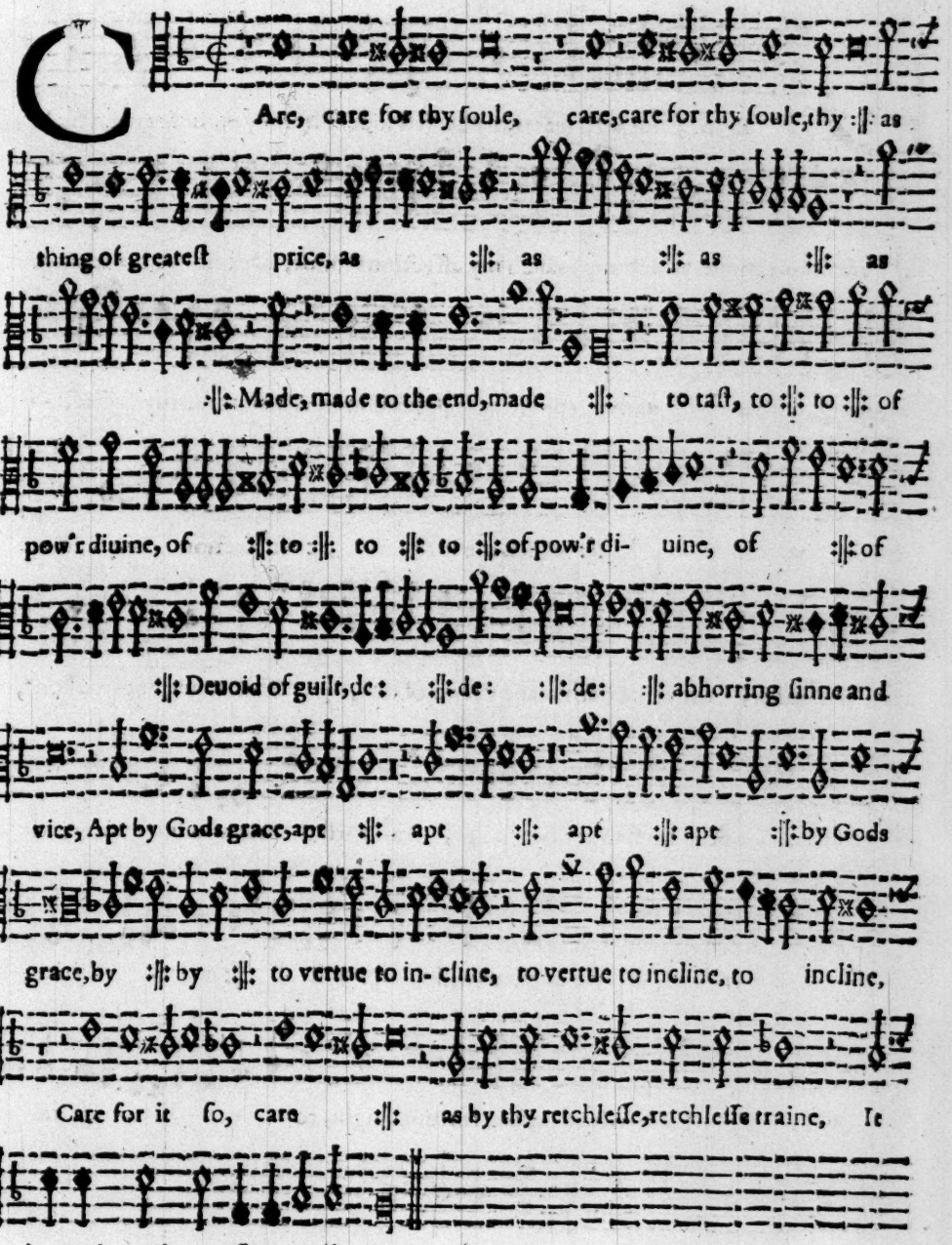

Crowned with flowers, with flowers, crowned :||: with
flowers, I saw faire Amarillis, I :||: by Ther-
fit, Hard by a fount of Christall, hard :||: And with her hand more
white, more white then snow or lillies, on sand she wrote, on :||: My
faith shall be immortall, immortall, my :||: my :||: But
sodainly a storme, but :||: of winde, a storme of winde & weather, Blue,
blue all her faith, blue :||: her faith, her faith and sand away together. But
sodainly a storme, but :||: of winde, a storme of wind & weather, Blue,
blue all her faith, blue :||: her faith, her faith and sand away together.

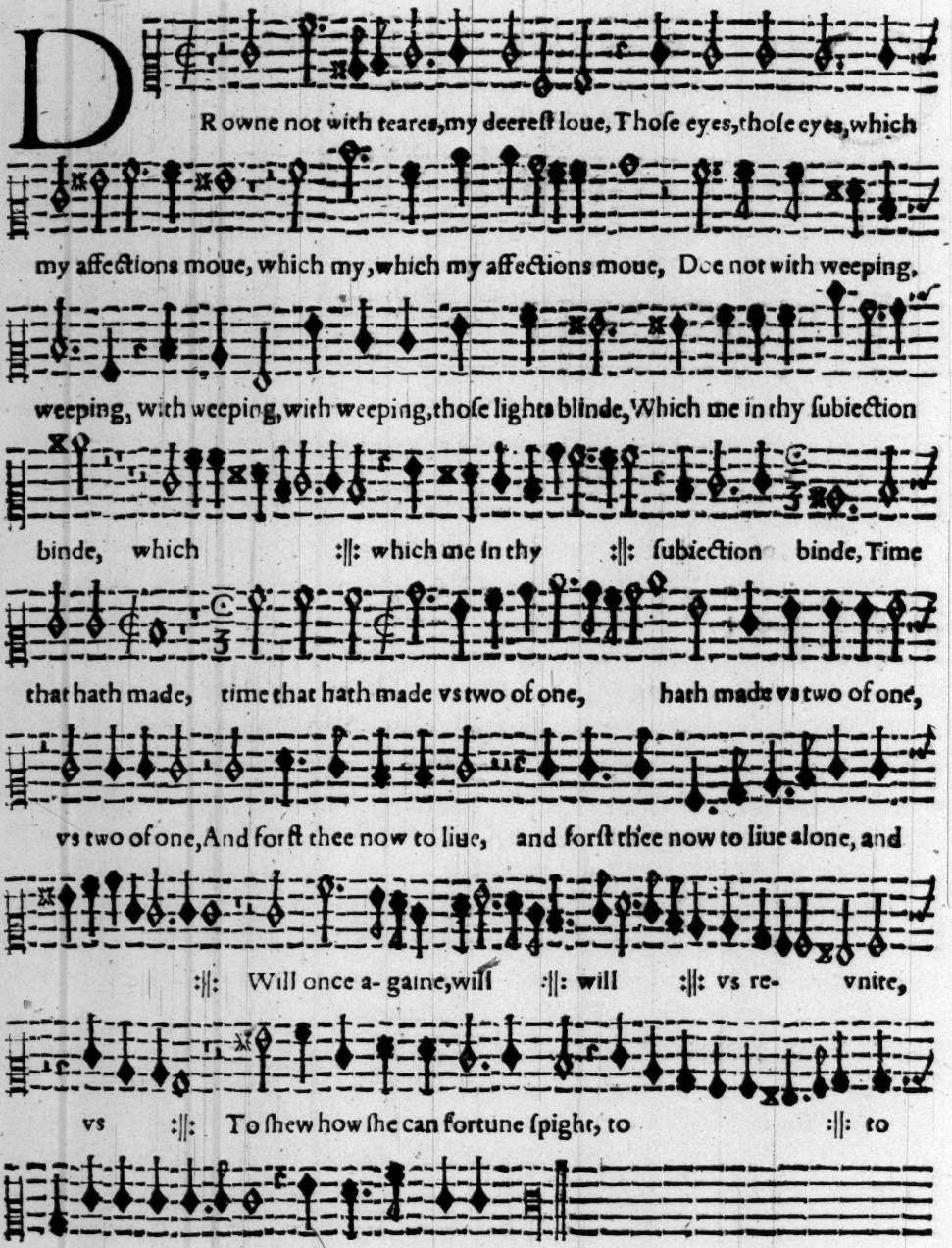
An Elegie on the death of his Worſhipfull friend, Maſter *Thomas Purcell* of *Dinthill*, Eſquire, in *Salop*.




O Gratious God, O :||: O :||: O :||:
pardon, pardon, pardon my great offence, O pardon, pardon my great of-
fence, my :||: Increaſe my faith, renue thy ſpirit of
grace, Inueſt me with thy Chriſt his innocence, Chriſt his :||: his :||:
And from me Lord, turne not, and :||: away, turne not away thy
face, thy face, Let not my ſinnes, let not, let not my ſinnes foule, many
though they be, Make a diuorce, betweene thy grace and me. betweene thy grace, thy
grace and me. Let not my, &c.


Go you skipping, skipping Kids and Fawnes, skipping, skipping,
Kids and Fawnes, Exerciſe your ſwift carriere, exerciſe your :|: ouer pleaſant
fields, ouer :|: pleaſant fields and lawnes, Rouſing, rouſing, rouſing, rouſing,
rouſing vp, rouſing vp the fearefull Deere, fearefull :|: the fearefull, feare- full, the
fearefull Deere, Greet them all with what I ſing, greet :|: what I ſing, greet
:|: greet :|: greet :|: Endleſſe, endleſſe loue, e-
ternizing, eternizing. Greet them all with what I ſing, greet :|: what I
ſing, greet :|: greet :|: greet :|:
Endleſſe, endleſſe loue eternizing, eternizing.


Care, care for thy ſoule, care, care for thy ſoule, thy :|: as
thing of greateſt price, as :|: as :|: as :|: as
:|: Made, made to the end, made :|: to taſt, to :|: to :|: of
pow'r diuine, of :|: to :|: to :|: to :|: of pow'r di- uine, of :|: of
:|: Deuoid of guilt, de : :|: de : :|: de : :|: abhorring ſinne and
vice, Apt by Gods grace, apt :|: apt :|: apt :|: apt :|: by Gods
grace, by :|: by :|: to vertue to in- cline, to vertue to incline, to incline,
Care for it ſo, care :|: as by thy retchleſſe, retchleſſe traine, Ie
be not brought to taſt eternall paine.



Here endeth the Songs of fiue Parts.

Eare Shepheardeſſe, thou art more louely faire, louely, loue- ly

faire, Then the both Roſes, then :|: in the prime of May, Thou

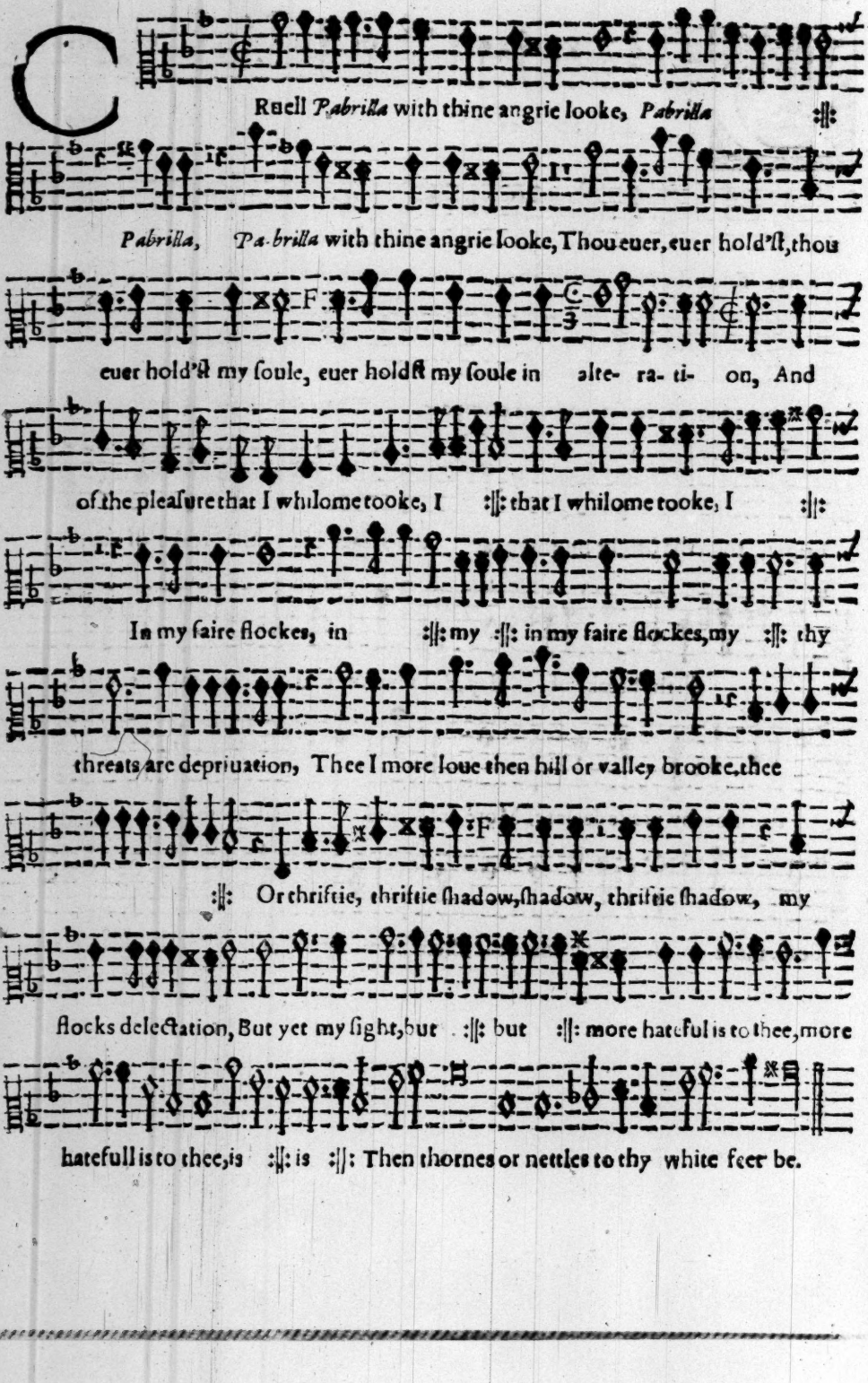
art more tender, ſweet, without compare, Then the bright Morning, then the

bright, then the bright morning, at the breake of day, the breake of day, at

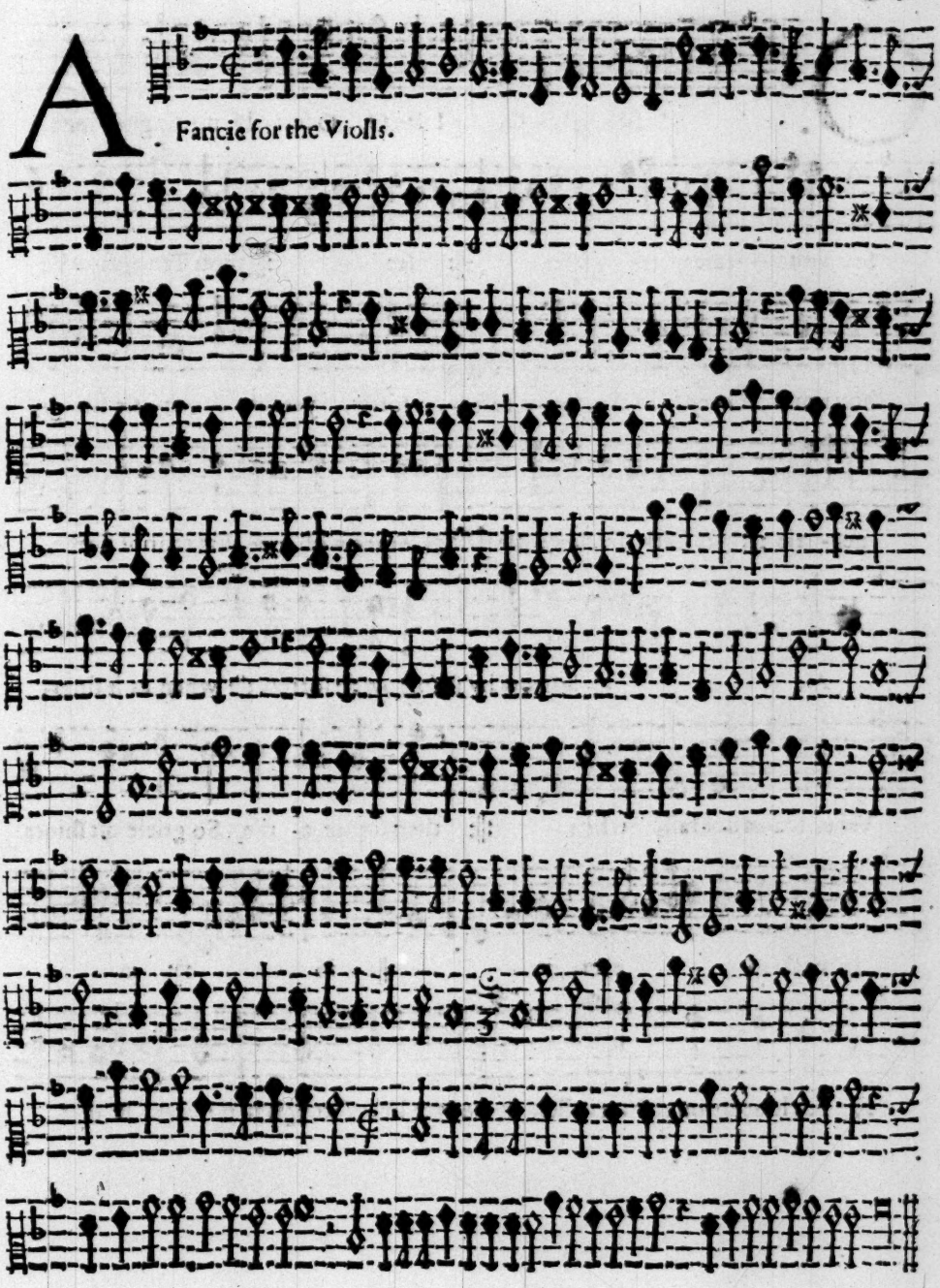
:|: the breake of day, But vnto me that doe thy praiſe de- clare,

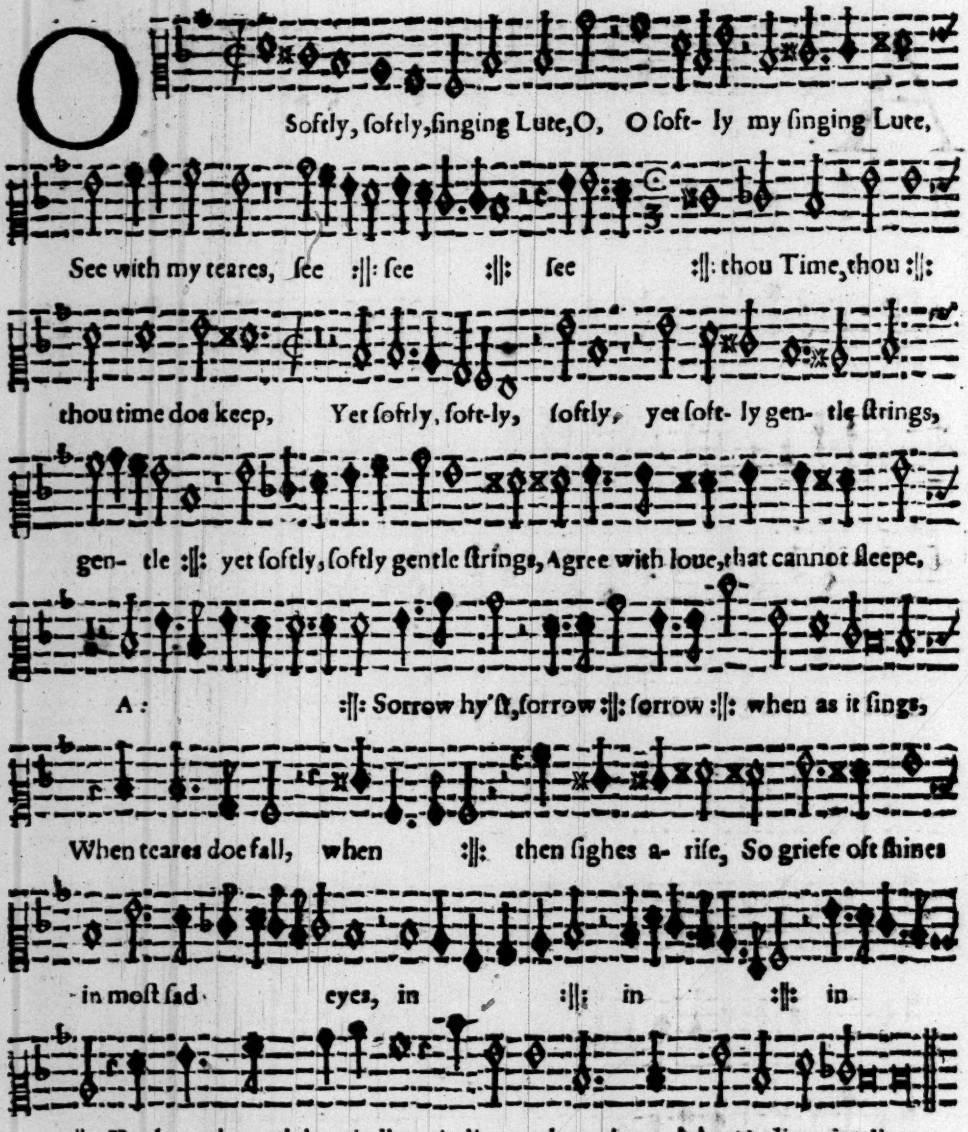
that doe thy praiſe declare, More cold and dead, more cold and

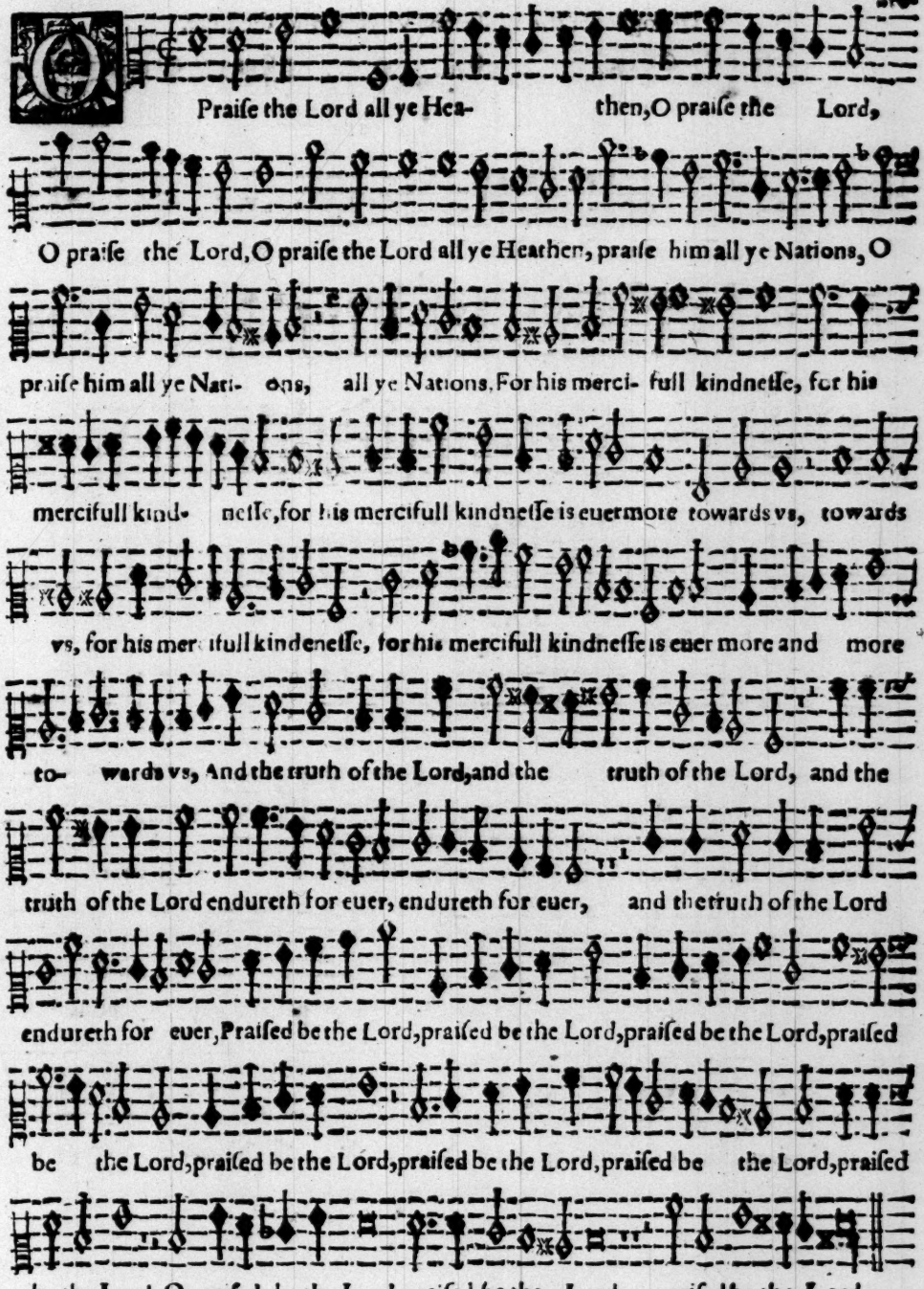
dead, more :|: and :|: and dead, then the moſt cold diſmay. moſt cold diſmay.


Cruell Pabrilla with thine angrie looke, Pabrilla
Pabrilla, Pa-brilla with thine angrie looke, Thou euer, euer hold'ſt, thou
euer hold'ſt my ſoule, euer holdſt my ſoule in alte- ra- ti- on, And
of the pleaſure that I whilome tooke, I that I whilome tooke, I
In my faire flockes, in my in my faire flockes, my thy
threats are depriuation, Thee I more loue then hill or valley brooke, thee
Or thriftie, thriftie ſhadow, ſhadow, thriftie ſhadow, my
flocks delectation, But yet my ſight, but but more hateful is to thee, more
hatefull is to thee, is is Then thornes or nettles to thy white feet be.

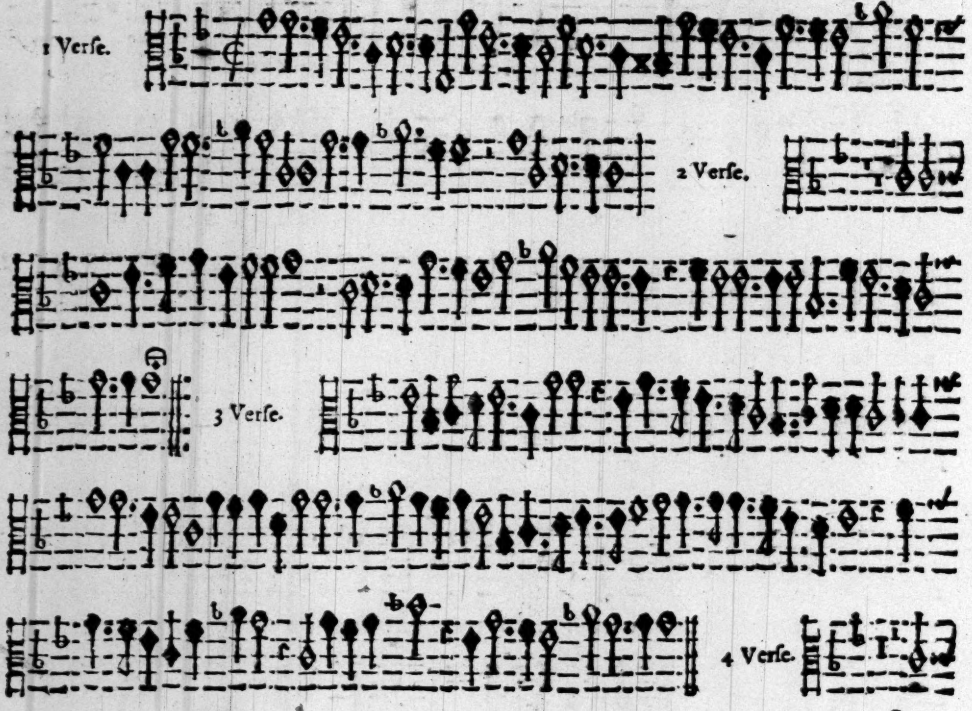
A Fancie for the Violls.




O Softly, ſoftly, ſinging Lute, O, O ſoft- ly my ſinging Lute,
See with my teares, ſee :||: ſee :||: ſee :||: thou Time, thou :||:
thou time doe keep, Yet ſoftly, ſoft-ly, ſoftly, yet ſoft- ly gen- tle ſtrings,
gen- tle :||: yet ſoftly, ſoftly gentle ſtrings, Agree with loue, that cannot ſleepe,
A : :||: Sorrow hy'ſt, ſorrow :||: ſorrow :||: when as it ſinges,
When teares doe fall, when :||: then ſighes a- riſe, So griefe oft ſhines
in moſt ſad eyes, in :||: in :||: in
:||: Yea loue, through hart it dies, it dies, yea loue through hart it dies. it dies.


O Praiſe the Lord all ye Hea- then, O praiſe the Lord,
O praiſe the Lord, O praiſe the Lord all ye Heathen, praiſe him all ye Nations, O
praiſe him all ye Nati- ons, all ye Nations. For his merci- full kindneſſe, for his
mercifull kind- neſſe, for his mercifull kindneſſe is euermore towards vs, towards
vs, for his mer- ifull kindeneſſe, for his mercifull kindneſſe is euer more and more
to- wards vs, And the truth of the Lord, and the truth of the Lord, and the
truth of the Lord endureth for euer, endureth for euer, and the truth of the Lord
endureth for euer, Praiſed be the Lord, praiſed be the Lord, praiſed be the Lord, praiſed
be the Lord, praiſed be the Lord, praiſed be the Lord, praiſed be the Lord, praiſed
be the Lord, O praiſed be the Lord, praiſed be the Lord, praiſed be the Lord.

A Dialogue for the Violls and Voyces, and the Lute.



See,

ſummers Lady, ſauor ſenting May, ſenting May, ſauor :‖: ſauor

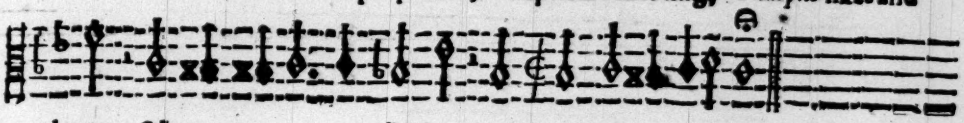
:‖: Tyes *Terras* temples in a garland, garland gay, a garland gay. Now

dance about, dance :‖: dance :‖: dance :‖: dance :‖: a :‖: *Siluanus* ſummers pole.

A Dialogue for the Violls and Voyces, and the Lute.

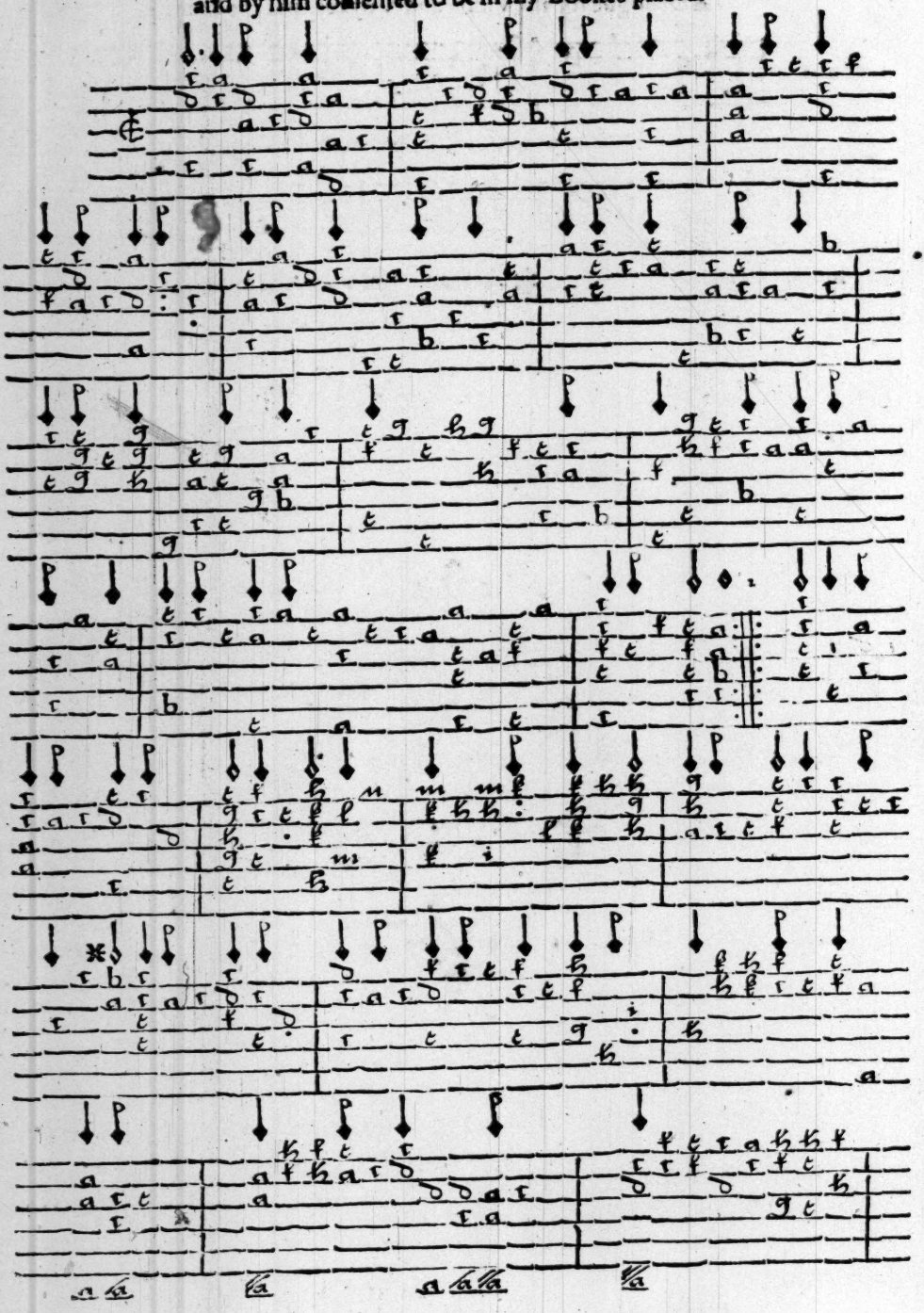
Chorus.

Loue be propitious, Shepheardeſſes ſing, *Olimpus* likes and

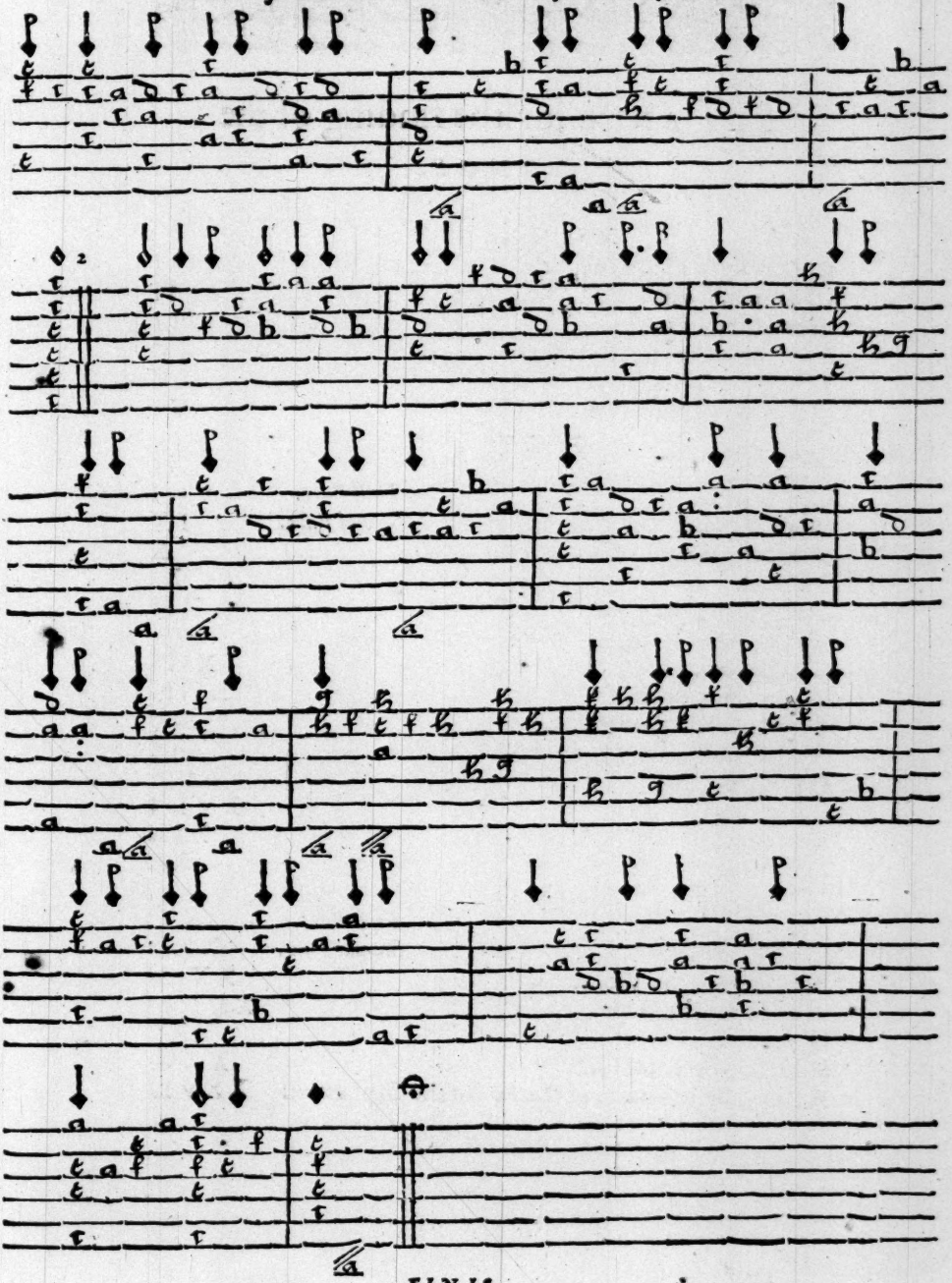


loues, *Olimp:* likes and loues our Caro- ling.

A Pauin made for the Orpharion, by the Right Honorable, *William* Earle of *Darbie*, and by him consented to be in my Bookes placed.



A Pauin made for the Orpharion, by the Right Honorable, *William* Earle of *Darbie*, and by him conſented to be in my Bookes placed.



FINIS.

A TABLE for the finding of the SONGS.

Of 3. Voyces.

SOu'raigne of my delight.		I
Yond hill tops.		II
Wake sleepy *Thirsis*.		III
Stay hart, runne not so fast.		IV
Ye bubling springs.		V
Your fond preferments.		VI

Of 4. Voyces.

Manalcas in an Euening.		VII
Coy *Daphne*.	*First Part.*	VIII
Chast *Daphne*.	*Second Part.*	IX
If shee neglect.		X
Palæmon.		XI
You gentle Nymphs.		XII

Of 5. Voyces.

Chast *Syrinx*,		XIII
Come Shepheards.		XIIII
Crowned with flowers.		XV
Weepe sad *Vrania*.		XVI
O gratious God,		XVII
Goe you skipping.		XVIII
Care for thy soule.		XIX
Drowne not with teares.		XX

Of 6. Voyces.

Deare Shepheardesse.	*First Part.*	XXI
Cruell *Pabrilla*.	*Second Part.*	XXII
A Fancie for the Violls.		XXIII
O softly singing Lute.		XXIIII
O Praise the Lord.		XXV
Surcease you youthfull.		XXVI
A Pauen by the Earle of *Darbie* for the Orpharion.		XXVII

FINIS.

TENOR.

THE SECOND SET

Of *Madrigals*, and *Paſtorals*, of 3. 4. 5. and 6. Parts;

Apt for Violls and Voyces:

Newly Compoſed by FRANCIS PILKINGTON, Batchelar of *Muſicke*, and *Luteniſt*, and *Chaunter* of the Cathedrall Church of CHRIST, and bleſſed MARY the Virgin, in *Cheſter*.

LONDON:
Printed by THOMAS SNODHAM, for *M. L.* and *A. B.* 1624.

TO THE RIGHT VVORſhipfull, And worthy of much Honor, Sir PETER LEIGHE of *Lyme*, KNIGHT.

Honoured Sir:

TO him that ſhall demand of me, why I preſume to ſend this fruit of my (now aged *Muſe*) to ſeeke patronage vnder your worth: my anſwere ſhall be this; Aske the little ſparks why they dare flie vpwards towards the glorious Sunne, or the ſmall Riuerets and Brookes, why they with a haſtie boldneſſe ſtriue to be engulphed into the boſome of the vaſte *Ocean*.

Nature her ſelfe hath taught all her workes to tend vnto their proper place: and the *Subiects* of *Vertue* can neuer offer their ſeruice, nor her *Prieſts* bring their ſacrifice, but where their ſoueraigne *Queene* erects a Temple.

Sir: Your Noble diſpoſition inuites all eyes to behold the generous reſpect you beare to all the poore trauellers, that labour in the tedious iourney which leades to *Merit* and *Perfection*: And if *I*, the meaneſt and vnableſt of thouſands of thoſe, (encouraged by all mens generall Admiration of your noble Courteſies, and inboldened by your particular acceptation of ſuch former ſeruices, as my good hap hath beene to performe in ſome of your implovments) may now procure the Reflection of the leaſt beame of your faire *Aſpect*, vpon this my little *Bundle* of *Ruſhes*, that I carry towards the ſtrewing of the flore of that *Amiable Temple*, where that *Great Goddeſſe* hath her *Chaire*, the *Muſes* ſit in the *Quier*, and the *Noiſe* is nothing but *Melodie* and *Harmonious Sweetneſſe*: It will infinitely refreſh my wearie ſteppes: and (happily) yet enliue my fainting ſpirits, that I may lagge on, yet one Iourney more, (if not in the middeſt,) yet in the Rereward of thoſe many expert and able ſeruants of this Soueraigne *Queene*, to doe her and you ſome further ſeruice. To which I deuote the Remainder of my poore endeauours, and my ſelfe to be

Euer your Worſhips at command,

FRANCIS PILKINGTON.

To my approoued Friend, Maſter FRANCIS PILKINGTON, Batchelar of *Muſicke*.

A Sonnet.

Thoſe great Atchieuements *our* Heroicke Spirits
Haue done in Englands *old or later* Victories,
Shall we attribute wholly to the Merrits,
Of our Braue Leaders? *And faire* Induſtries
Which their not-named Followers haue expreſt
Lie hid? And muſt the Matchleſſe Excellencies
Of Bird, Bull, Dowland, Morley, *and the reſt*
Of our rare Artiſts, *(who now dim the lights*
Of other lands) be onely in Requeſt?
Thy ſelfe, (and others) looſing your due Rights
To high Deſert? *nay, make it (yet) more plaine,*
That thou canſt hit the Ayres of euery vaine.
Their praiſe was their Reward, *and ſo'tis thine:*
The Pleaſure of thy paines all mens: *and mine.*

William Webbe.

To Maſter FRANCIS PILKINGTON, Batchelar of *Muſicke*.

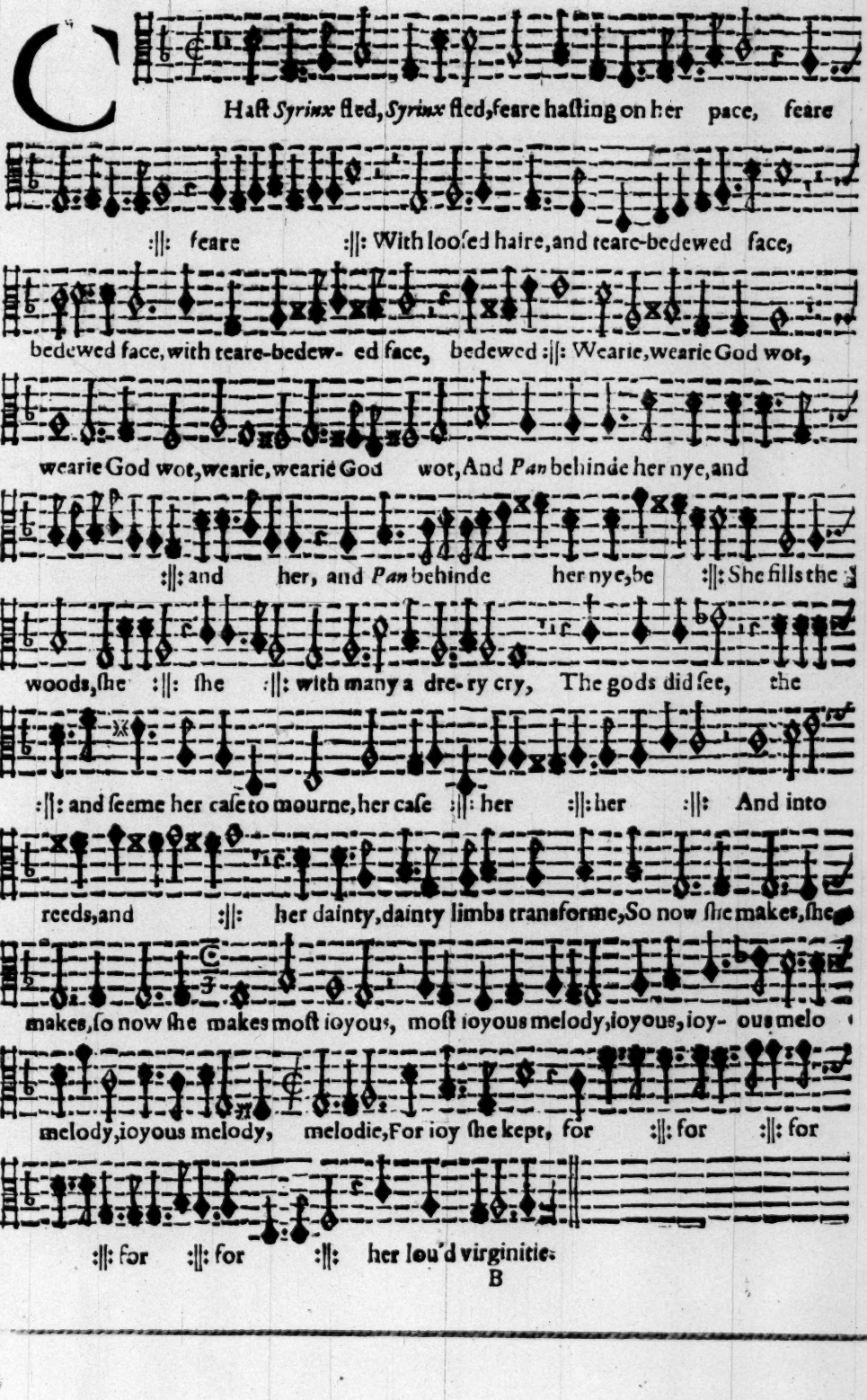
ART's praiſe, and Skill's high pitch, are not ſo tyed
To bankes of *Po*, or ſiluer Thames (we ſee)
But *Ioues* faire bird may haunt fine ſtreames beſide,
And chaunt ſweet layes on brinkes of Antique dee.

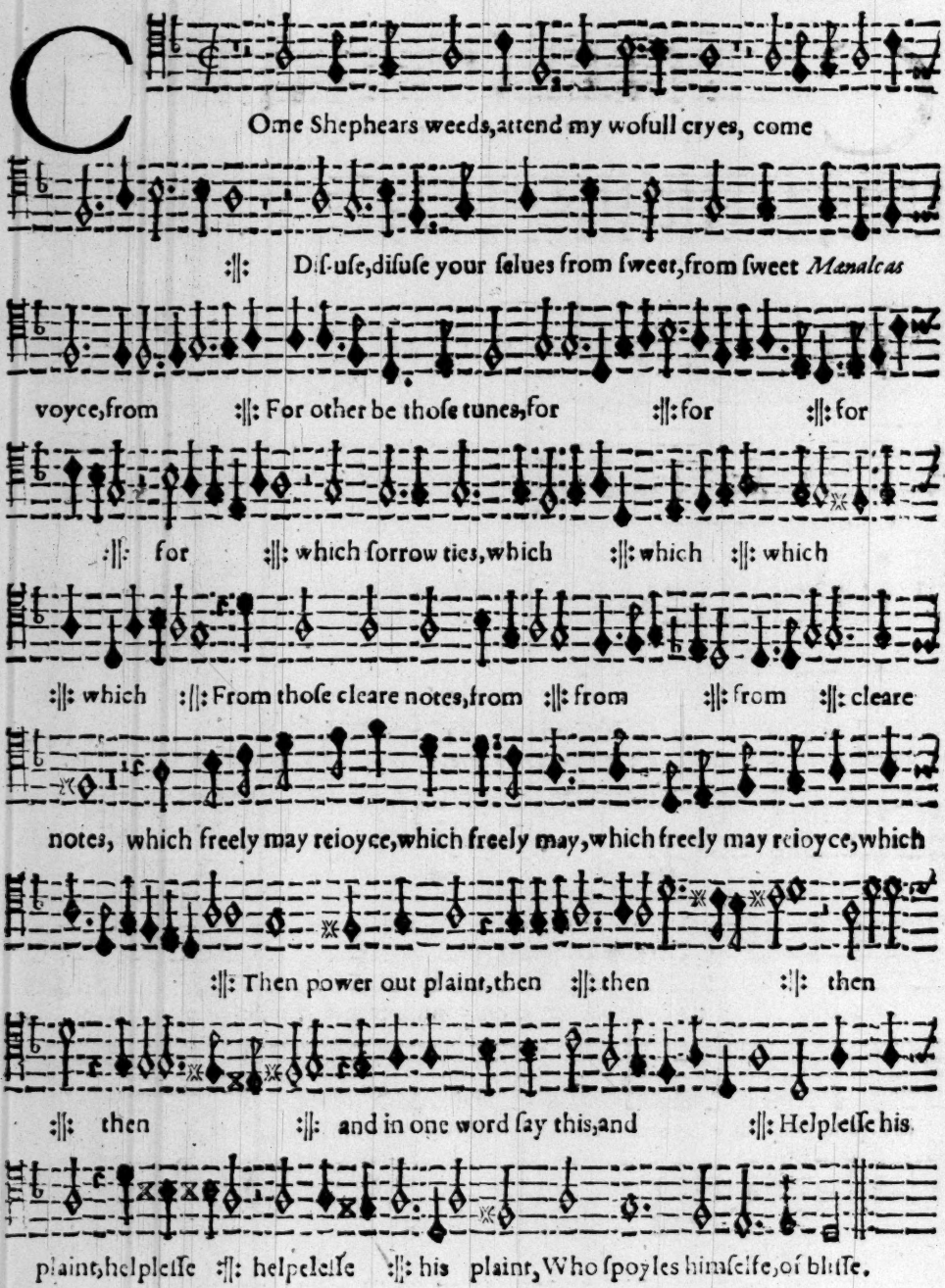
Old *Cheſter* is not ſo with Eld ore-laine,
That where contention is for praiſe, ſhee then
Should not her old-borne title ſtill maintaine,
And put in, for her claime to chiefe of Men.

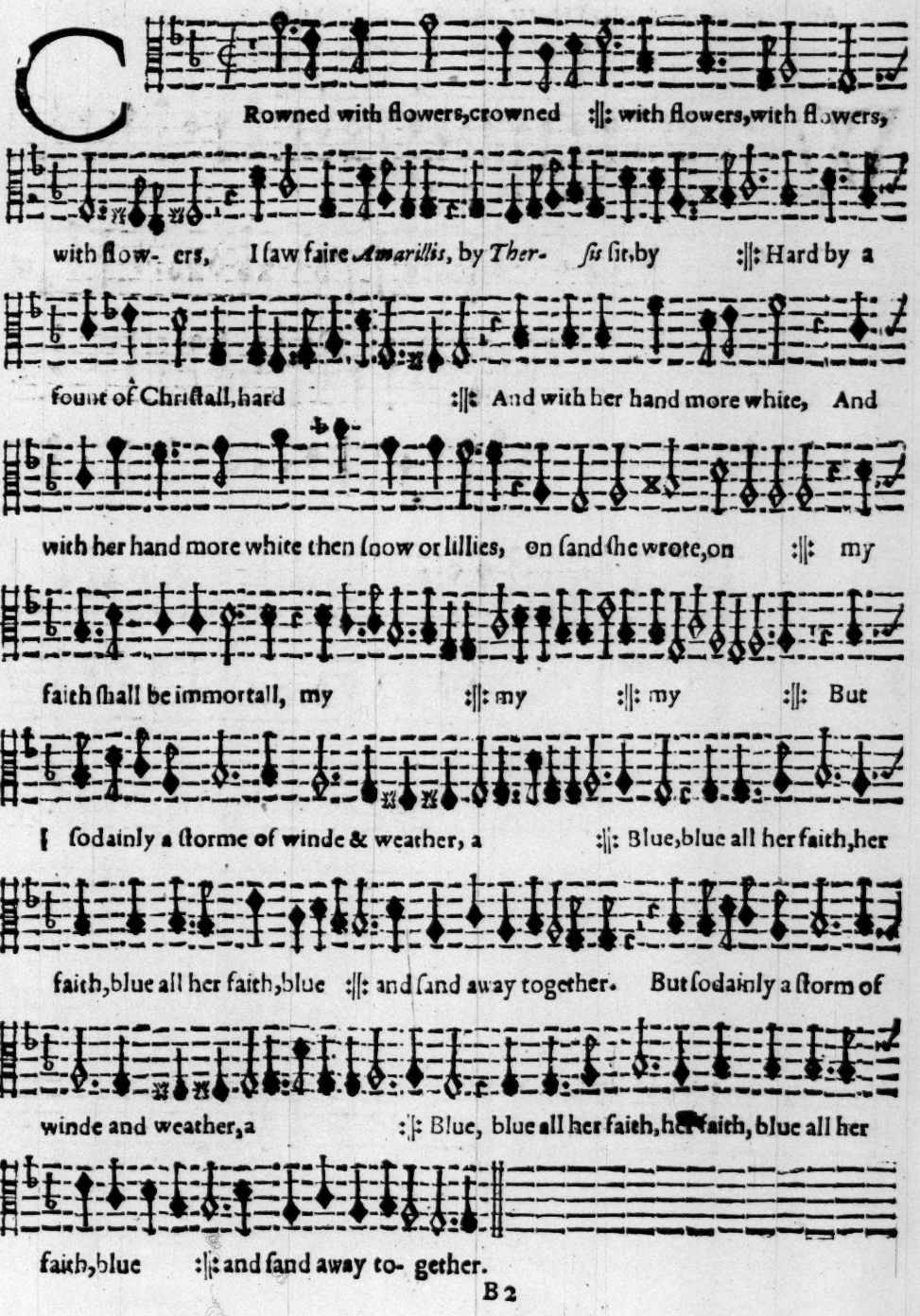
Witneſſe more Inſtances hereof, then caſt
Into few lines can be (ſome larger Quill
Shall labour that) Witneſſe thy firſt and laſt
Rare-fram'de compoſures. And this witneſſe will

Thy choice for Patron: one for glorious fame,
Chiefe in our Clyme, Grace to thy worke, thy name.

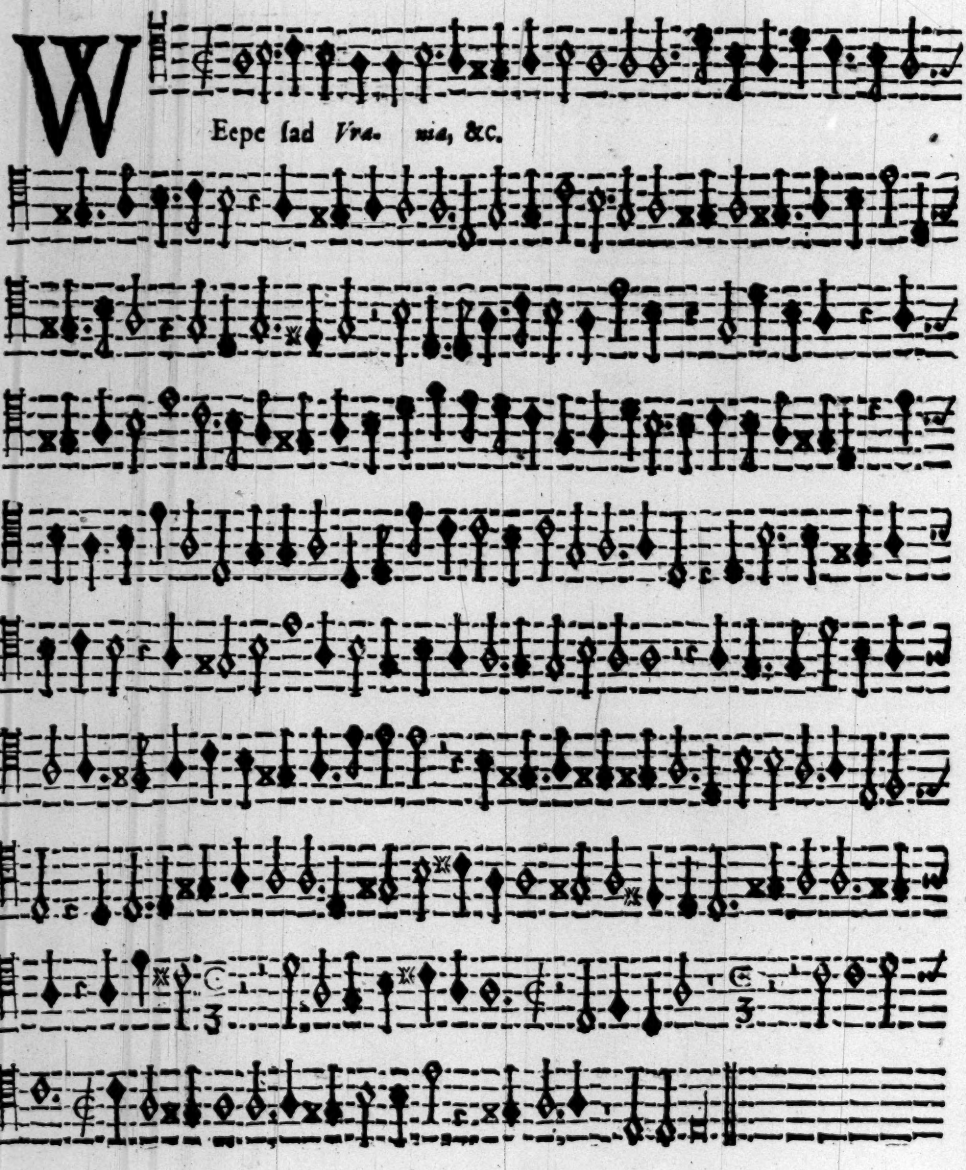
Thine and the Muſes friends of *Cheſter*,
Henry Harpur.

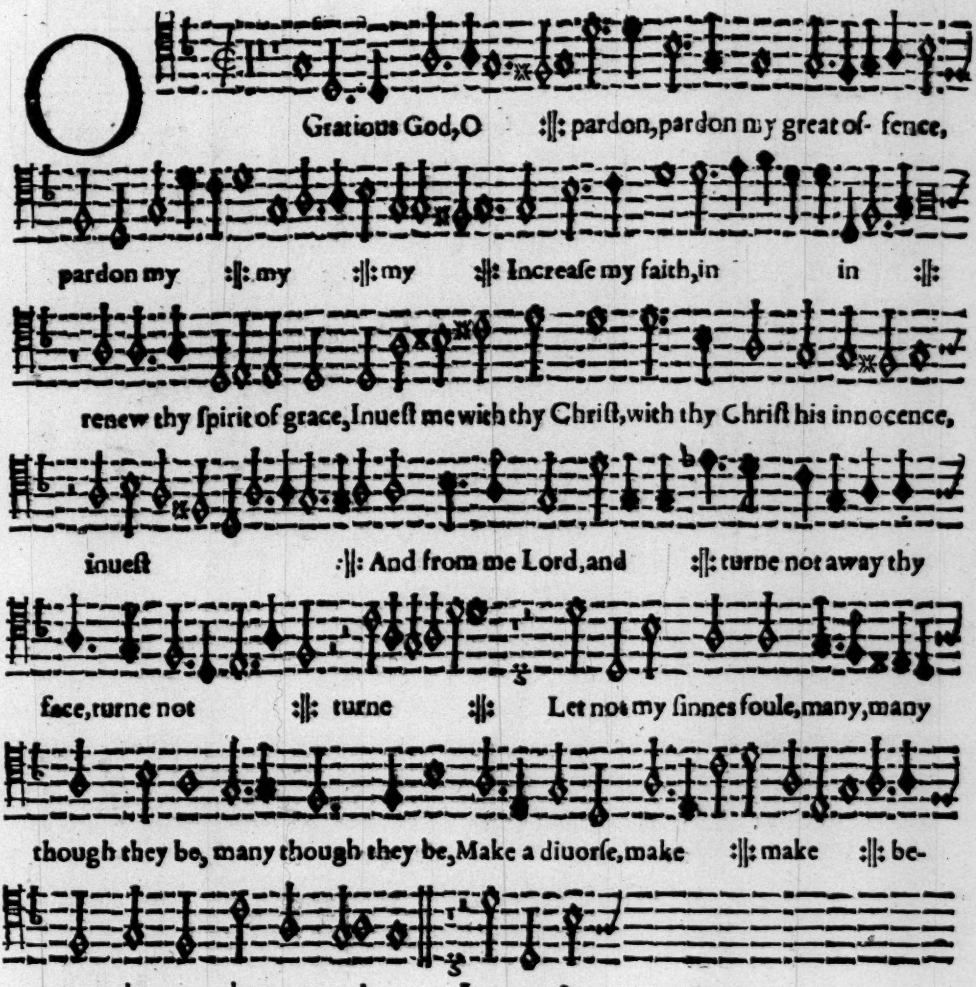

Haſt Syrinx fled, Syrinx fled, feare haſting on her pace, feare
:||: feare :||: With looſed haire, and teare-bedewed face,
bedewed face, with teare-bedew- ed face, bedewed :||: Wearie, wearie God wot,
wearie God wot, wearie, wearie God wot, And Pan behinde her nye, and
:||: and her, and Pan behinde her nye, be :||: She fills the
woods, ſhe :||: ſhe :||: with many a dre- ry cry, The gods did ſee, the
:||: and ſeeme her caſe to mourne, her caſe :||: her :||: her :||: And into
reeds, and :||: her dainty, dainty limbs transforme, So now ſhe makes, ſhe
makes, ſo now ſhe makes moſt ioyous, moſt ioyous melody, ioyous, ioy- ous melo
melody, ioyous melody, melodie, For ioy ſhe kept, for :||: for :||: for
:||: for :||: for :||: her lou'd virginitie.

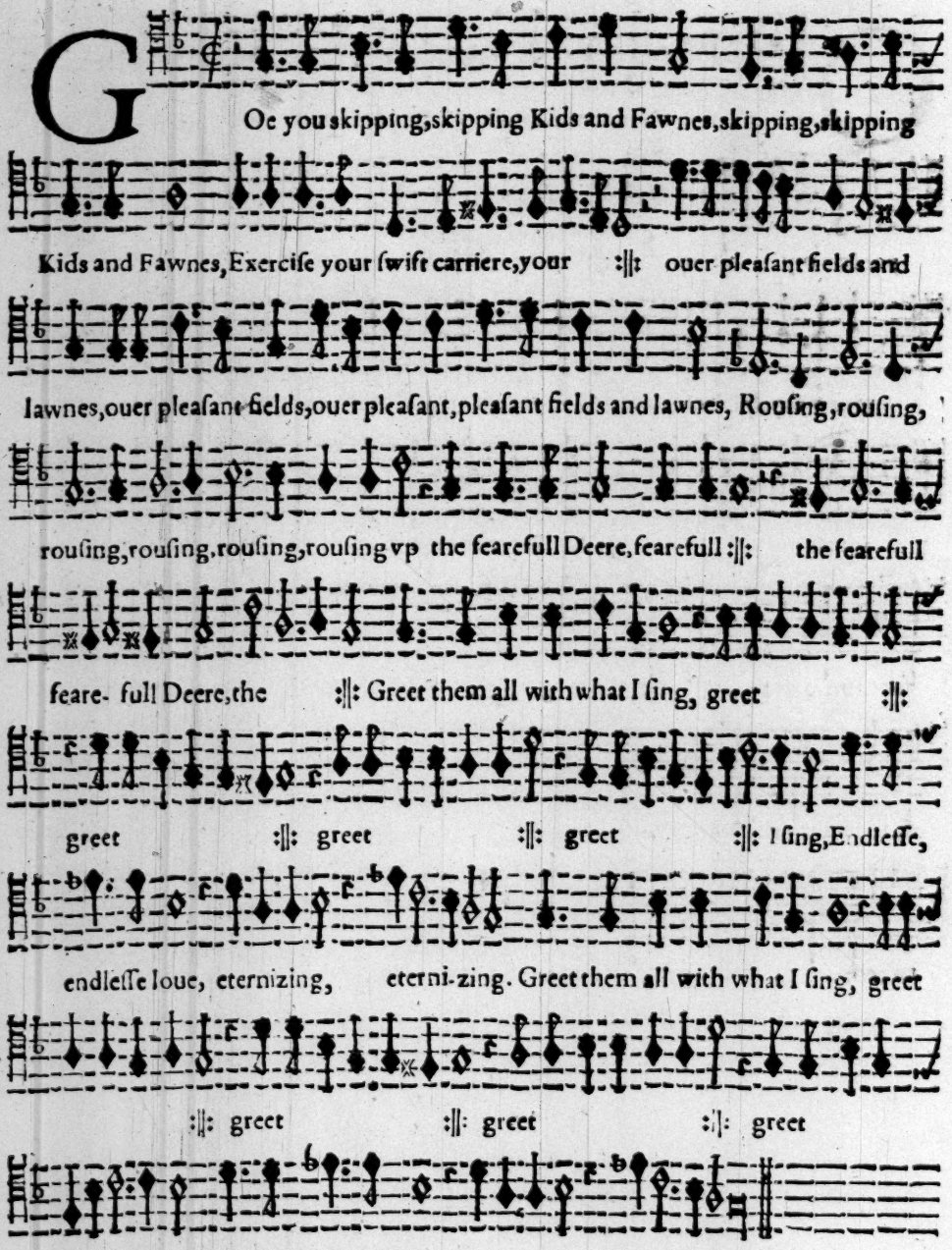

Come Shephears weeds, attend my wofull cryes, come
:||: Diſ-uſe, diſuſe your ſelues from ſweet, from ſweet Manalcas
voyce, from :||: For other be thoſe tunes, for :||: for :||: for
:||: for :||: which ſorrow ties, which :||: which :||: which
:||: which :||: From thoſe cleare notes, from :||: from :||: from :||: cleare
notes, which freely may reioyce, which freely may, which freely may reioyce, which
:||: Then power out plaint, then :||: then :||: then
:||: then :||: and in one word ſay this, and :||: Helpleſſe his
plaint, helpleſſe :||: helpeleſſe :||: his plaint, Who ſpoyles himſelfe, of bliſſe.

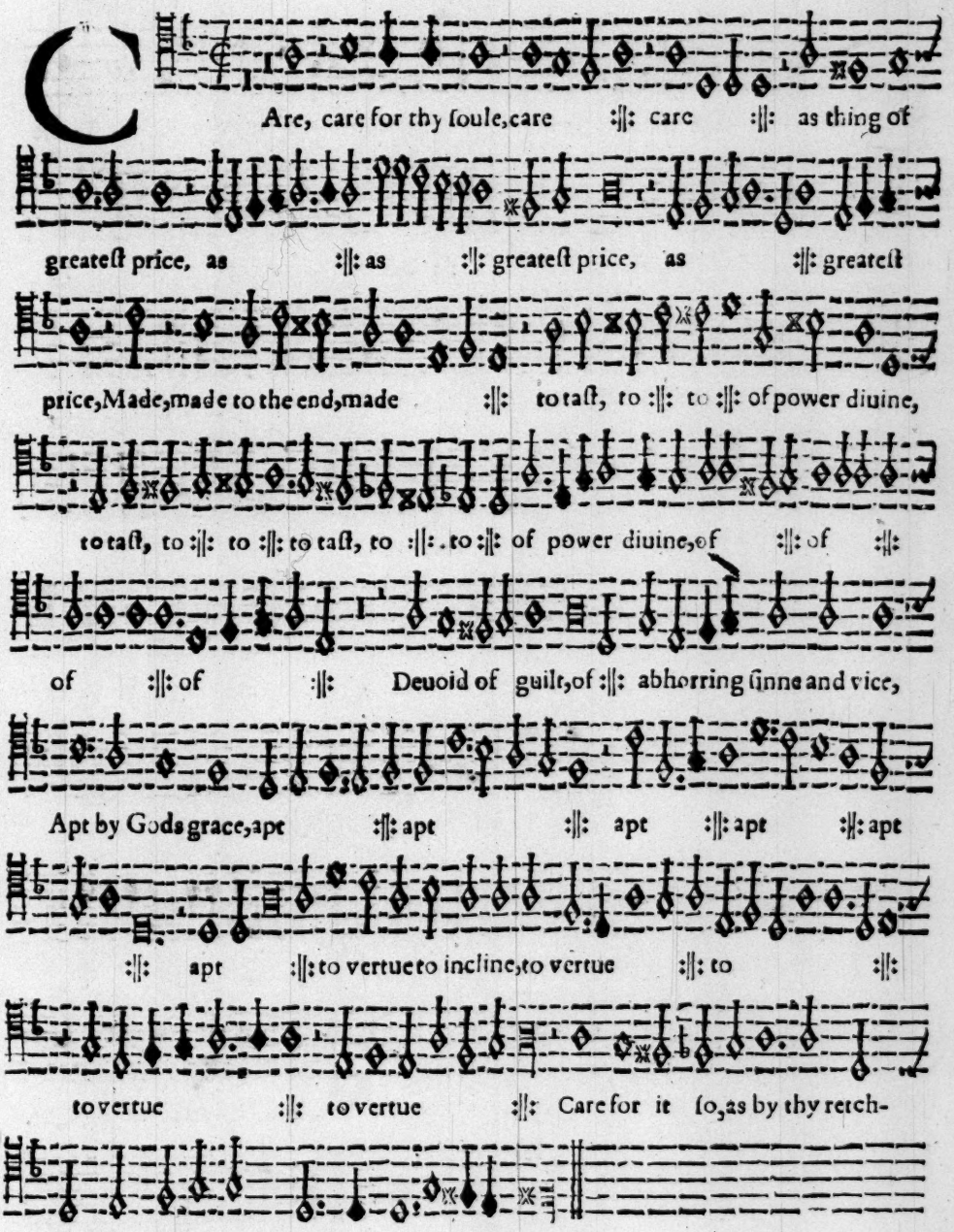

Crowned with flowers, crowned :|: with flowers, with flowers,
with flow- ers, I ſaw faire *Amarillis*, by *Ther- ſis* ſit, by :|: Hard by a
fount of Chriſtall, hard :|: And with her hand more white, And
with her hand more white then ſnow or lillies, on ſand ſhe wrote, on :|: my
faith ſhall be immortall, my :|: my :|: my :|: But
ſodainly a ſtorme of winde & weather, a :|: Blue, blue all her faith, her
faith, blue all her faith, blue :|: and ſand away together. But ſodainly a ſtorm of
winde and weather, a :|: Blue, blue all her faith, her faith, blue all her
faith, blue :|: and ſand away to- gether.

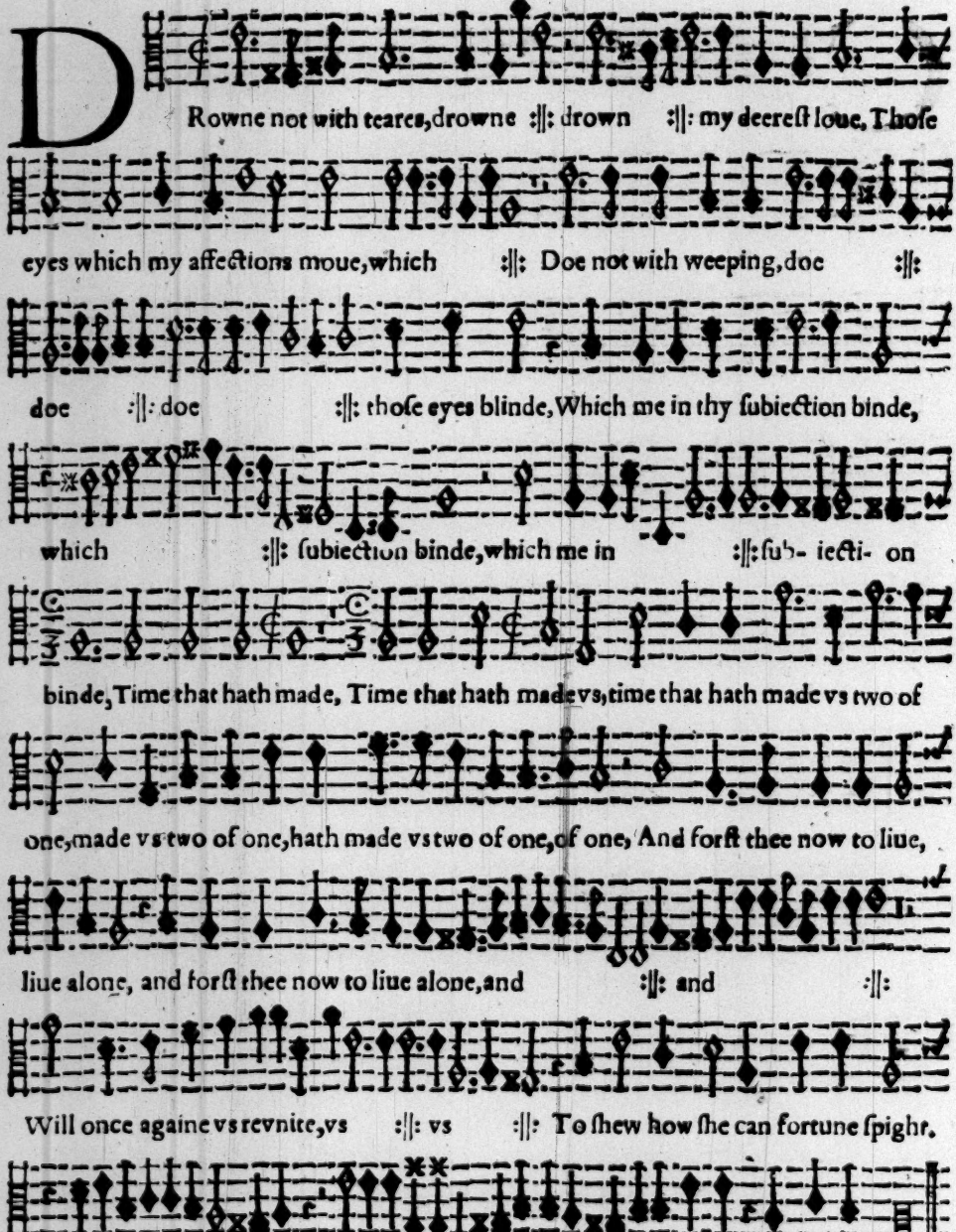
An Elegie on the death of his Worſhipfull friend, Maſter *Thomas Purcell* of *Dinthill*, Eſquire, in *Salop*.



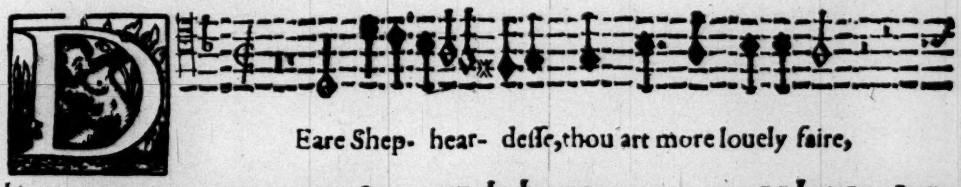

O Gratious God, O :|: pardon, pardon my great of- fence,
pardon my :|: my :|: my :|: Increaſe my faith, in in :|:
renew thy ſpirit of grace, Inueſt me with thy Chriſt, with thy Chriſt his innocence,
inueſt :|: And from me Lord, and :|: turne not away thy
face, turne not :|: turne :|: Let not my ſinnes foule, many, many
though they be, many though they be, Make a diuorſe, make :|: make :|: be-
tweene thy grace, thy grace and me. Let not, &c.

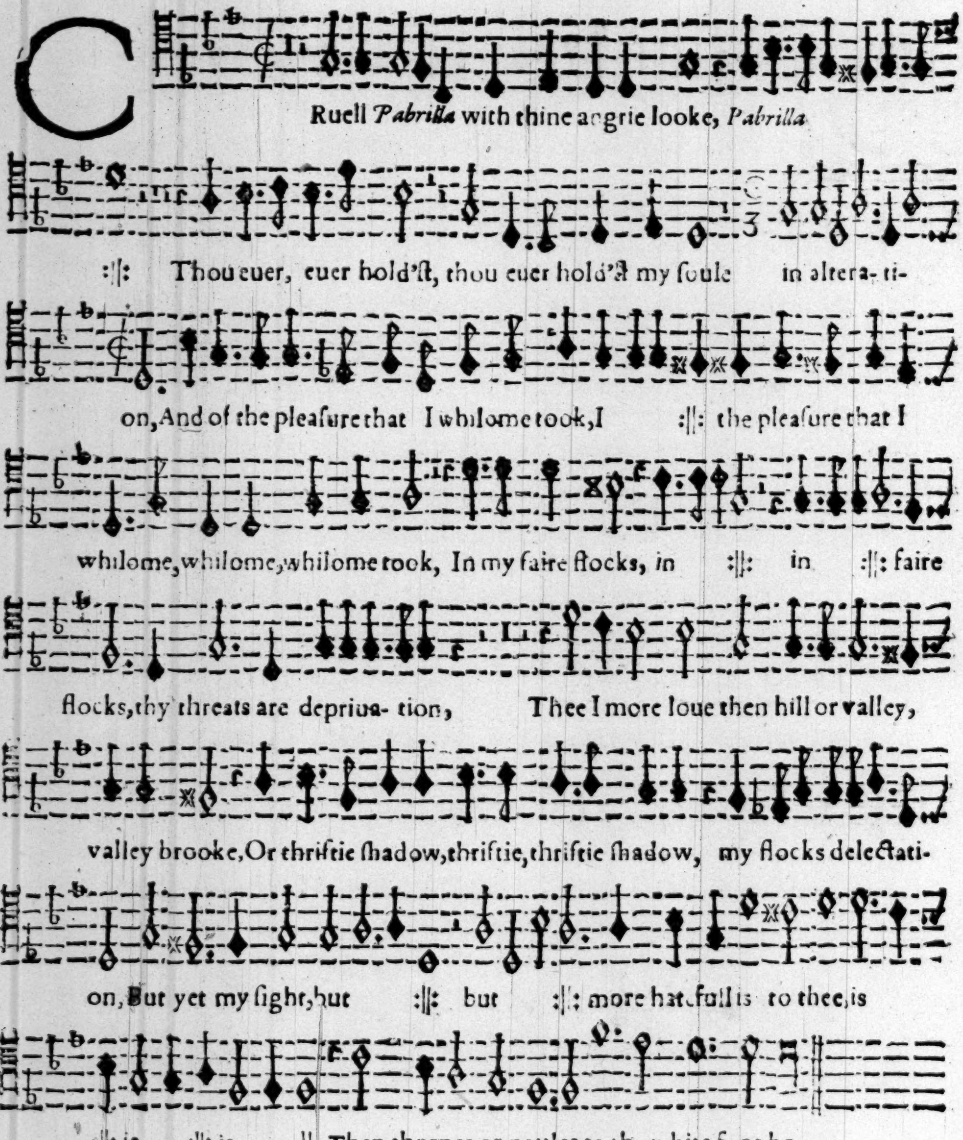

Oe you skipping, skipping Kids and Fawnes, skipping, skipping
Kids and Fawnes, Exerciſe your ſwift carriere, your :‖: ouer pleaſant fields and
lawnes, ouer pleaſant fields, ouer pleaſant, pleaſant fields and lawnes, Rouſing, rouſing,
rouſing, rouſing, rouſing, rouſing vp the fearefull Deere, fearefull :‖: the fearefull
feare- full Deere, the :‖: Greet them all with what I ſing, greet :‖:
greet :‖: greet :‖: greet :‖: I ſing, Endleſſe,
endleſſe loue, eternizing, eterni-zing. Greet them all with what I ſing, greet
:‖: greet :‖: greet :‖: greet
:‖: I ſing, Endleſſe, endleſſe loue, eternizing, eter- nizing.


Care, care for thy ſoule, care :|: care :|: as thing of
greateſt price, as :|: as :|: greateſt price, as :|: greateſt
price, Made, made to the end, made :|: to taſt, to :|: to :|: of power diuine,
to taſt, to :|: to :|: to taſt, to :|: to :|: of power diuine, of :|: of :|:
of :|: of :|: Deuoid of guilt, of :|: abhorring ſinne and vice,
Apt by Gods grace, apt :|: apt :|: apt :|: apt :|: apt
:|: apt :|: to vertue to incline, to vertue :|: to :|:
to vertue :|: to vertue :|: Care for it ſo, as by thy retch-
leſſe traine, It be not brought to taſte eternall paine.

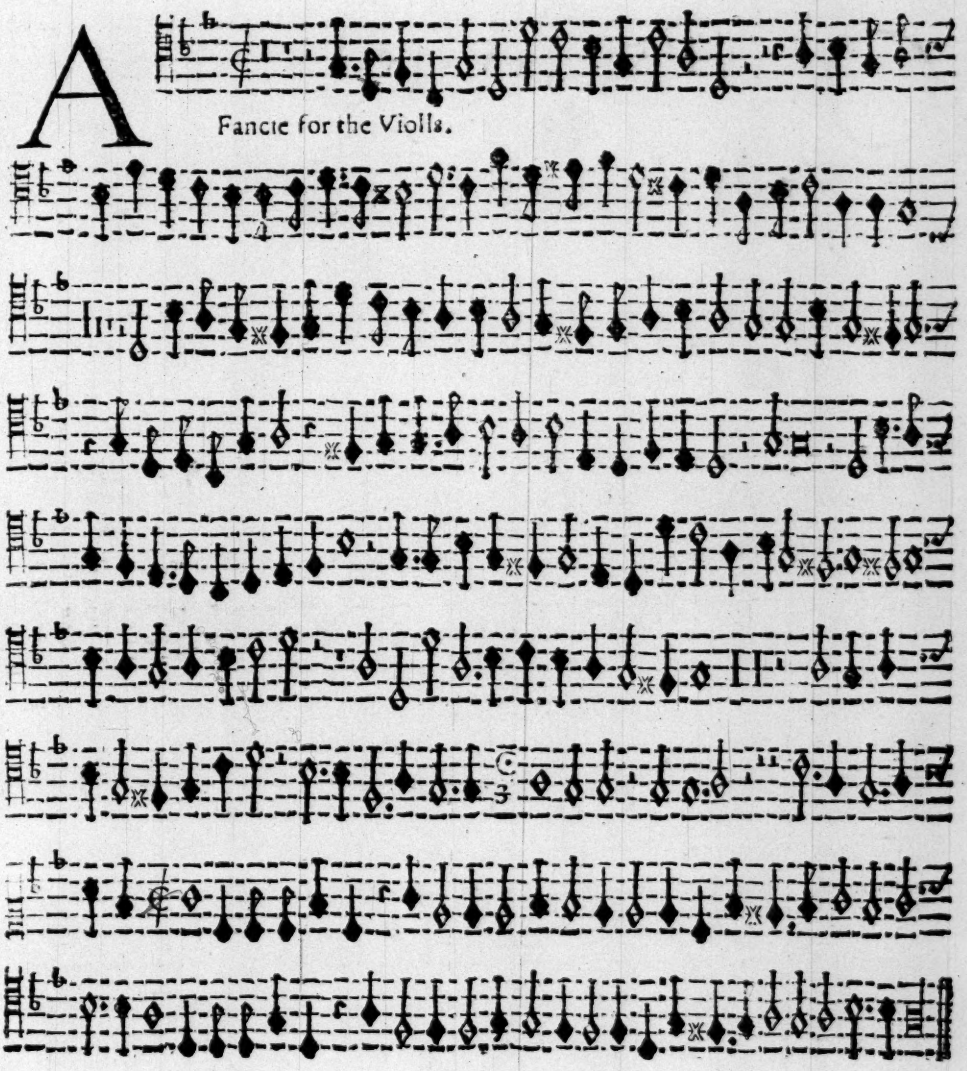


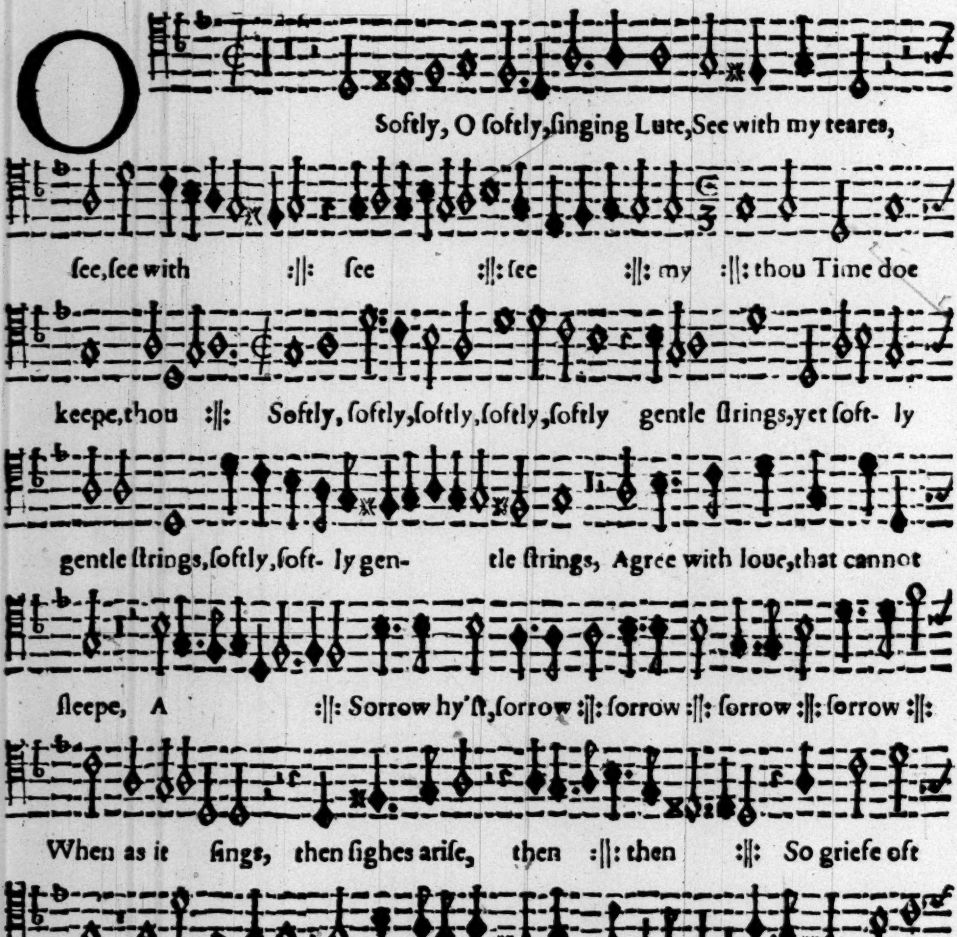
Here endeth the Songs of fiue Parts.

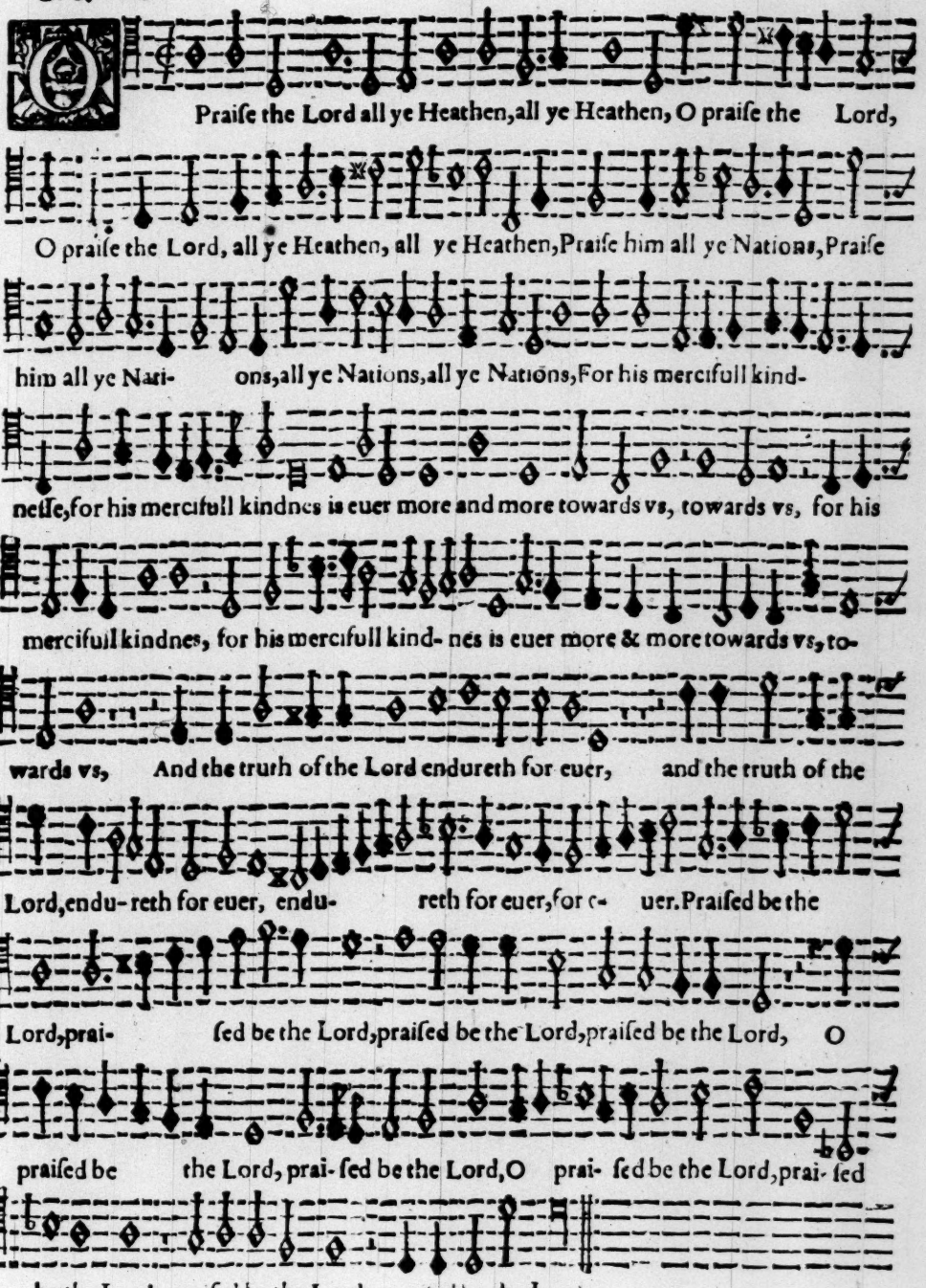

Eare Shep- hear- deſſe, thou art more louely faire,
Then the both Roſes, then the both Roſes in the prime of May, Thou art more
ten- der, ſweet, without compare, without compare, Then the bright Morning,
then at the breake of day, breake of day, at the breake of day, at the
breake of day, But vnto me, that doe thy praiſe declare, More cold,
more cold and dead, more cold and dead, more cold and dead,
then the moſt, the moſt, the moſt cold diſmay. moſt cold diſmay.


Cruell Pabrilla with thine angrie looke, Pabrilla
:|: Thou euer, euer hold'ſt, thou euer hold'ſt my ſoule in altera- ti-
on, And of the pleaſure that I whilome took, I :|: the pleaſure that I
whilome, whilome, whilome took, In my faire flocks, in :|: in :|: faire
flocks, thy threats are depriua- tion, Thee I more loue then hill or valley,
valley brooke, Or thriftie ſhadow, thriftie, thriftie ſhadow, my flocks delectati-
on, But yet my ſight, but :|: but :|: more hatefull is to thee, is
:|: is :|: is :|: Then thornes or nettles to thy white foot be.

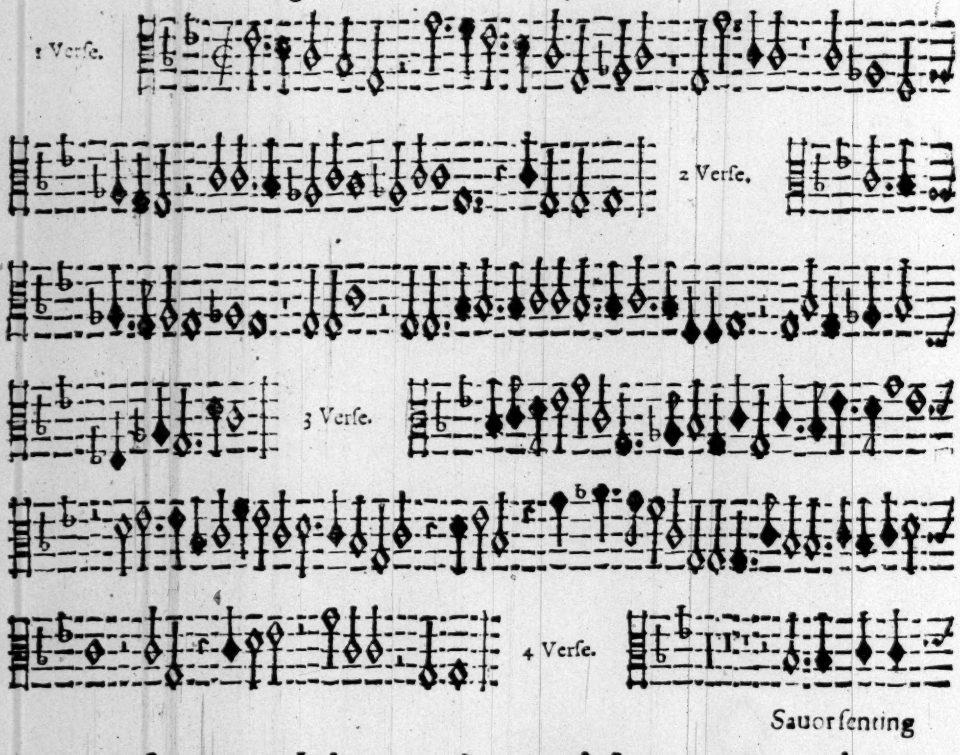
A Fancie for the Violls.




O Softly, O ſoftly, ſinging Lute, See with my teares,
ſee, ſee with :||: ſee :||: ſee :||: my :||: thou Time doe
keepe, thou :||: Softly, ſoftly, ſoftly, ſoftly, ſoftly gentle ſtrings, yet ſoft- ly
gentle ſtrings, ſoftly, ſoft- ly gen- tle ſtrings, Agree with loue, that cannot
ſleepe, A :||: Sorrow hy'ſt, ſorrow :||: ſorrow :||: ſorrow :||: ſorrow :||:
When as it ſings, then ſighes ariſe, then :||: then :||: So griefe oft
ſhines, ſo :||: in moſt ſad eyes, in :||: Yea loue, Yea :||:
Yea :||: through hart it dies, it :||: it :||: through hart it dies.


O Praiſe the Lord all ye Heathen, all ye Heathen, O praiſe the Lord,
O praiſe the Lord, all ye Heathen, all ye Heathen, Praiſe him all ye Nations, Praiſe
him all ye Nati- ons, all ye Nations, all ye Nations, For his mercifull kind-
neſſe, for his merciſull kindnes is euer more and more towards vs, towards vs, for his
merciſull kindnes, for his merciſull kind- nes is euer more & more towards vs, to-
wards vs, And the truth of the Lord endureth for euer, and the truth of the
Lord, endu- reth for euer, endu- reth for euer, for e- uer. Praiſed be the
Lord, prai- ſed be the Lord, praiſed be the Lord, praiſed be the Lord, O
praiſed be the Lord, prai- ſed be the Lord, O prai- ſed be the Lord, prai- ſed
be the Lord, praiſed be the Lord, praiſed be the Lord.

A Dialogue for the Violls and Voyces, and the Lute.



Sauor ſenting

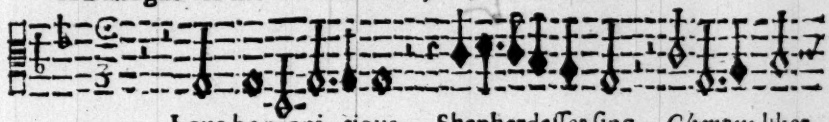
May, ſauor :‖: ſenting :‖: tyes *Terras* temples in a garland gay, a garland

gay, And we that earſt with Hyems did condole, with :‖: Now

dance about, dance :‖: dance :‖: dance :‖: a- bout *Silvanus* ſummer-pole.

A Dialogue for the Violls and Voyces, and the Lute.

Chorus.



Loue be propi- tious, Shepherdeſſes ſing, *Olympus* likes

and loues, *Olimp*: :‖: likes and loues our Caro- ling.

FINIS.

A TABLE for the finding of the SONGS.

Of 3. Voyces.

SOu'raigne of my delight.		I
Yond hill tops.		II
Wake ſleepy *Thirſis*.		III
Stay hart, runne not ſo faſt.		IV
Ye bubling ſprings.		V
Your fond preferments.		VI

Of 4. Voyces.

Menalcas in an Euening.		VII
Coy *Daphne*.	*Firſt Part.*	VIII
Chaſt *Daphne*.	*Second Part.*	IX
If ſhee neglect.		X
Palamon.		XI
You gentle Nymphs.		XII

Of 5. Voyces.

Chaſt *Syrinx*,		XIII
Come Shepheards.		XIIII
Crowned with flowers.		XV
Weepe ſad *Urania*.		XVI
O gratious God,		XVII
Goe you skipping.		XVIII
Care for thy ſoule.		XIX
Drowne not with teares.		XX

Of 6. Voyces.

Deare Shepheardeſſe.	*Firſt Part.*	XXI
Cruell *Pabrilla*.	*Second Part.*	XXII
A Fancie for the Violls.		XXIII
O ſoftly ſinging Lute.		XXIIII
O Praiſe the Lord.		XXV
Surceaſe you youthfull.		XXVI
A Pauen by the Earle of *Darbie* for the Orpharion.		XXVII

FINIS.

QVINTVS.

THE SECOND SET

Of *Madrigals*, and *Paſtorals*, of 3. 4. 5. and 6. Parts;

Apt for Violls and Voyces:

Newly Compoſed by FRANCIS PILKINGTON, Batchelar of *Muſicke*, and *Lutenist*, and *Chaunter* of the Cathedrall Church of CHRIST, and bleſſed MARY the Virgin, in *Cheſter*.

LONDON:
Printed by THOMAS SNODHAM, for *M. L.* and *A. B.* 1624.

TO THE RIGHT VVORſhipfull,

And worthy of much Honor, Sir PETER LEIGHE of *Lyme*, KNIGHT.

Honoured Sir:

TO him that ſhall demand of me, why I preſume to ſend this fruit of my (now aged *Muſe*) to ſeeke patronage vnder your worth: my anſwere ſhall be this; Aske the little ſparks why they dare flie vpwards towards the glorious Sunne, or the ſmall Riuerets and Brookes, why they with a haſtie boldneſſe ſtriue to be engulphed into the boſome of the vaſte *Ocean*.

Nature her ſelfe hath taught all her workes to tend vnto their proper place: and the *Subiects* of *Vertue* can neuer offer their ſeruice, nor her *Prieſts* bring their ſacrifice, but where their ſoueraigne *Queene* erects a Temple.

Sir: Your Noble diſpoſition inuites all eyes to behold the generous reſpect you beare to all the poore trauellers, that labour in the tedious iourney which leades to *Merit* and *Perfection*: And if *I*, the meaneſt and vnableſt of thouſands of thoſe, (encouraged by all mens generall Admiration of your noble Courteſies, and imboldened by your particular acceptation of ſuch former ſeruices, as my good hap hath beene to performe in ſome of your imployments) may now procure the Reflection of the leaſt beame of your faire *Aſpect*, vpon this my little *Bundle* of *Ruſhes*, that I carry towards the ſtrewing of the flore of that *Amiable Temple*, where that *Great Goddeſſe* hath her *Chaire*, the *Muſes* ſit in the *Quier*, and the *Noiſe* is nothing but *Melodie* and *Harmonious Sweetneſſe*: It will infinitely refreſh my wearie ſteppes: and (happily) yet enliue my fainting ſpirits, that I may lagge on, yet one iourney more, (if not in the middeſt,) yet in the Rereward of thoſe many expert and able ſeruants of this Soueraigne *Queene*, to doe her and you ſome further ſeruice. To which I deuote the Remainder of my poore endeauours, and my ſelfe to be

Euer your Worſhips at command,

FRANCIS PILKINGTON.

To my approoued Friend, Maſter FRANCIS PILKINGTON, Batchelar of *Muſicke*.

A Sonnet.

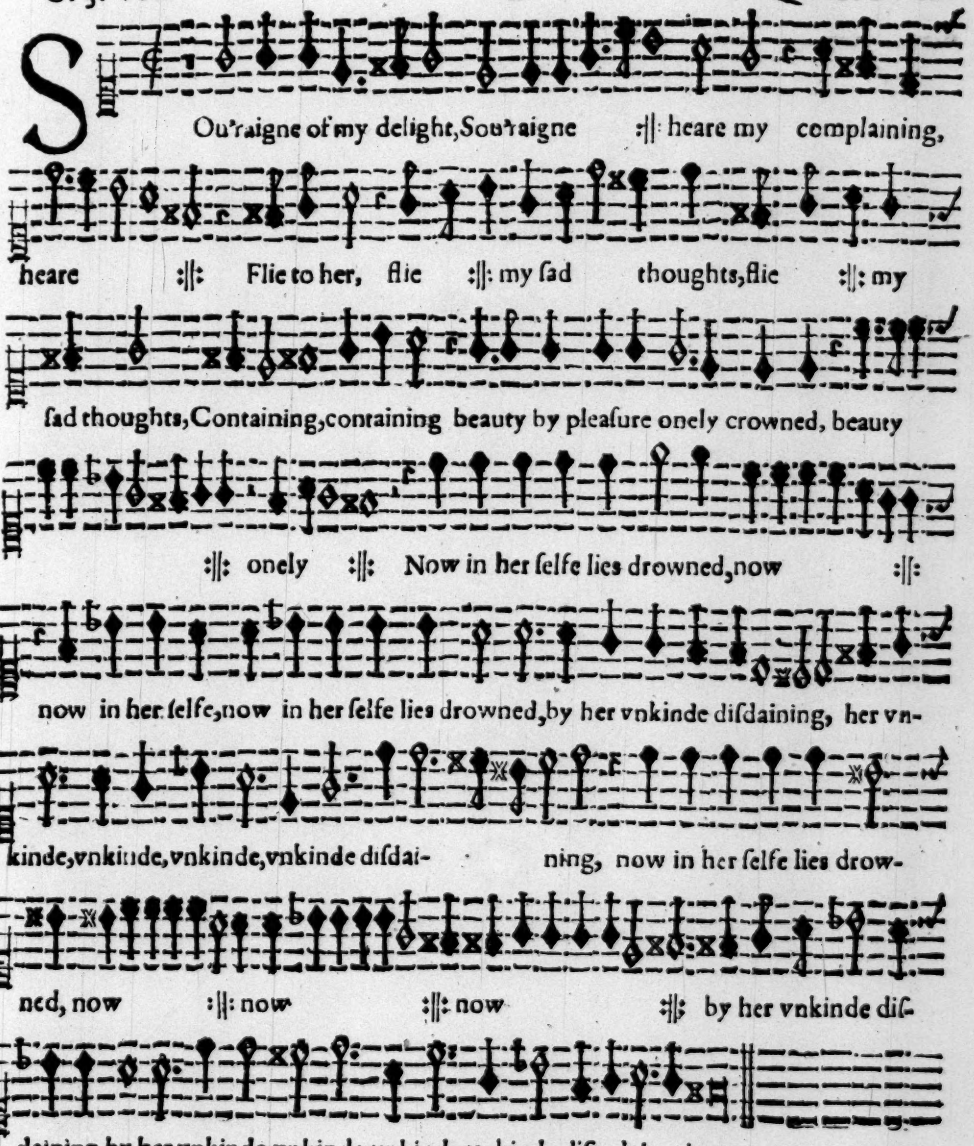
Thoſe great Atchieuements *our* Heroicke Spirits
Haue done in Englands *old or later* Victories,
Shall we attribute wholly to the Merrits,
Of our Braue Leaders? *And faire* Induſtries
Which their not-named Followers haue expreſt
Lie hid? And muſt the Matchleſſe Excellencies
Of Bird, Bull, Dowland, Morley, *and the reſt*
Of our rare Artiſts, *(who now dim the lights*
Of other lands) be onely in Requeſt?
Thy ſelfe, (and others) looſing your due Rights
To high Deſert? *nay, make it (yet) more plaine,*
That thou canſt hit the Ayres of euery vaine.
Their praiſe was their Reward, *and ſo'tis thine:*
The Pleaſure of thy paines all mens: *and mine.*

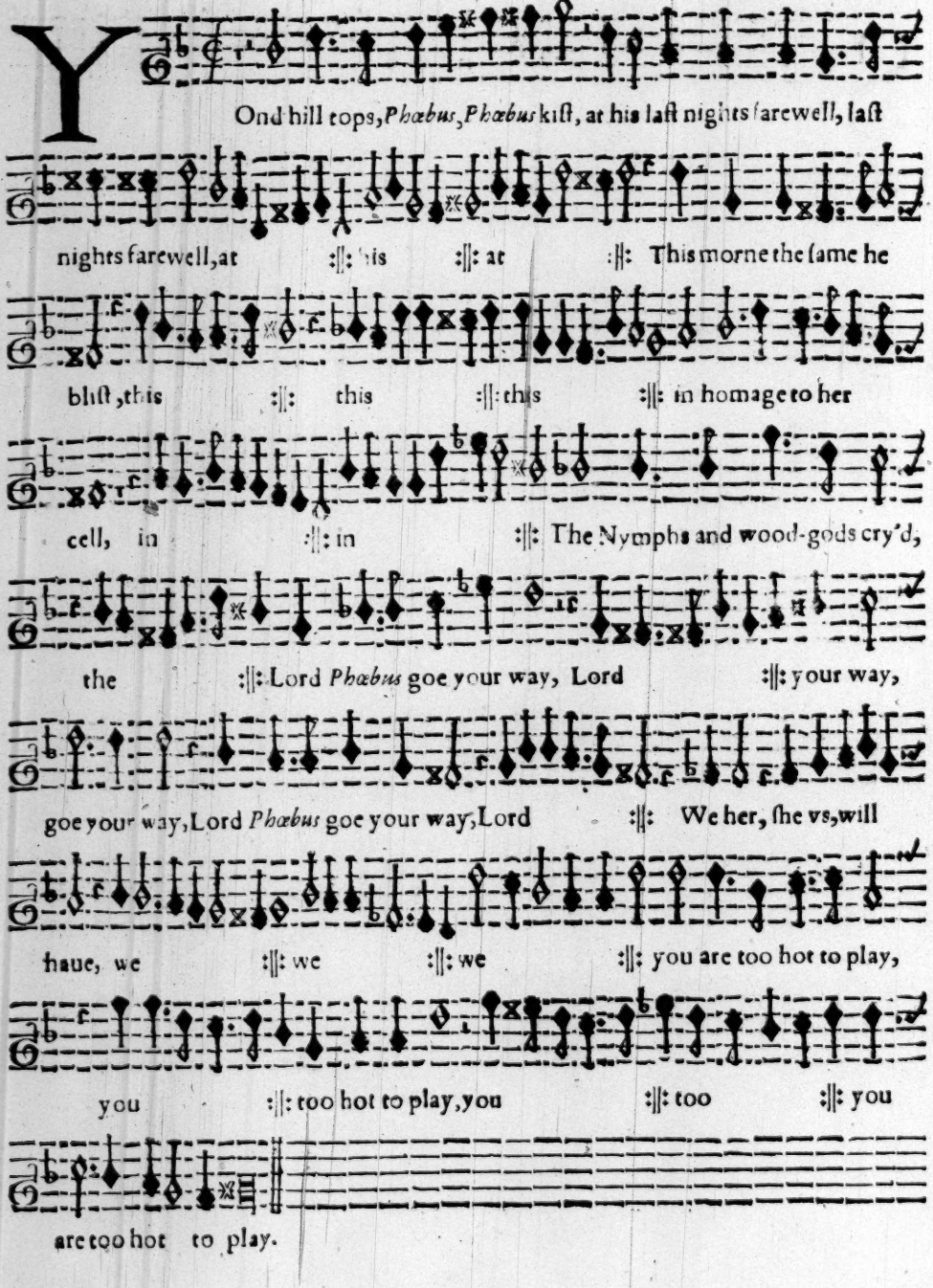
William Webbe.

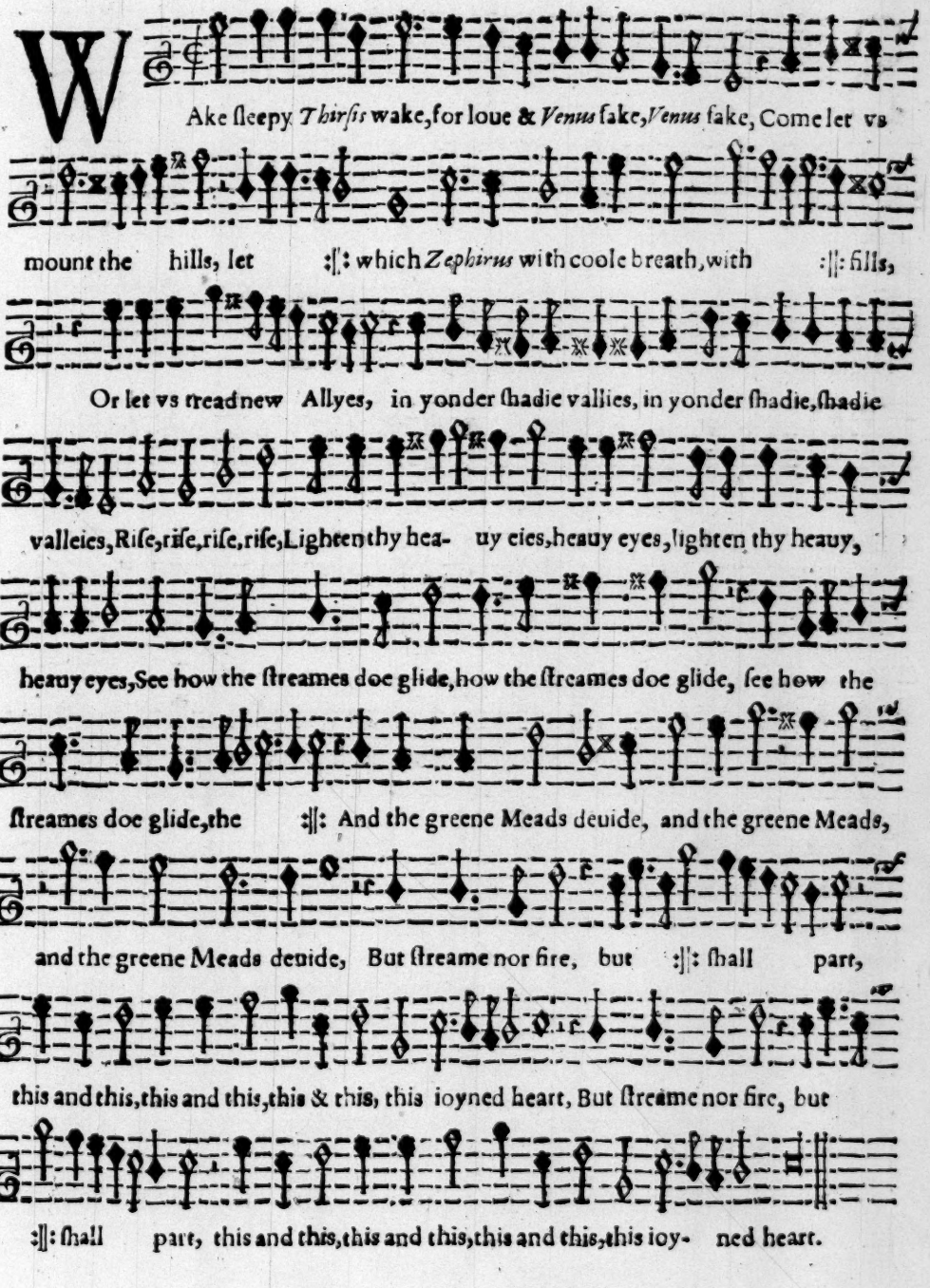
To Maſter FRANCIS PILKINGTON, Batchelar of *Muſicke*.

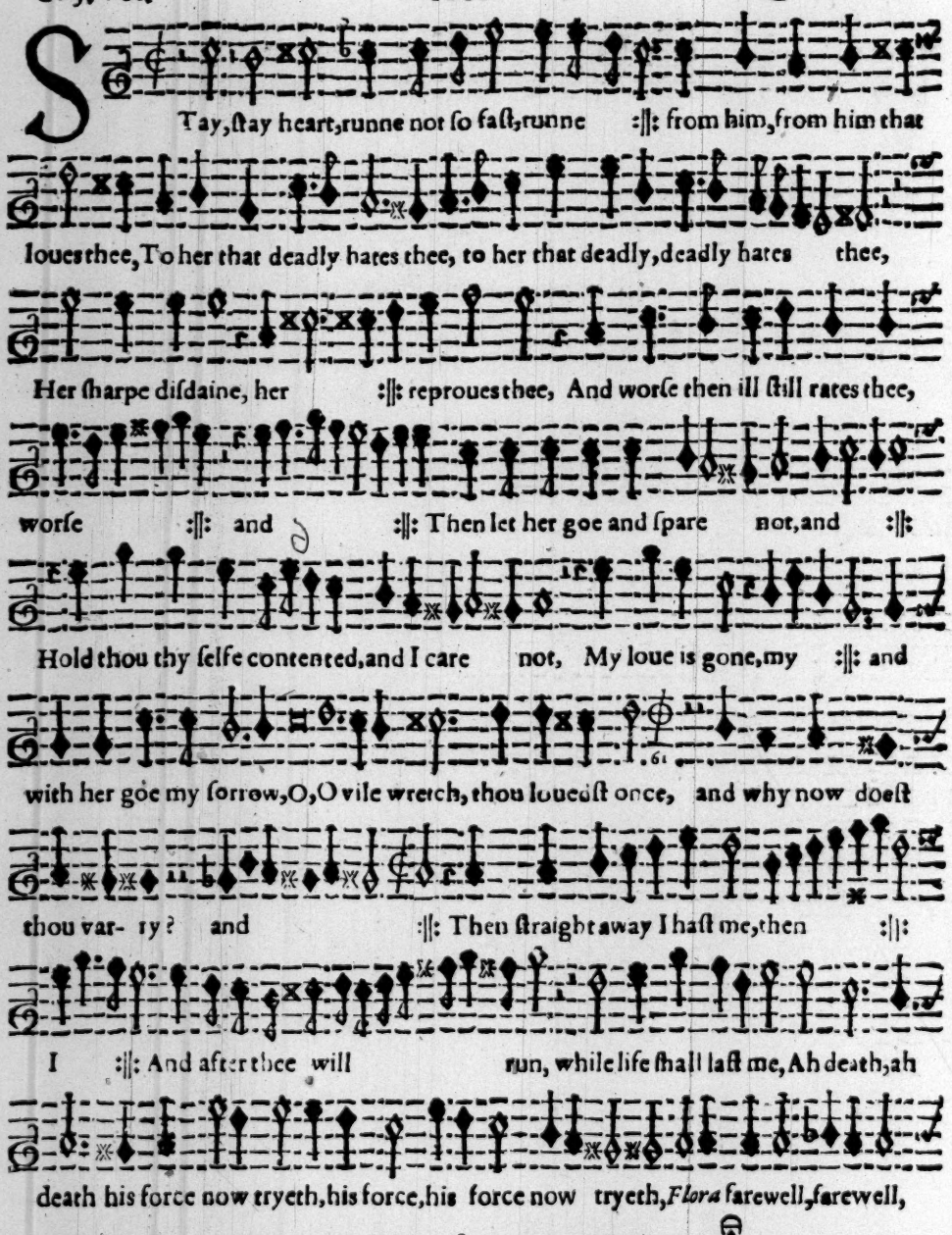
ARt's praiſe, and Skill's high pitch, are not ſo tyed
To bankes of *Po*, or ſiluer Thames (we ſee)
But *Ioues* faire bird may haunt fine ſtreames beſide,
And chaunt ſweet layes on brinkes of Antique dee.
Old *Cheſter* is not ſo with Eld ore-laine,
That where contention is for praiſe, ſhee then
Should not her old-borne title ſtill maintaine,
And put in, for her claime to chiefe of Men.
Witneſſe more Inſtances hereof, then caſt
Into few lines can be (ſome larger Quill
Shall labour that) Witneſſe thy firſt and laſt
Rare-fram'de compoſures. And this witneſſe will
Thy choice for Patron: one for glorious fame,
Chiefe in our Clyme, Grace to thy worke, thy name.

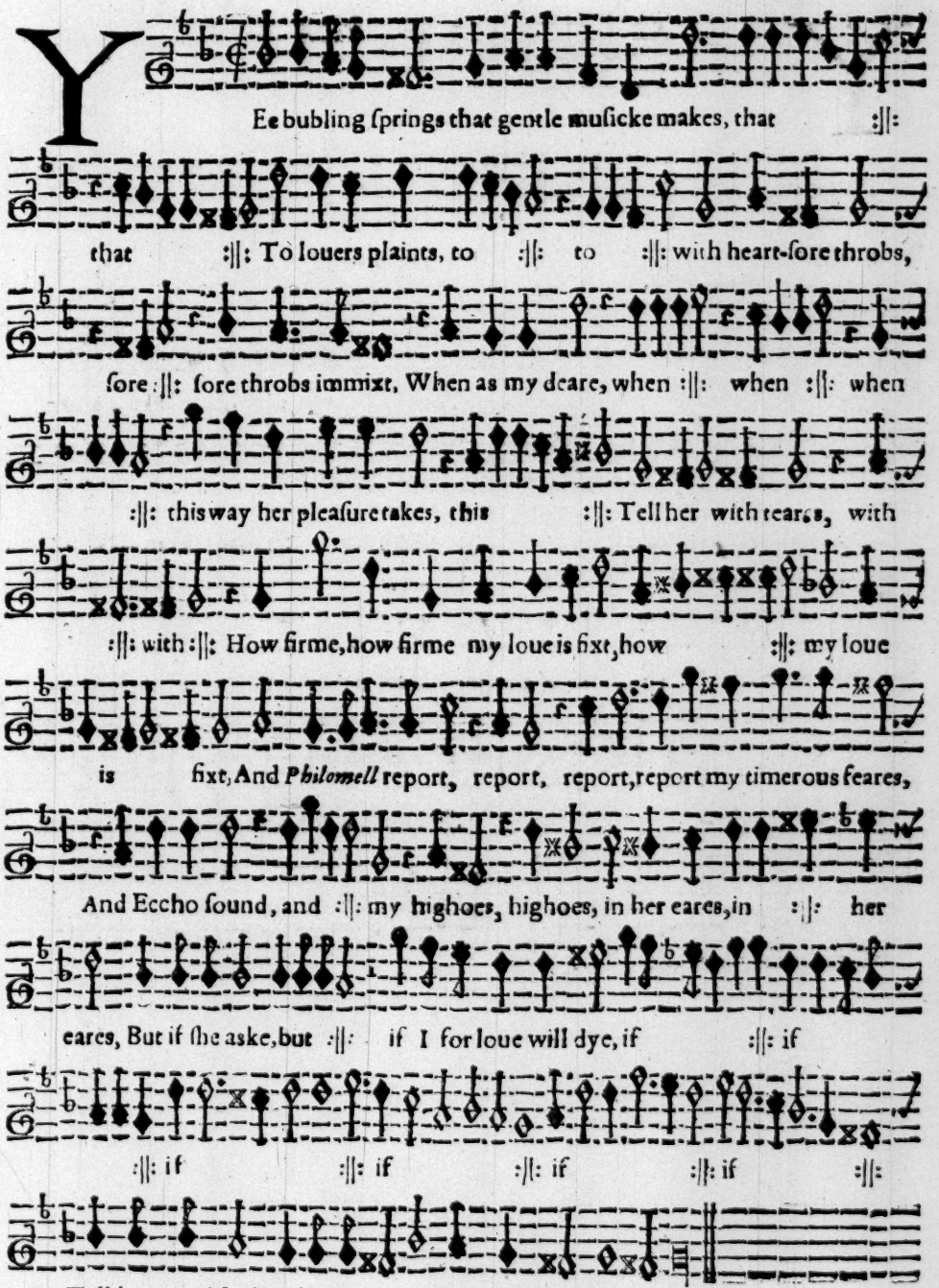
Thine and the Muſes friends of *Cheſter*,
Henry Harpur.

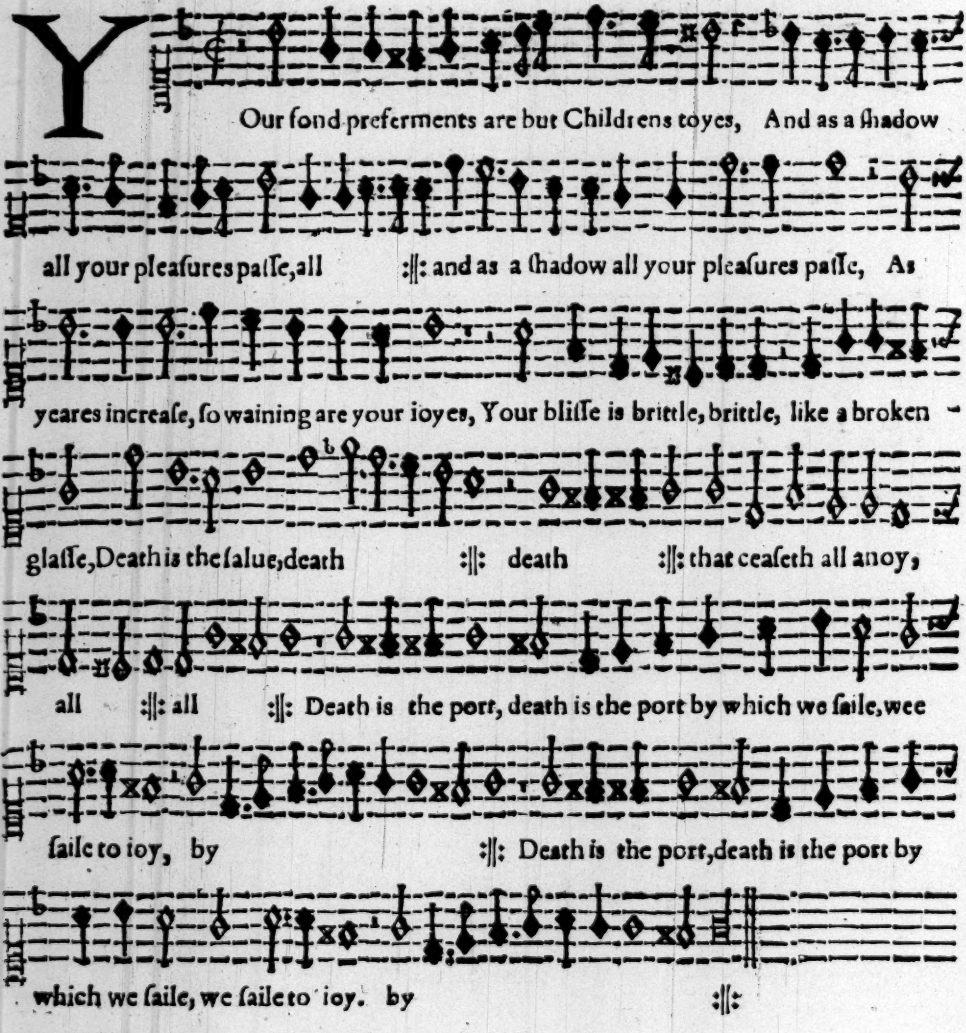

Souraigne of my delight, Souraigne :|| heare my complaining,
heare :|| Flie to her, flie :|| my ſad thoughts, flie :|| my
ſad thoughts, Containing, containing beauty by pleaſure onely crowned, beauty
:|| onely :|| Now in her ſelfe lies drowned, now :||
now in her ſelfe, now in her ſelfe lies drowned, by her vnkinde diſdaining, her vn-
kinde, vnkinde, vnkinde, vnkinde diſdai- ning, now in her ſelfe lies drow-
ned, now :|| now :|| now :|| by her vnkinde diſ-
daining, by her vnkinde, vnkinde, vnkinde, vnkinde diſ- dai- ning.


Yond hill tops, *Phœbus*, *Phœbus* kiſt, at his laſt nights farewell, laſt
nights farewell, at :|: his :|: at :|: This morne the ſame he
bliſt, this :|: this :|: this :|: in homage to her
cell, in :|: in :|: The Nymphs and wood-gods cry'd,
the :|: Lord *Phœbus* goe your way, Lord :|: your way,
goe your way, Lord *Phœbus* goe your way, Lord :|: We her, ſhe vs, will
haue, we :|: we :|: we :|: you are too hot to play,
you :|: too hot to play, you :|: too :|: you
are too hot to play.

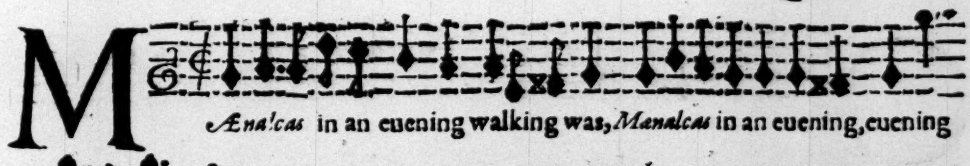

Wake sleepy Thirsis wake, for loue & Venus sake, Venus sake, Come let vs
mount the hills, let :|: which Zephirus with coole breath, with :|: fills,
Or let vs tread new Allyes, in yonder shadie vallies, in yonder shadie, shadie
valleies, Rise, rise, rise, rise, Lighten thy hea- uy eies, heauy eyes, lighten thy heauy,
heauy eyes, See how the streames doe glide, how the streames doe glide, see how the
streames doe glide, the :|: And the greene Meads deuide, and the greene Meads,
and the greene Meads deuide, But streame nor fire, but :|: shall part,
this and this, this and this, this & this, this ioyned heart, But streame nor fire, but
:|: shall part, this and this, this and this, this and this, this ioy- ned heart.

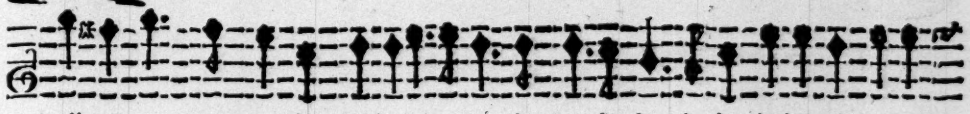

Stay, stay heart, runne not so fast, runne :||: from him, from him that
louesthee, To her that deadly hates thee, to her that deadly, deadly hates thee,
Her sharpe disdaine, her :||: reproues thee, And worse then ill still rates thee,
worse :||: and :||: Then let her goe and spare not, and :||:
Hold thou thy selfe contented, and I care not, My loue is gone, my :||: and
with her goe my sorrow, O, O vile wretch, thou loued'st once, and why now doest
thou var- ry? and :||: Then straight away I hast me, then :||:
I :||: And after thee will run, while life shall last me, Ah death, ah
death his force now tryeth, his force, his force now tryeth, *Flora* farewell, farewell,
Flora :||: For loe thy Shepheard dyeth, for :||:


YEe bubling ſprings that gentle muſicke makes, that :||:
that :||: To louers plaints, to :||: to :||: with heart-ſore throbs,
ſore :||: ſore throbs immixt, When as my deare, when :||: when :||: when
:||: this way her pleaſure takes, this :||: Tell her with teares, with
:||: with :||: How firme, how firme my loue is fixt, how :||: my loue
is fixt, And *Philomell* report, report, report, report my timerous feares,
And Eccho ſound, and :||: my highoes, highoes, in her eares, in :||: her
eares, But if ſhe aske, but :||: if I for loue will dye, if :||: if
:||: if :||: if :||: if :||: if :||:
Tell her good faith, tell :||: tell her good faith not I:



Here endeth the Songs of three Parts.


Mænalcas in an euening walking was, Manalcas in an euening, euening


walking was, With Daphne, his beloued louely, louely, louely, his beloued, louely,

louely laſſe, his beloued louely laſſe, louely laſſe, his louely :||: She weepes, ſhe :|:

ſhe :||: and doth of Cupid oft complaine, and :||: complaine, But

comfort, Daphne ſaid, the iol- ly ſwaine, comfort, Daphne ſaid, the iol- ly ſwaine, Come

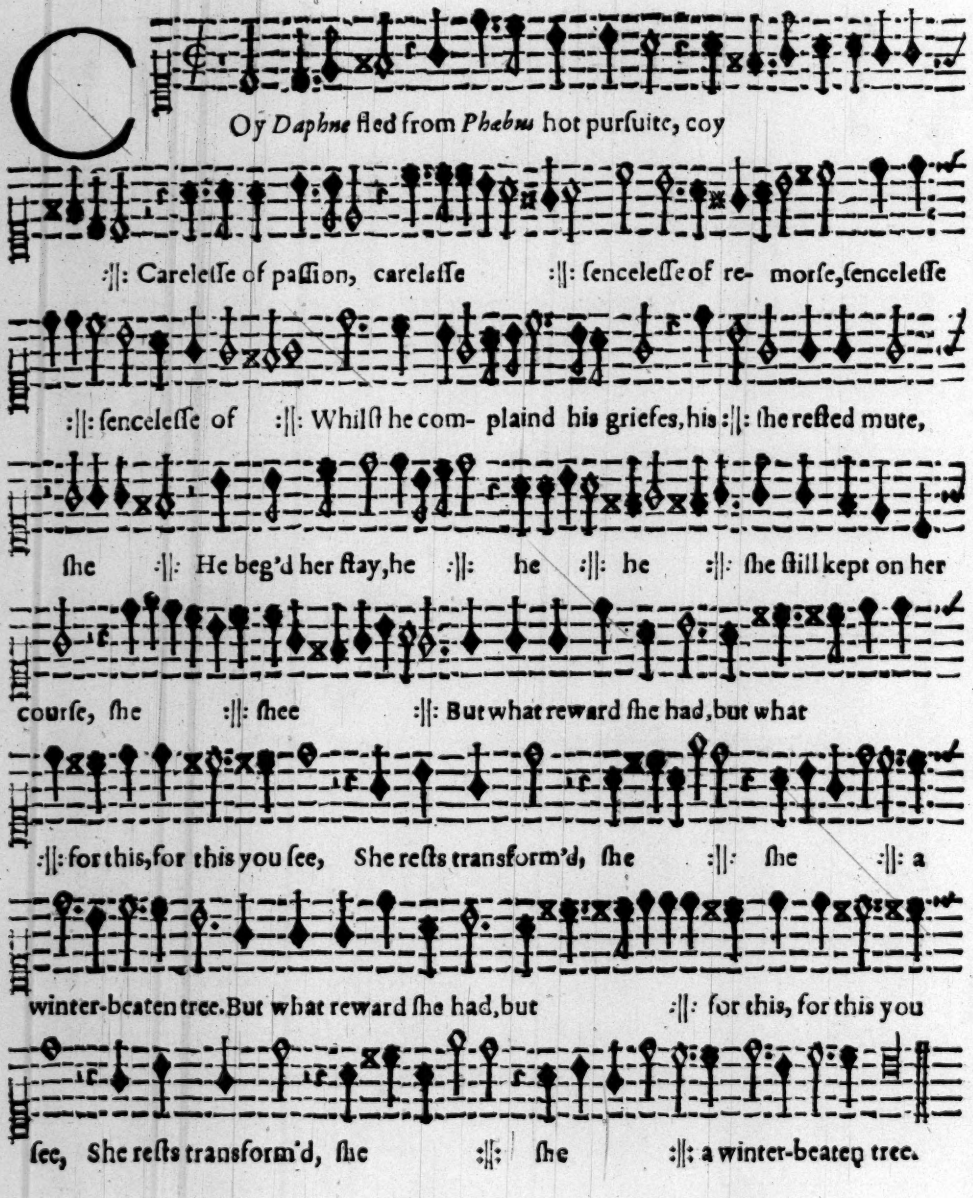
kiſſe me ſweet, come :||: come kiſſe me, kiſſe me ſweet, come kiſſe me,

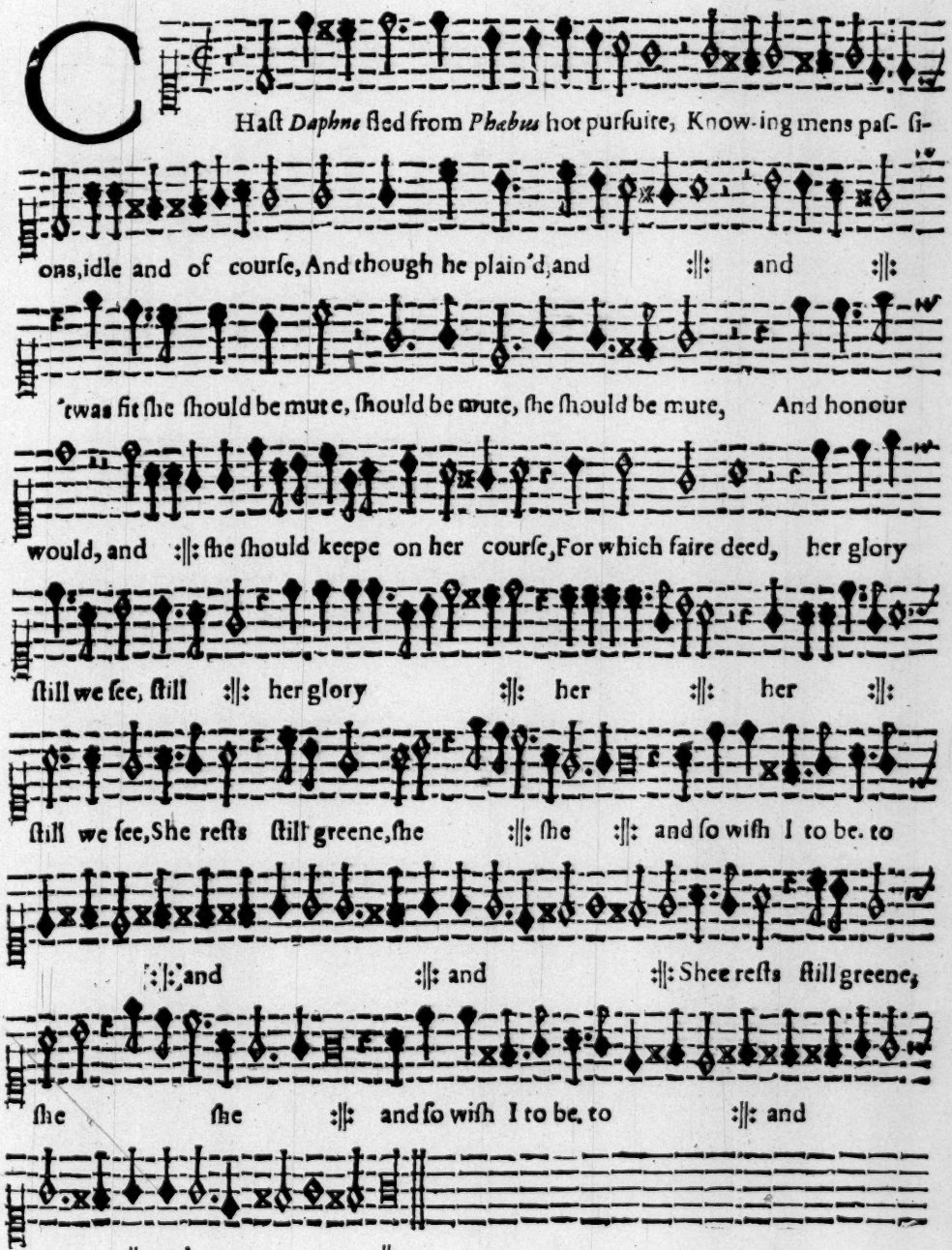
kiſſe me ſweet, Come kiſſe me ſweet, And let vs merry, merry be, and

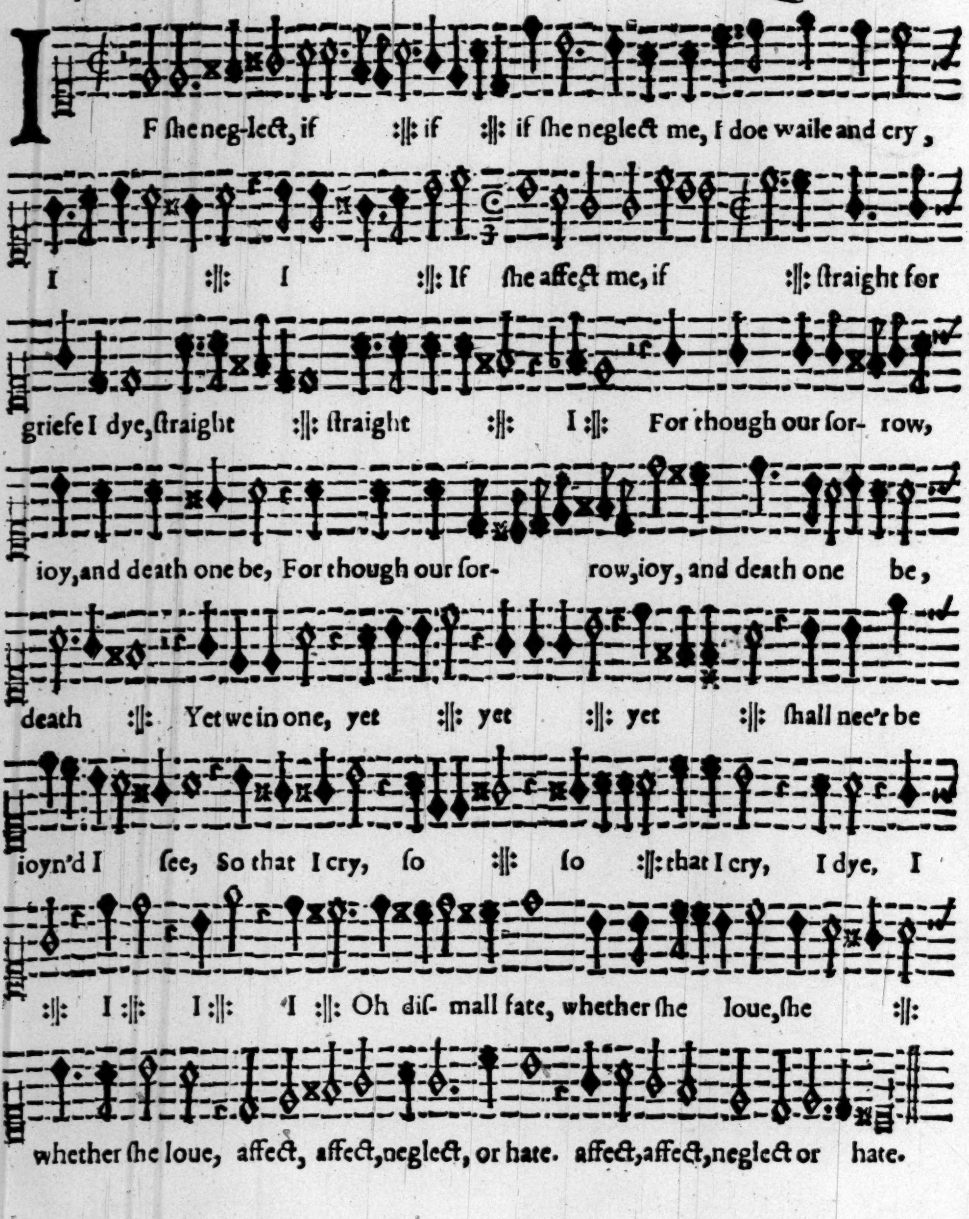
:||: and let vs merry be, and :||: merry :||: The gods are croſt in loue, the

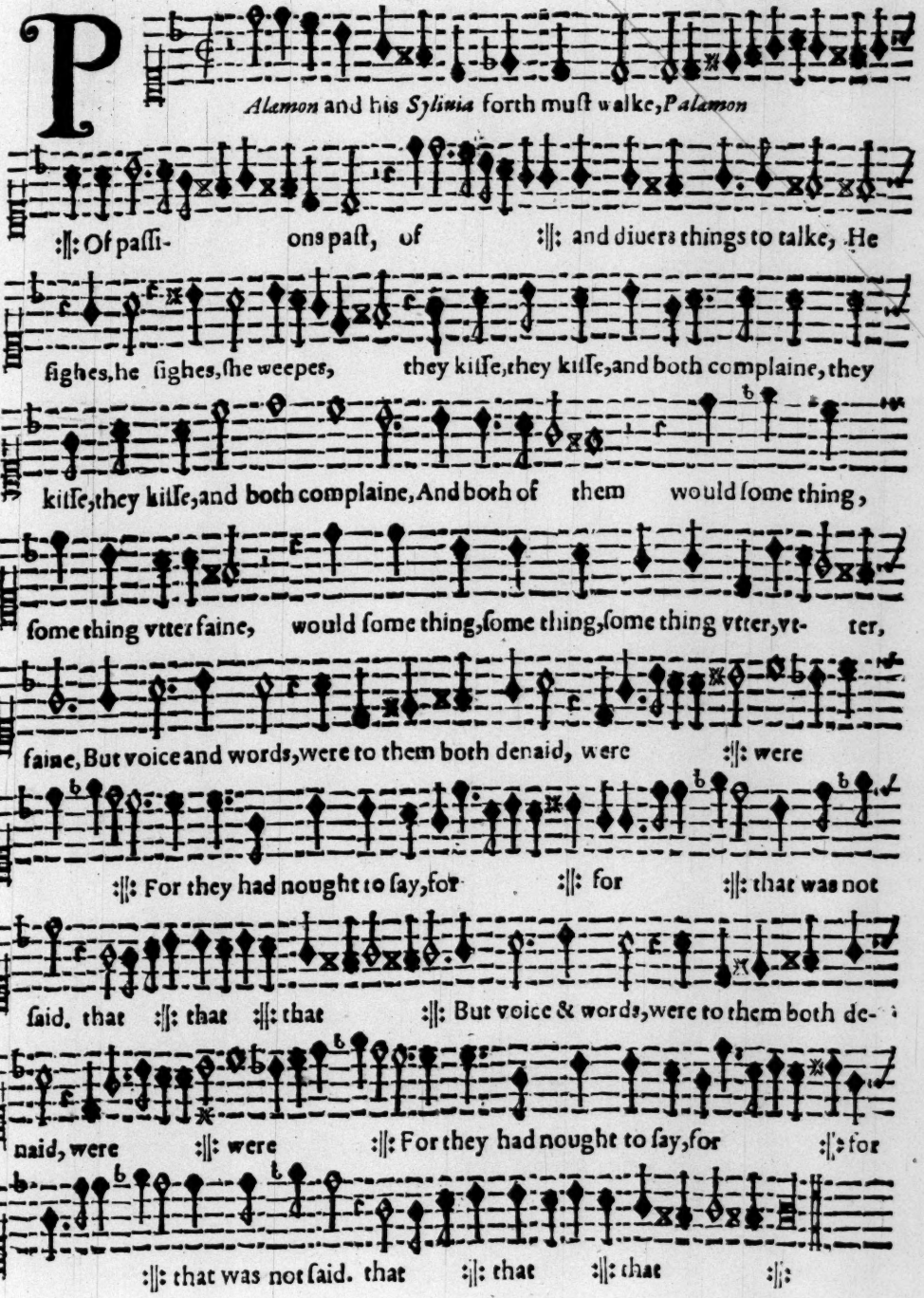
:||: as wel as we. as wel, as wel as we. as :||: as :||: the gods are

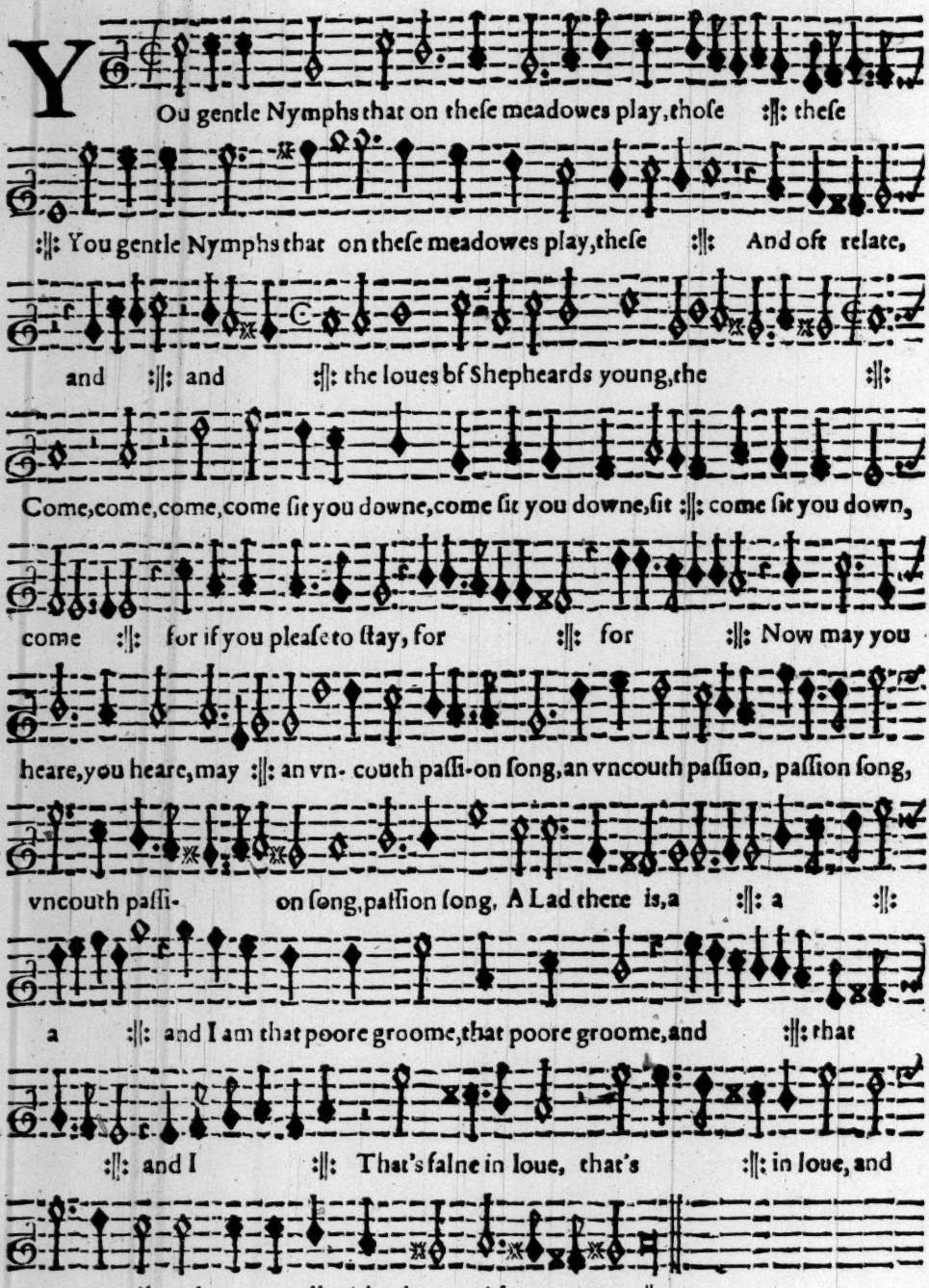
croſt in loue, the :||: as wel as we. as :||: as :||: as :||: as :||:


Coy Daphne fled from Phœbus hot purſuite, coy
:||: Careleſſe of paſſion, careleſſe :||: ſenceleſſe of re- morſe, ſenceleſſe
:||: ſenceleſſe of :||: Whilſt he com- plaind his griefes, his :||: ſhe reſted mute,
ſhe :||: He beg'd her ſtay, he :||: he :||: he :||: ſhe ſtill kept on her
courſe, ſhe :||: ſhee :||: But what reward ſhe had, but what
:||: for this, for this you ſee, She reſts transform'd, ſhe :||: ſhe :||: a
winter-beaten tree. But what reward ſhe had, but :||: for this, for this you
ſee, She reſts transform'd, ſhe :||: ſhe :||: a winter-beaten tree.

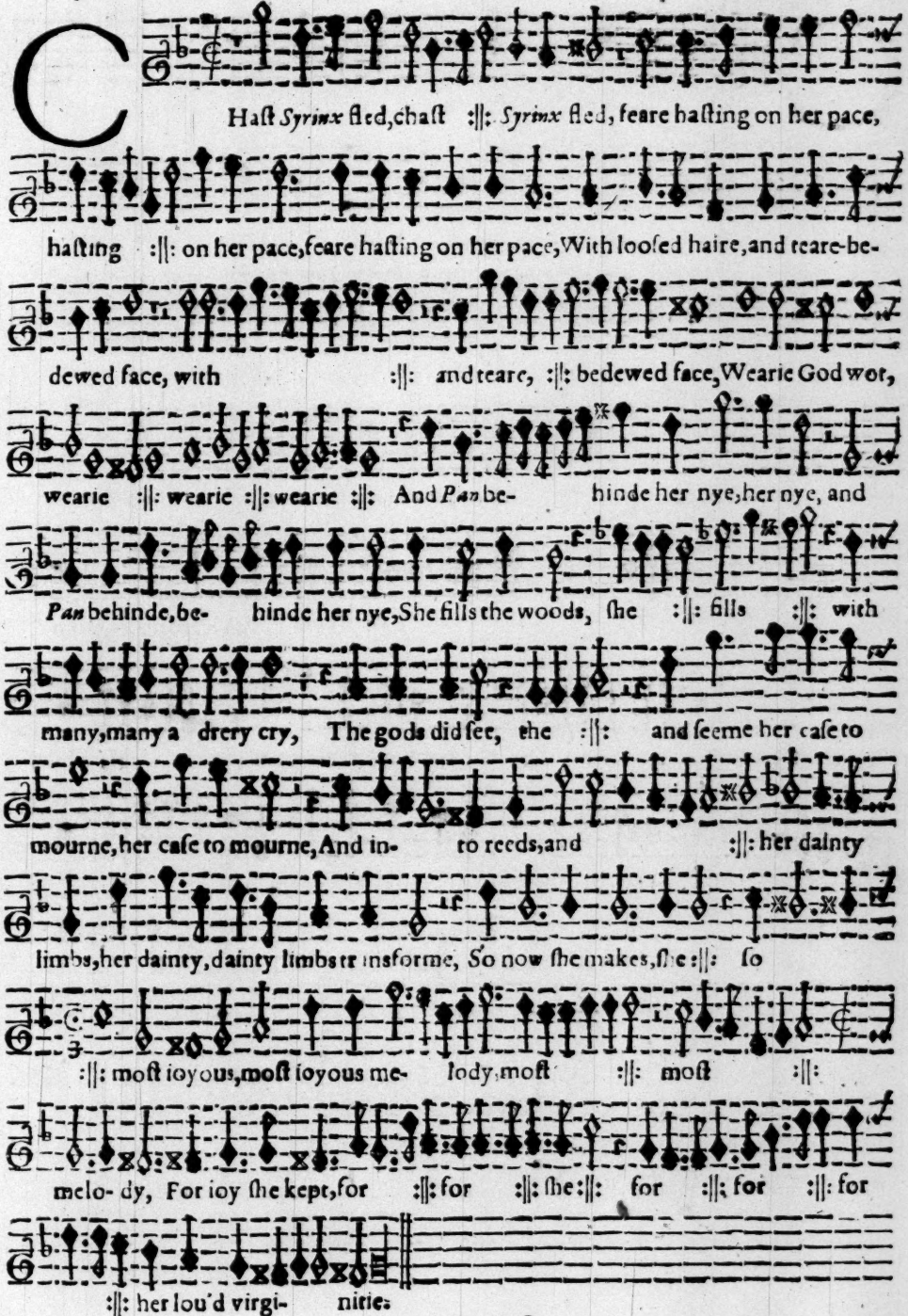

CHaſt Daphne fled from Phœbus hot purſuite, Know-ing mens paſ- ſi-
ons, idle and of courſe, And though he plain'd, and :||: and :||:
'twas fit ſhe ſhould be mute, ſhould be mute, ſhe ſhould be mute, And honour
would, and :||: ſhe ſhould keepe on her courſe, For which faire deed, her glory
ſtill we ſee, ſtill :||: her glory :||: her :||: her :||:
ſtill we ſee, She reſts ſtill greene, ſhe :||: ſhe :||: and ſo wiſh I to be, to
:||: and :||: and :||: Shee reſts ſtill greene,
ſhe ſhe :||: and ſo wiſh I to be, to :||: and
:||: and :||:

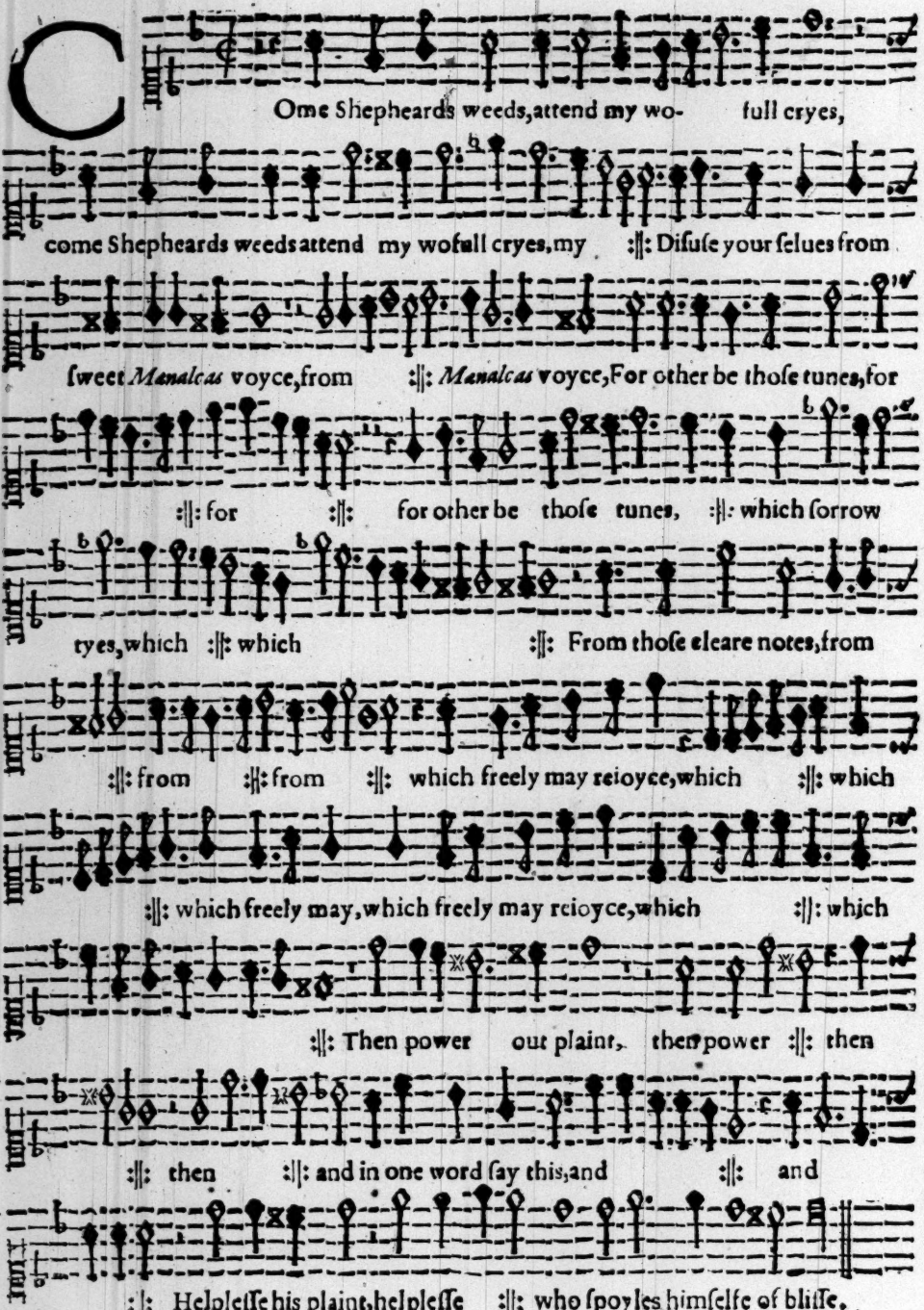

IF ſhe neg-lect, if :|: if :|: if ſhe neglect me, I doe waile and cry,
I :|: I :|: If ſhe affect me, if :|: ſtraight for
griefe I dye, ſtraight :|: ſtraight :|: I :|: For though our ſor- row,
ioy, and death one be, For though our ſor- row, ioy, and death one be,
death :|: Yet we in one, yet :|: yet :|: yet :|: ſhall nee'r be
ioyn'd I ſee, So that I cry, ſo :|: ſo :|: that I cry, I dye, I
:|: I :|: I :|: I :|: Oh diſ- mall fate, whether ſhe loue, ſhe :|:
whether ſhe loue, affect, affect, neglect, or hate. affect, affect, neglect or hate.

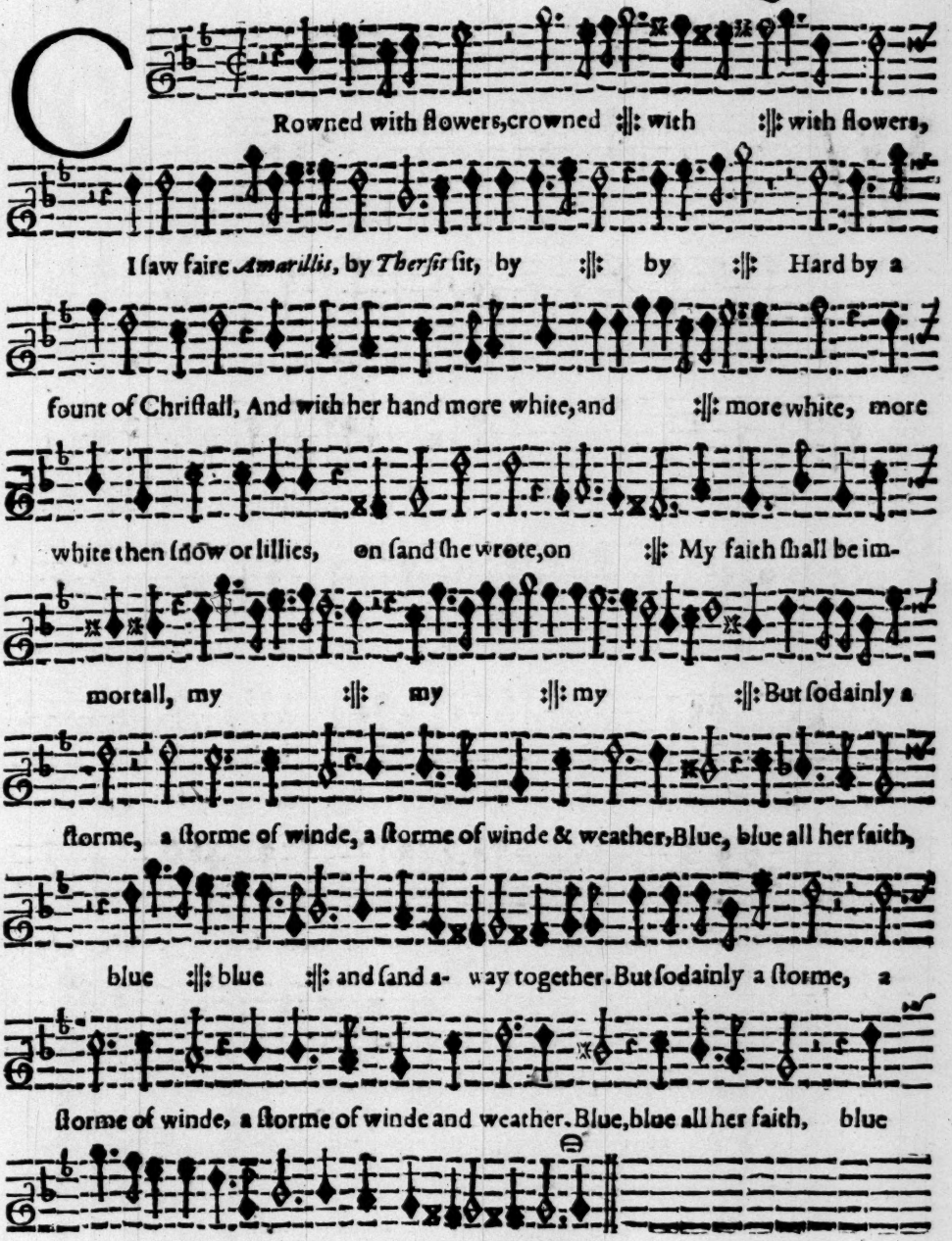

Alamon and his Sylvia forth muſt walke, Palamon
:‖: Of paſſi- ons paſt, of :‖: and diuers things to talke, He
ſighes, he ſighes, ſhe weepes, they kiſſe, they kiſſe, and both complaine, they
kiſſe, they kiſſe, and both complaine, And both of them would ſome thing,
ſome thing vtter faine, would ſome thing, ſome thing, ſome thing vtter, vt- ter,
faine, But voice and words, were to them both denaid, were :‖: were
:‖: For they had nought to ſay, for :‖: for :‖: that was not
ſaid. that :‖: that :‖: that :‖: But voice & words, were to them both de-
naid, were :‖: were :‖: For they had nought to ſay, for :‖: for
:‖: that was not ſaid. that :‖: that :‖: that :‖:



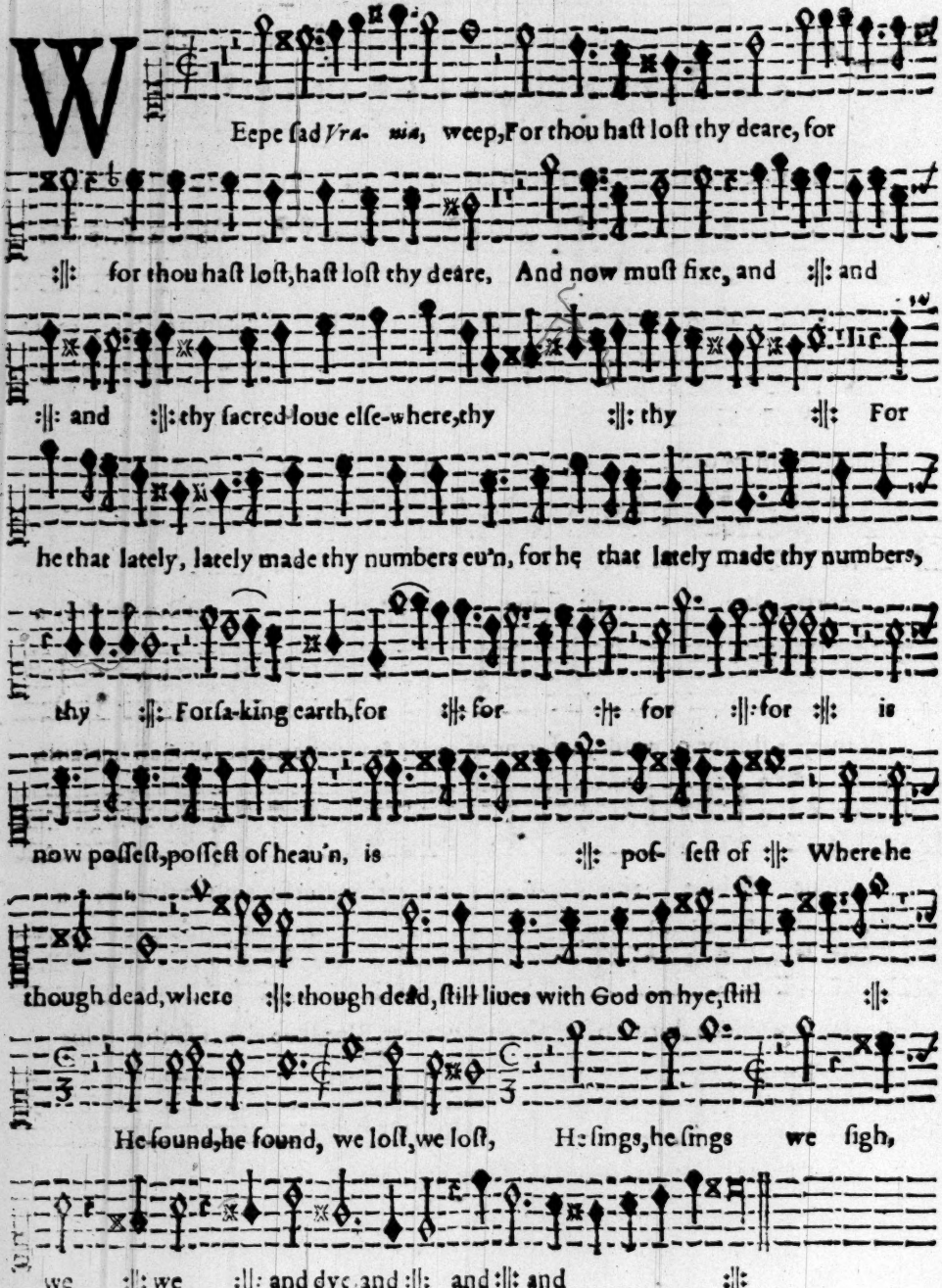
Here endeth the Songs of foure Parts.

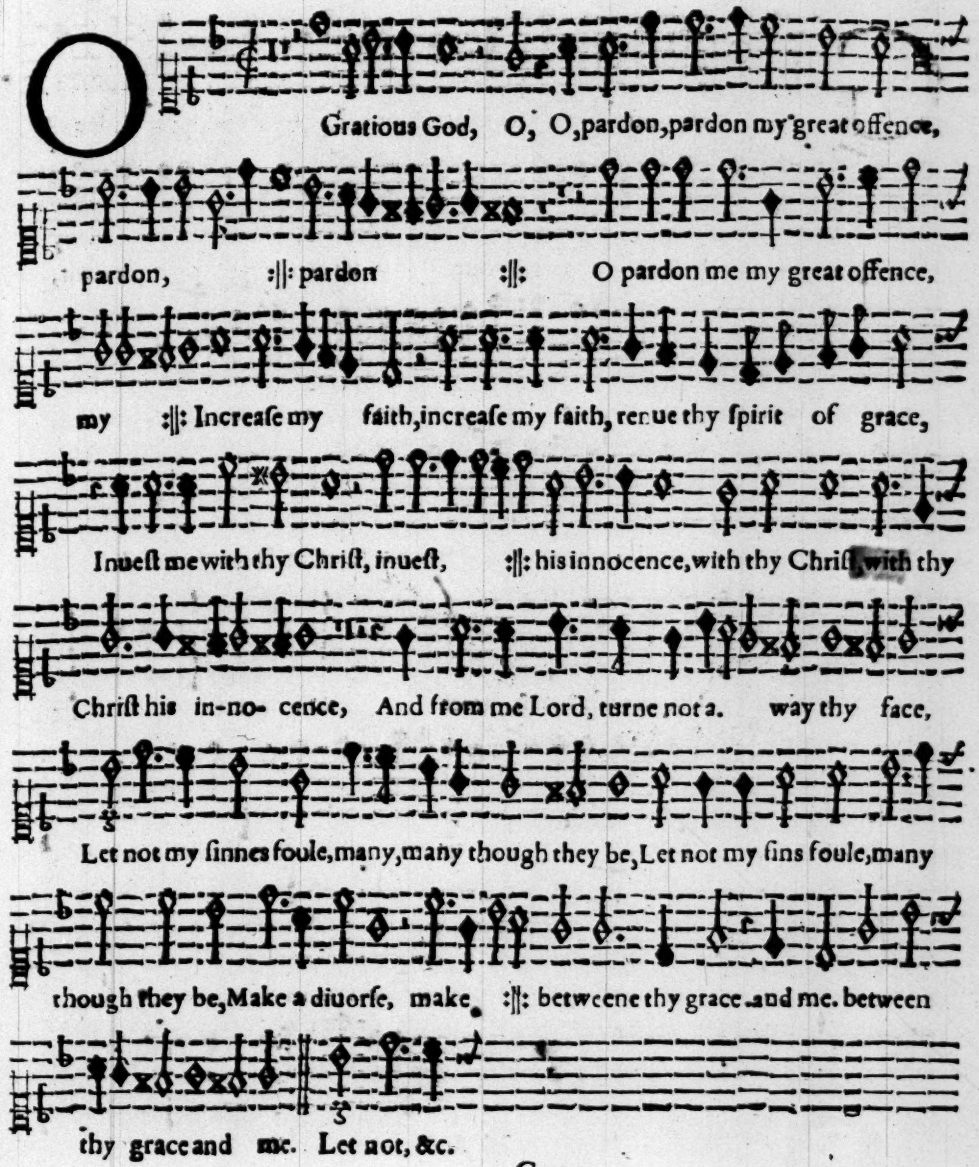

CHaſt Syrinx fled, chaſt :||: Syrinx fled, feare haſting on her pace,
haſting :||: on her pace, feare haſting on her pace, With looſed haire, and teare-be-
dewed face, with :||: and teare, :||: bedewed face, Wearie God wot,
wearie :||: wearie :||: wearie :||: And Pan be- hinde her nye, her nye, and
Pan behinde, be- hinde her nye, She fills the woods, ſhe :||: fills :||: with
many, many a drery cry, The gods did ſee, ſhe :||: and ſeeme her caſe to
mourne, her caſe to mourne, And in- to reeds, and :||: her dainty
limbs, her dainty, dainty limbs tr ansforme, So now ſhe makes, ſhe :||: ſo
:||: moſt ioyous, moſt ioyous me- lody, moſt :||: moſt :||:
melo- dy, For ioy ſhe kept, for :||: for :||: ſhe :||: for :||: for :||: for
:||: her lou'd virgi- nitie.

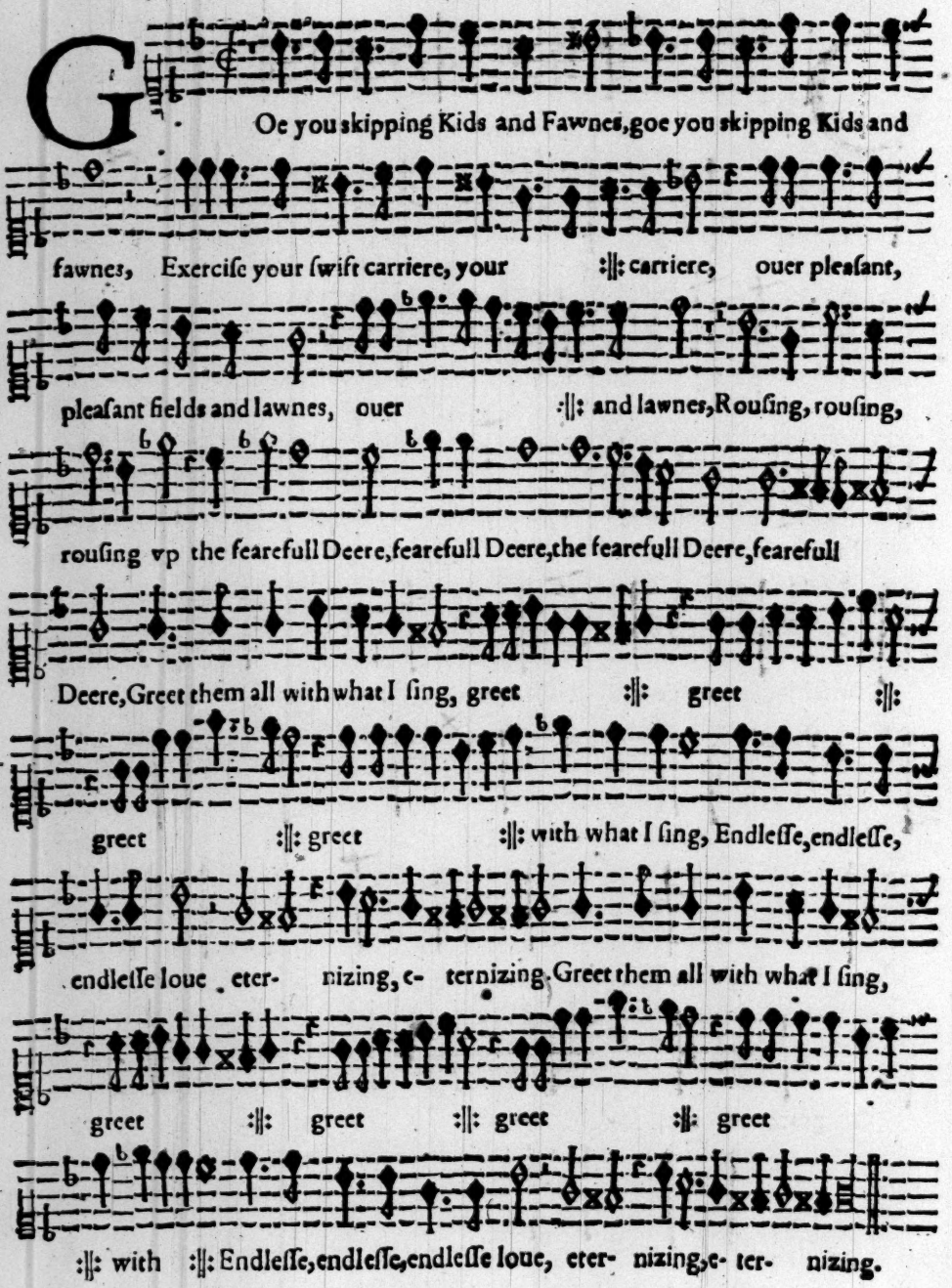

Come Shepheards weeds, attend my wo- full cryes,
come Shepheards weeds attend my wofull cryes, my :||: Diſuſe your ſelues from
ſweet Manalcas voyce, from :||: Manalcas voyce, For other be thoſe tunes, for
:||: for :||: for other be thoſe tunes, :||: which ſorrow
tyes, which :||: which :||: From thoſe cleare notes, from
:||: from :||: from :||: which freely may reioyce, which :||: which
:||: which freely may, which freely may reioyce, which :||: which
:||: Then power out plaint, then power :||: then
:||: then :||: and in one word ſay this, and :||: and
:||: Helpleſſe his plaint, helpleſſe :||: who ſpoyles himſelfe of bliſſe.

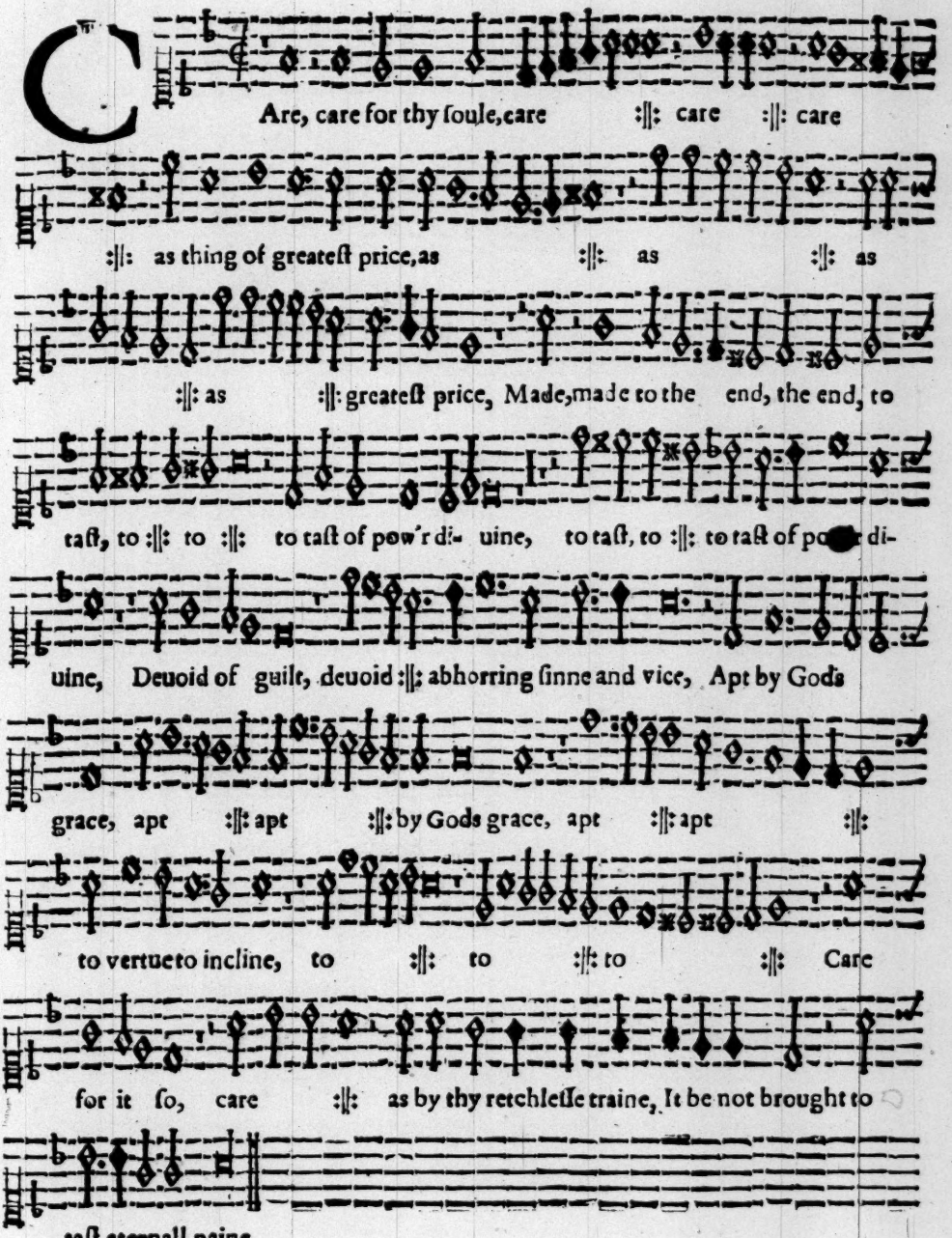

Crowned with flowers, crowned with with flowers,
I saw faire Amarillis, by Therſis ſit, by by Hard by a
fount of Chriſtall, And with her hand more white, and more white, more
white then ſnow or lillies, on ſand ſhe wrote, on My faith ſhall be im-
mortall, my my my But ſodainly a
ſtorme, a ſtorme of winde, a ſtorme of winde & weather, Blue, blue all her faith,
blue blue and ſand a- way together. But ſodainly a ſtorme, a
ſtorme of winde, a ſtorme of winde and weather. Blue, blue all her faith, blue
blue and ſand a- way together.

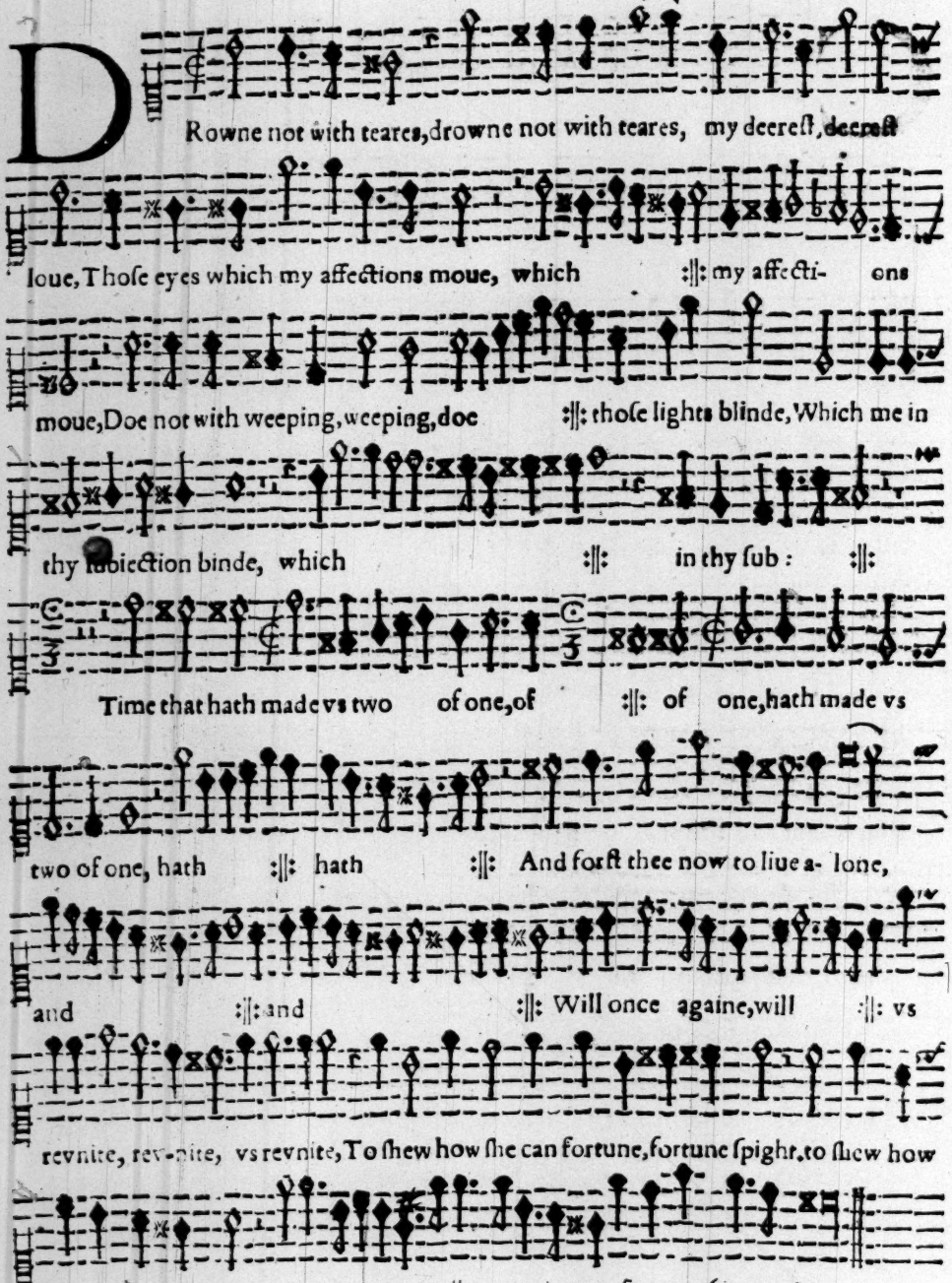
An Elegie on the death of his Worſhipfull friend, Maſter *Thomas Purcell* of *Dinthill*, Eſquire, in *Salop*.



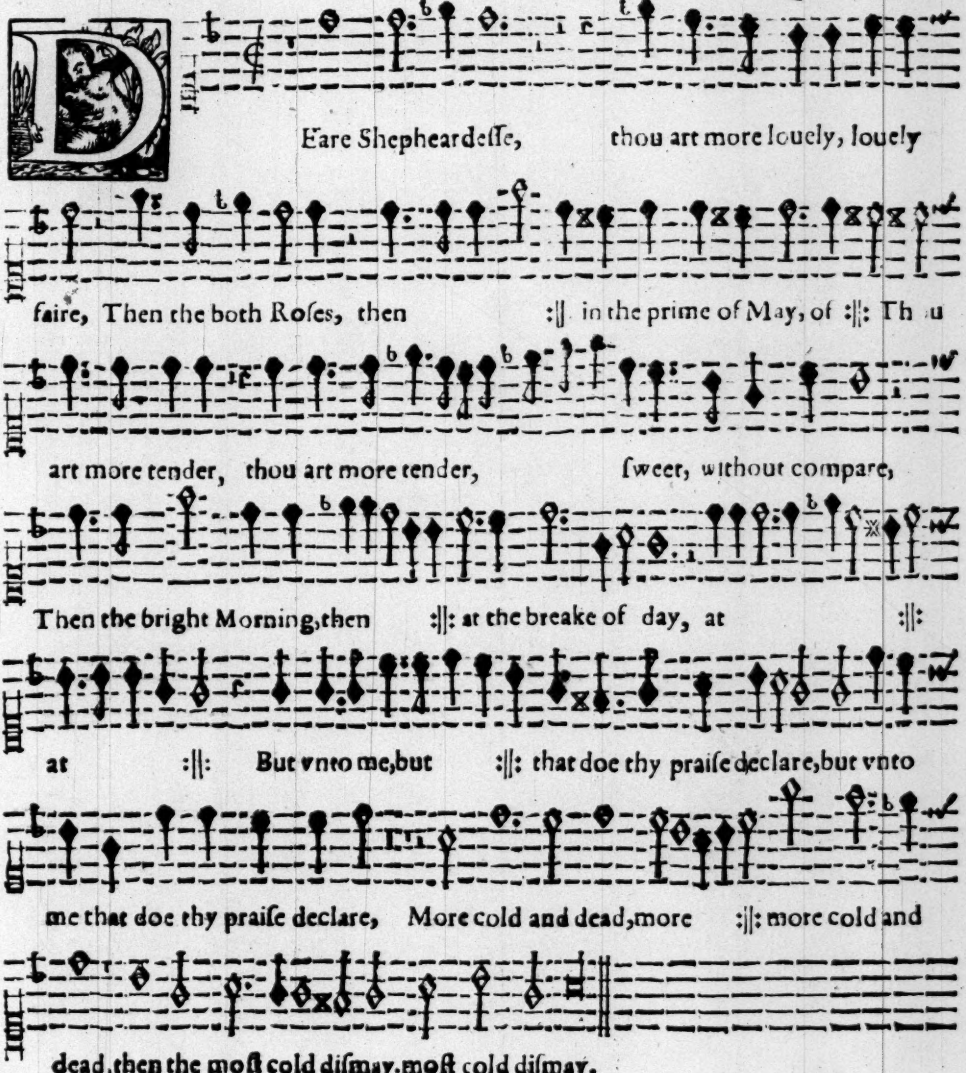

O Gratious God, O, O, pardon, pardon my great offence,
pardon, :||: pardon :||: O pardon me my great offence,
my :||: Increaſe my faith, increaſe my faith, renue thy ſpirit of grace,
Inueſt me with thy Chriſt, inueſt, :||: his innocence, with thy Chriſt, with thy
Chriſt his in-no- cence, And from me Lord, turne not a- way thy face,
Let not my ſinnes foule, many, many though they be, Let not my ſins foule, many
though they be, Make a diuorſe, make :||: betweene thy grace and me. between
thy grace and me. Let not, &c.

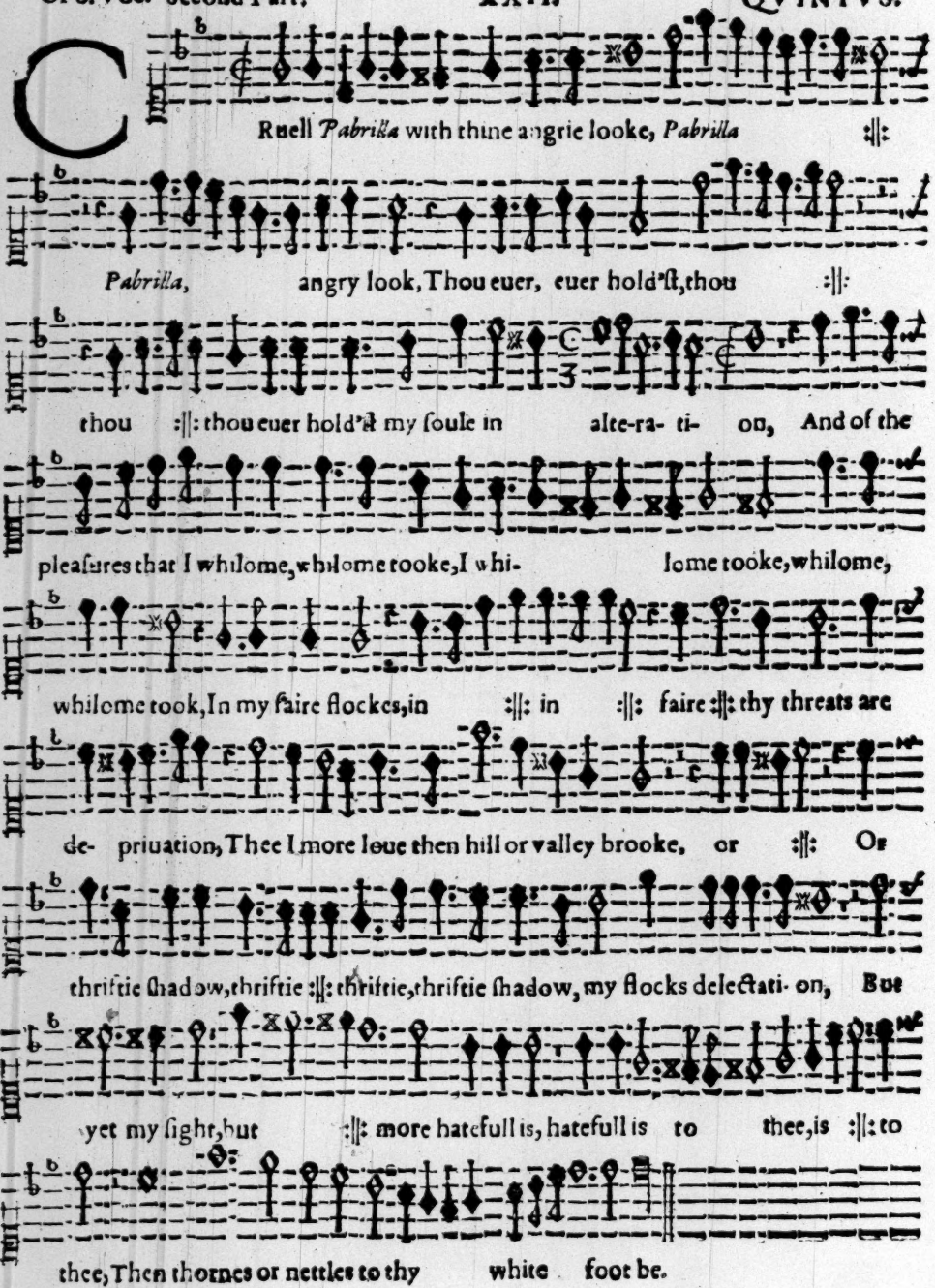

Goe you skipping Kids and Fawnes, goe you skipping Kids and
fawnes, Exerciſe your ſwift carriere, your :||: carriere, ouer pleaſant,
pleaſant fields and lawnes, ouer :||: and lawnes, Rouſing, rouſing,
rouſing vp the fearefull Deere, fearefull Deere, the fearefull Deere, fearefull
Deere, Greet them all with what I ſing, greet :||: greet :||:
greet :||: greet :||: with what I ſing, Endleſſe, endleſſe,
endleſſe loue eter- nizing, e- ternizing. Greet them all with what I ſing,
greet :||: greet :||: greet :||: greet
:||: with :||: Endleſſe, endleſſe, endleſſe loue, eter- nizing, e- ter- nizing.


Are, care for thy ſoule, care :||: care :||: care
:||: as thing of greateſt price, as :||: as :||: as
:||: as :||: greateſt price, Made, made to the end, the end, to
taſt, to :||: to :||: to taſt of pow'r di- uine, to taſt, to :||: to taſt of po[illegible] di-
uine, Deuoid of guilt, deuoid :||: abhorring ſinne and vice, Apt by Gods
grace, apt :||: apt :||: by Gods grace, apt :||: apt :||:
to vertue to incline, to :||: to :||: to :||: Care
for it ſo, care :||: as by thy retchleſſe traine, It be not brought to
taſt eternall paine.

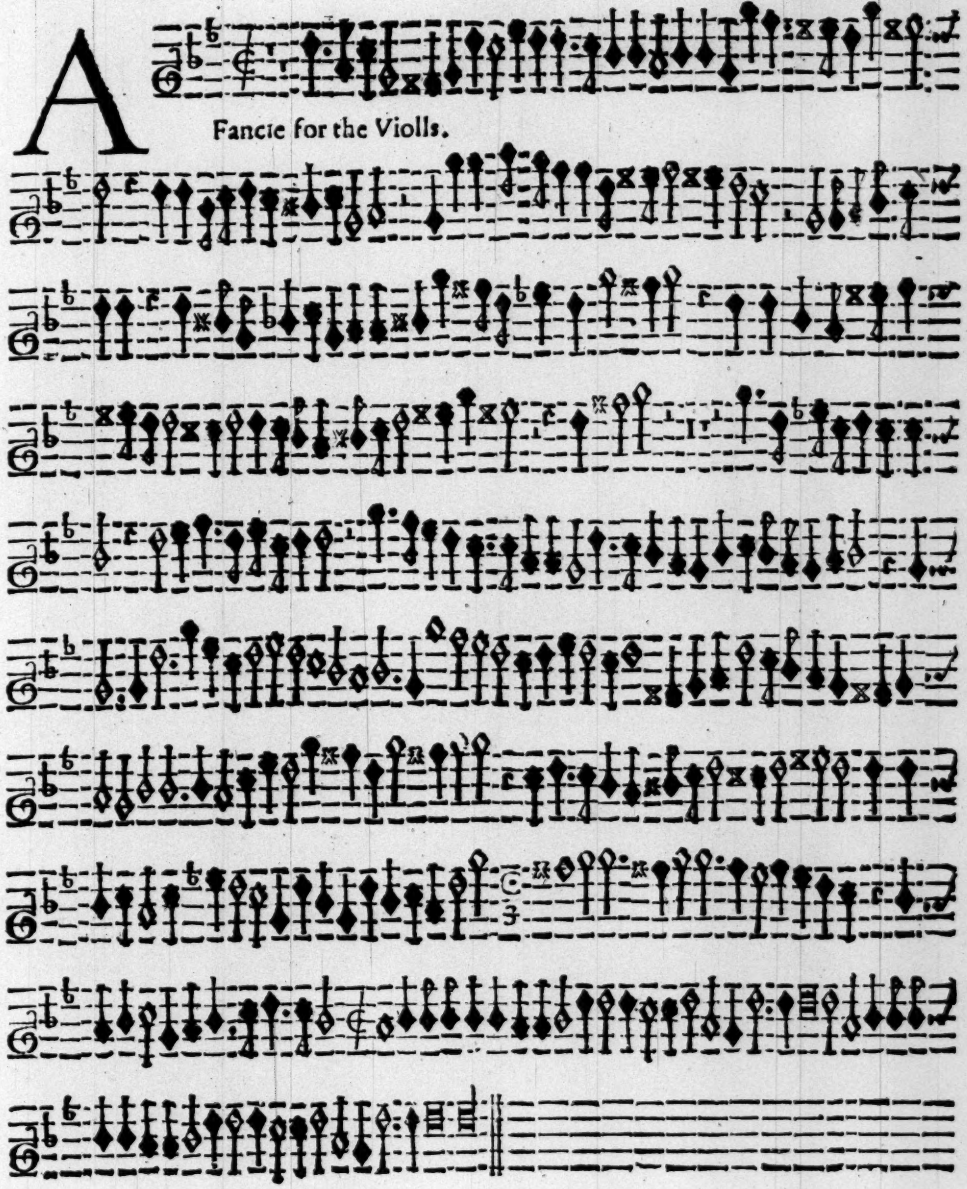


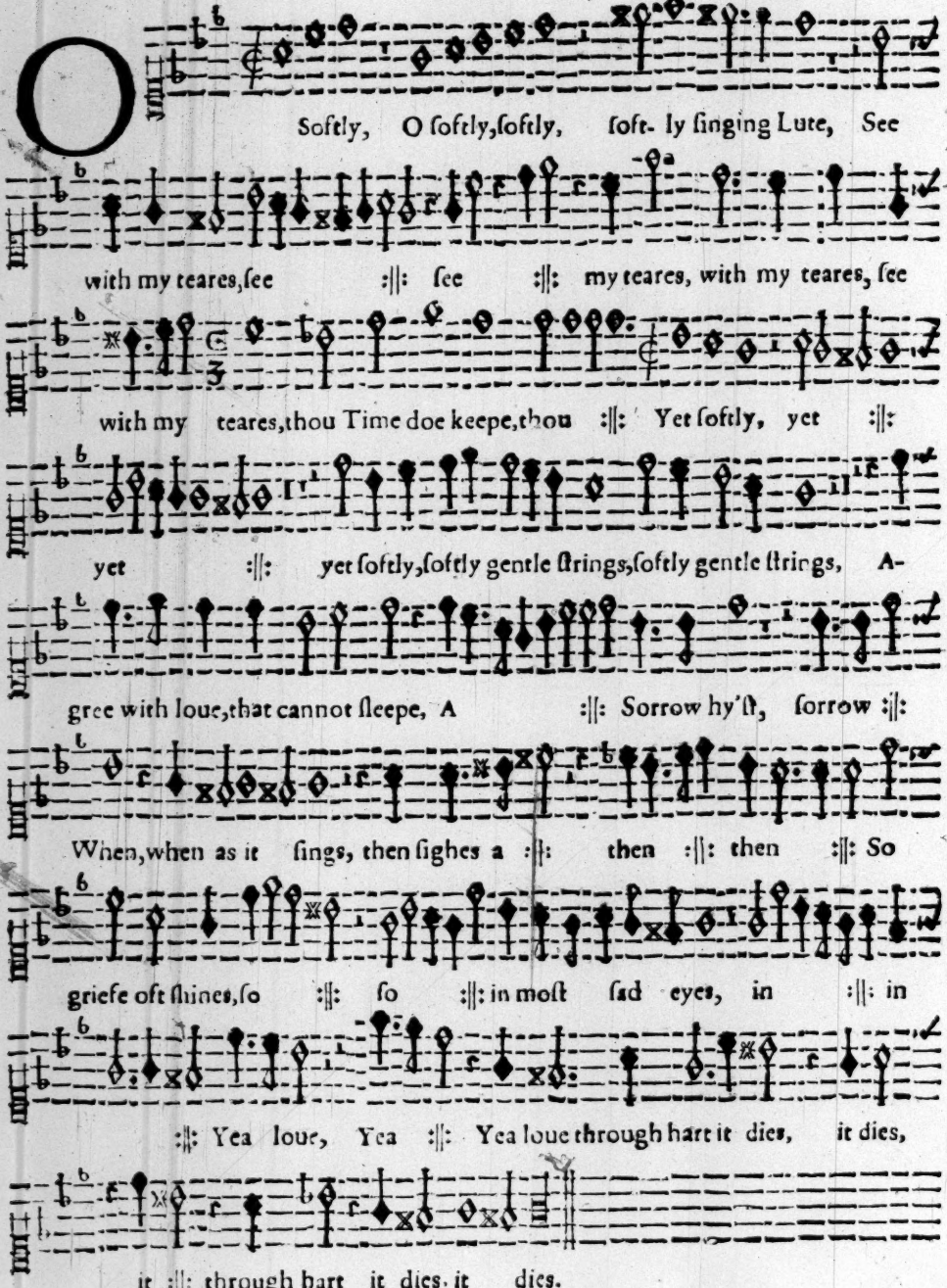
Here endeth the Songs of fiue Parts.

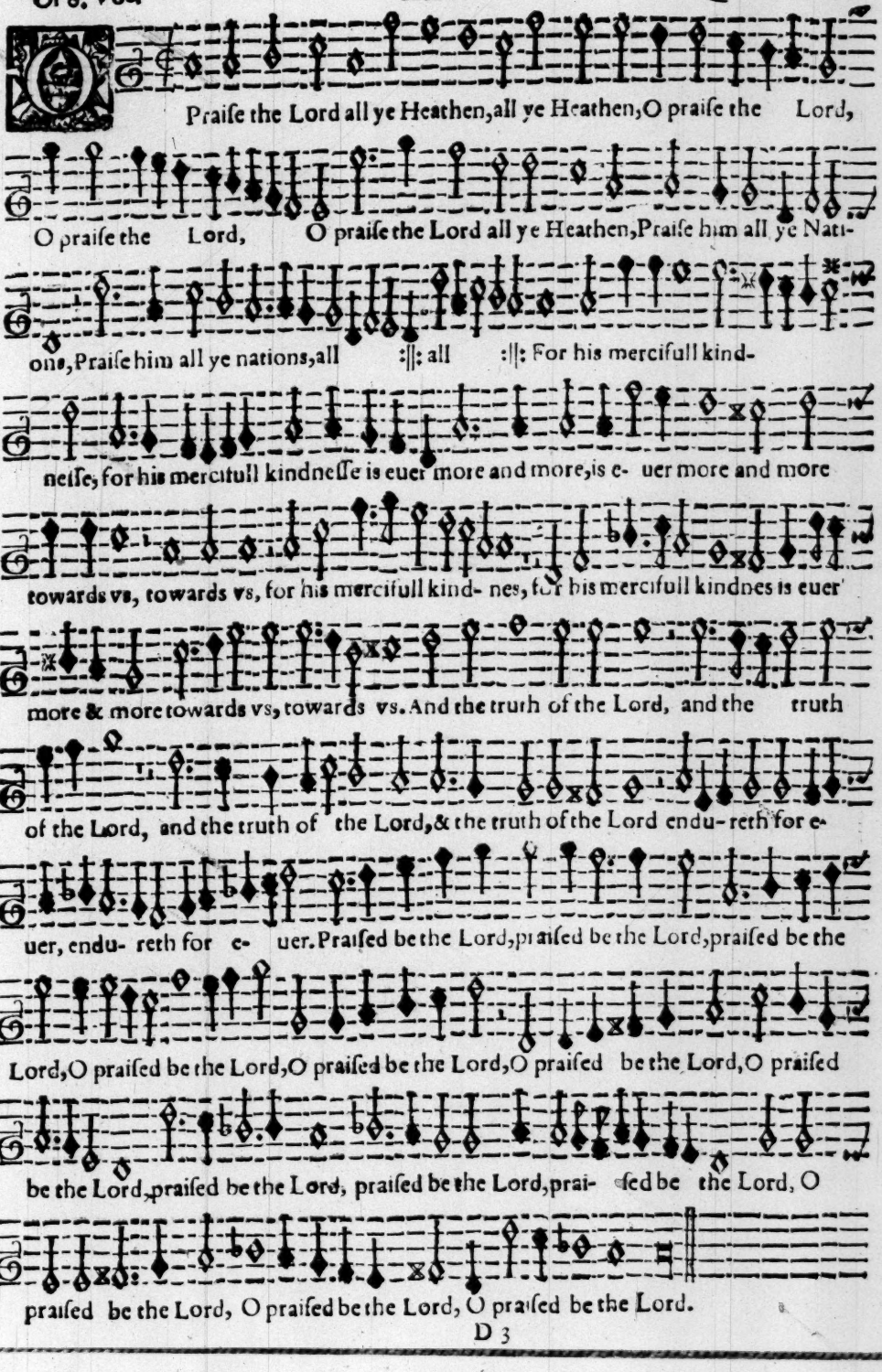

Eare Shepheardeſſe, thou art more louely, louely
faire, Then the both Roſes, then :|| in the prime of May, of :||: Th u
art more tender, thou art more tender, ſweet, without compare,
Then the bright Morning, then :||: at the breake of day, at :||:
at :||: But vnto me, but :||: that doe thy praiſe declare, but vnto
me that doe thy praiſe declare, More cold and dead, more :||: more cold and
dead, then the moſt cold diſmay. moſt cold diſmay.


Cruell Pabrilla with thine angrie looke, Pabrilla :||:
Pabrilla, angry look, Thou euer, euer hold'ſt, thou :||:
thou :||: thou euer hold'ſt my ſoule in alte-ra- ti- on, And of the
pleaſures that I whilome, whilome tooke, I whi- lome tooke, whilome,
whilome took, In my faire flockes, in :||: in :||: faire :||: thy threats are
de- priuation, Thee I more loue then hill or valley brooke, or :||: Or
thriftie ſhadow, thriftie :||: thriftie, thriftie ſhadow, my flocks delectati- on, But
yet my ſight, but :||: more hatefull is, hatefull is to thee, is :||: to
thee, Then thornes or nettles to thy white foot be.

A Fancie for the Violls.

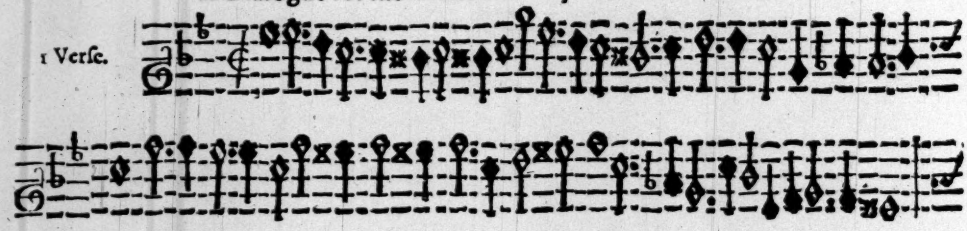



O Softly, O ſoftly, ſoftly, ſoft- ly ſinging Lute, See
with my teares, ſee :||: ſee :||: my teares, with my teares, ſee
with my teares, thou Time doe keepe, thou :||: Yet ſoftly, yet :||:
yet :||: yet ſoftly, ſoftly gentle ſtrings, ſoftly gentle ſtrings, A-
gree with loue, that cannot ſleepe, A :||: Sorrow hy'ſt, ſorrow :||:
When, when as it ſings, then ſighes a :||: then :||: then :||: So
griefe oft ſhines, ſo :||: ſo :||: in moſt ſad eyes, in :||: in
:||: Yea loue, Yea :||: Yea loue through hart it dies, it dies,
it :||: through hart it dies. it dies.


O Praiſe the Lord all ye Heathen, all ye Heathen, O praiſe the Lord,
O praiſe the Lord, O praiſe the Lord all ye Heathen, Praiſe him all ye Nati-
ons, Praiſe him all ye nations, all :||: all :||: For his mercifull kind-
neſſe, for his mercifull kindneſſe is euer more and more, is e- uer more and more
towards vs, towards vs, for his mercifull kind- nes, for his mercifull kindnes is euer
more & more towards vs, towards vs. And the truth of the Lord, and the truth
of the Lord, and the truth of the Lord, & the truth of the Lord endu-reth for e-
uer, endu- reth for e- uer. Praiſed be the Lord, praiſed be the Lord, praiſed be the
Lord, O praiſed be the Lord, O praiſed be the Lord, O praiſed be the Lord, O praiſed
be the Lord, praiſed be the Lord, praiſed be the Lord, prai- ſed be the Lord, O
praiſed be the Lord, O praiſed be the Lord, O praiſed be the Lord.

A Dialogue for the Violls and Voyces, and the Lute.

1 Verſe.

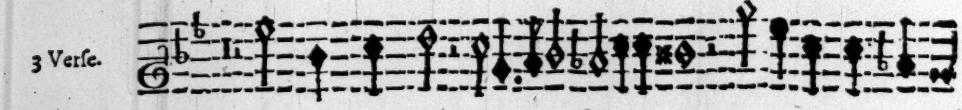


2 Verſe.

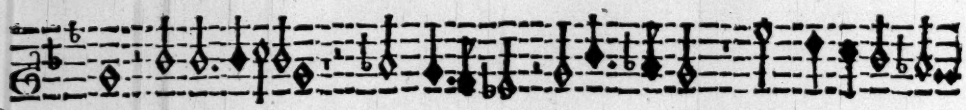
Peace Malediction, ſtop thy yawning iawes, Loues gods though

parti- all, will protect his lawes, will :||: will :||: protect his lawes.

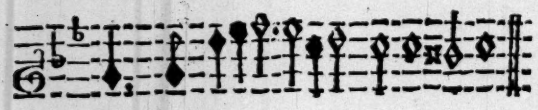
3 Verſe.



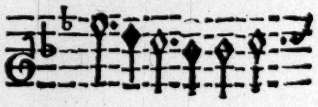
Stint then our ſtrife, ſtint :||: ſtint :||: Content on be con-



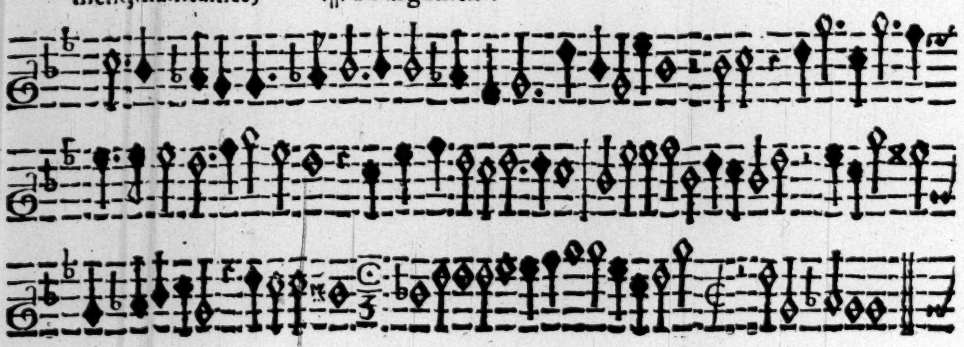
tent, content on :||: Loue in it ſelfe, loue :||: maintaines an argu-



4 Verſe.



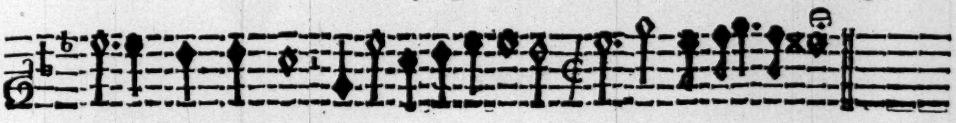
ment, maintaines, :||: an argument.



A Dialogue for the Violls and Voyces, and the Lute.

Chorus.

Loue be propiti- ous, Shepheardeſ- ſes ſing, *O-*



lympus likes and loues, *Olimp*: :‖: our Caro- ling.

FINIS.

A TABLE for the finding of the SONGS.

Of 3. Voyces.

SOu'raigne of my delight.		I
Yond hill tops.		II
Wake ſleepy *Thirſis*.		III
Stay hart, runne not ſo faſt.		IV
Ye bubling ſprings.		V
Your fond preferments.		VI

Of 4. Voyces.

Manalcas in an Euening.		VII
Coy *Daphne*.	*Firſt Part.*	VIII
Chaſt *Daphne*.	*Second Part.*	IX
If ſhee neglect.		X
Palæmon.		XI
You gentle Nymphs.		XII

Of 5. Voyces.

Chaſt *Syrinx*,		XIII
Come Shepheards.		XIIII
Crowned with flowers.		XV
Weepe ſad *Vrania*.		XVI
O gratious God,		XVII
Goe you skipping.		XVIII
Care for thy ſoule.		XIX
Drowne not with teares.		XX

Of 6. Voyces.

Deare Shepheardeſſe.	*Firſt Part.*	XXI
Cruell *Pabrilla*.	*Second Part.*	XXII
A Fancie for the Violls.		XXIII
O ſoftly ſinging Lute.		XXIIII
O Praiſe the Lord.		XXV
Surceaſe you youthfull.		XXVI
A Pauen by the Earle of *Darbie* for the Orpherion.		XXVII

FINIS.

SEXTVS.

THE SECOND SET

Of *Madrigals*, and *Paſtorals*, of 3. 4. 5. and 6. Parts;

Apt for Violls and Voyces:

Newly Compoſed by FRANCIS PILKINGTON, Batchelar of *Muſicke*, and *Lutenиſt*, and *Chaunter* of the Cathedrall Church of CHRIST, and bleſſed MARY the Virgin, in *Cheſter*.

LONDON:
Printed by THOMAS SNODHAM, for *M. L.* and *A. B.* 1624.

TO THE RIGHT VVORſhipfull, And worthy of much Honor, Sir PETER LEIGHE of *Lyme*, KNIGHT.

Honoured Sir:

TO him that ſhall demand of me, why I preſume to ſend this fruit of my (now aged *Muſe*) to ſeeke patronage vnder your worth: my anſwere ſhall be this; Aske the little ſparks why they dare flie vpwards towards the glorious Sunne, or the ſmall Riuerets and Brookes, why they with a haſtie boldneſſe ſtriue to be engulphed into the boſome of the vaſte *Ocean*.

Nature her ſelfe hath taught all her workes to tend vnto their proper place: and the *Subiects* of *Vertue* can neuer offer their ſeruice, nor her *Prieſts* bring their ſacrifice, but where their ſoueraigne *Queene* erects a Temple.

Sir: Your Noble diſpoſition inuites all eyes to behold the generous reſpect you beare to all the poore trauellers, that labour in the tedious iourney which leades to *Merit* and *Perfection*: And if *I*, the meaneſt and vnableſt of thouſands of thoſe, (encouraged by all mens generall Admiration of your noble Courteſies, and imboldened by your particular acceptation of ſuch former ſeruices, as my good hap hath beene to performe in ſome of your imployments) may now procure the Reflection of the leaſt beame of your faire *Aſpect*, vpon this my little *Bundle* of *Ruſhes*, that I carry towards the ſtrewing of the flore of that *Amiable Temple*, where that *Great Goddeſſe* hath her *Chaire*, the *Muſes* ſit in the *Quier*, and the *Noiſe* is nothing but *Melodie* and *Harmonious Sweetneſſe*: It will infinitely refreſh my wearie ſteppes: and (happily) yet enliue my fainting ſpirits, that I may lagge on, yet one Iourney more, (if not in the middeſt,) yet in the Rereward of thoſe many expert and able ſeruants of this Soueraigne *Queene*, to doe her and you ſome further ſeruice. To which I deuote the Remainder of my poore endeauours, and my ſelfe to be

Euer your Worſhips at command,

FRANCIS PILKINGTON.

To my approoued Friend, Maſter FRANCIS PILKINGTON, Batchelar of *Muſicke*.

A Sonnet.

Thoſe great Atchieuements *our* Heroicke Spirits
Haue done in Englands *old or later* Victories,
Shall we attribute wholly to the Merrits,
Of our Braue Leaders? *And faire* Induſtries
Which their not-named Followers haue expreſt
Lie hid? And muſt the Matchleſſe Excellencies
Of Bird, Bull, Dowland, Morley, *and the reſt*
Of our rare Artiſts, *(who now dim the lights*
Of other lands) be onely in Requeſt?
Thy ſelfe, (and others) looſing your due Rights
To high Deſert? *nay, make it (yet) more plaine,*
That thou canſt hit the Ayres of euery vaine.
Their praiſe was their Reward, *and ſo'tis thine:*
The Pleaſure of thy paines all mens: *and mine.*

William Webbe.

To Maſter FRANCIS PILKINGTON, Batchelar of *Muſicke*.

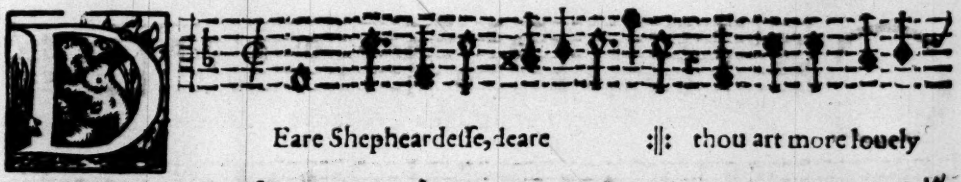
ART's praiſe, and Skill's high pitch, are not ſo tyed
To bankes of *Po*, or ſiluer Thames (we ſee)
But *Ioues* faire bird may haunt fine ſtreames beſide,
And chaunt ſweet layes on brinkes of Antique dee.

Old *Cheſter* is not ſo with Eld ore-laine,
That where contention is for praiſe, ſhee then
Should not her old-borne title ſtill maintaine,
And put in, for her claime to chiefe of Men.

Witneſſe more Inſtances hereof, then caſt
Into few lines can be (ſome larger Quill
Shall labour that) Witneſſe thy firſt and laſt
Rare-fram'de compoſures. And this witneſſe will

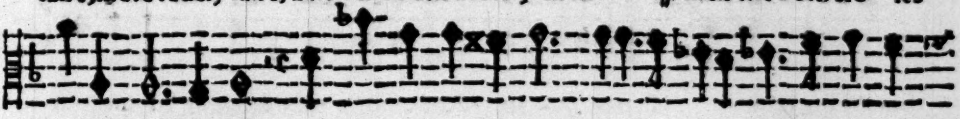
Thy choice for Patron: one for glorious fame,
Chiefe in our Clyme, Grace to thy worke, thy name.

Thine and the Muſes friends of *Cheſter*,
Henry Harpur.



Eare Shepheardeſſe, deare :||: thou art more louely

faire, more louely faire, Then the both Roſes, then :||: then the both Ro- ſes



in the prime of May, Thou art more tender, ſweet, thou :||: without com-

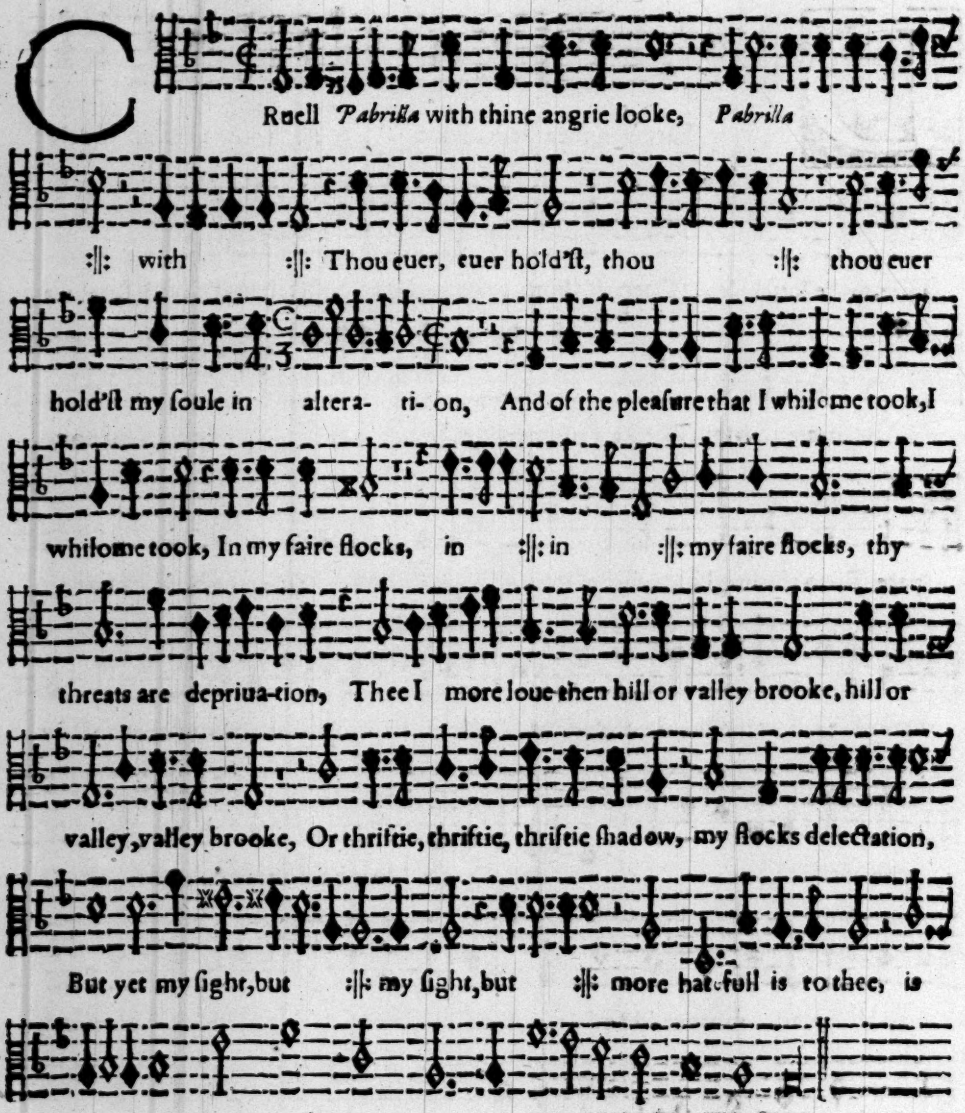
pare, Then the bright Morning, then :||: at the breake of day,

breake :||: at the breake of day, at :||: But vnto me, that doe thy

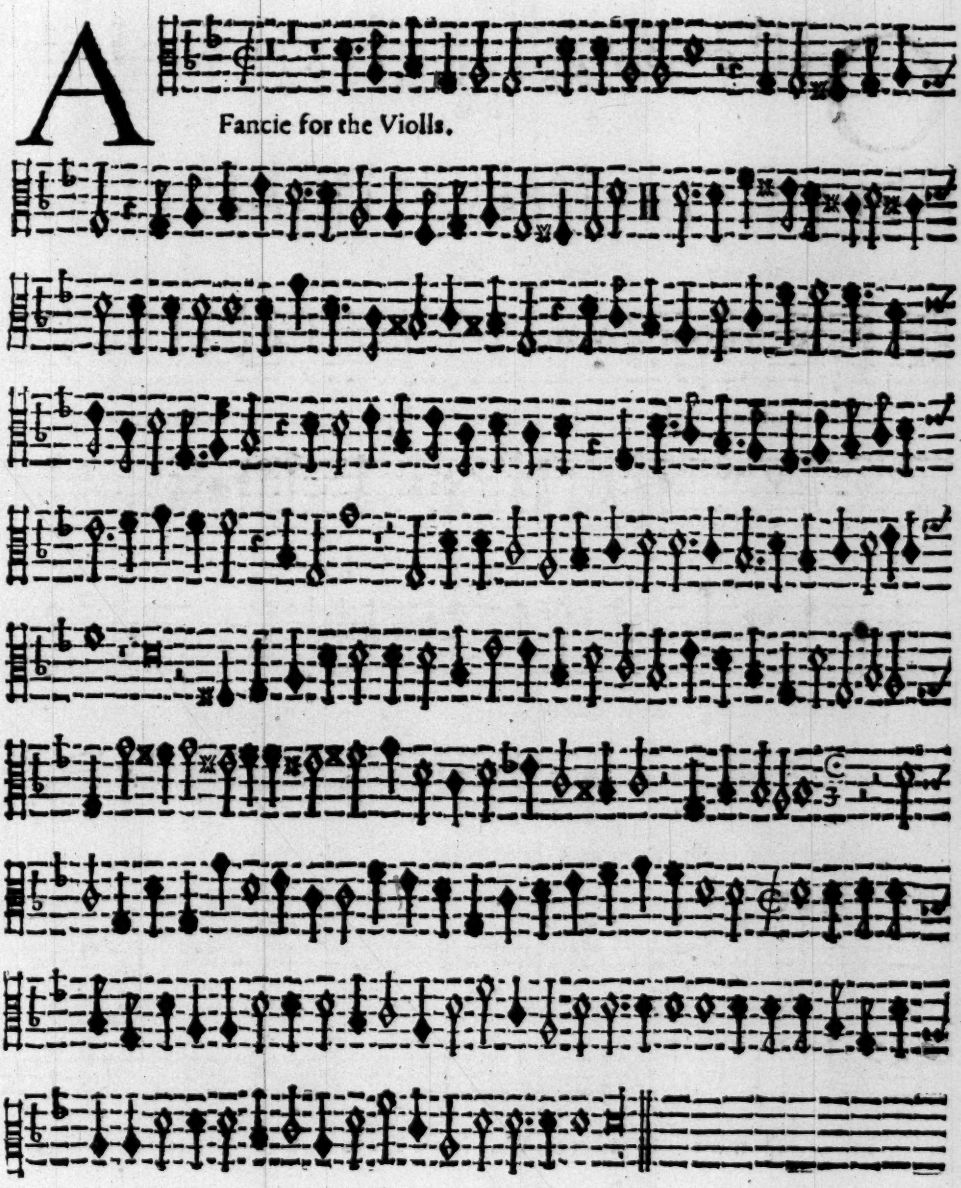
praiſe declare, but :||: More cold, more cold and dead,

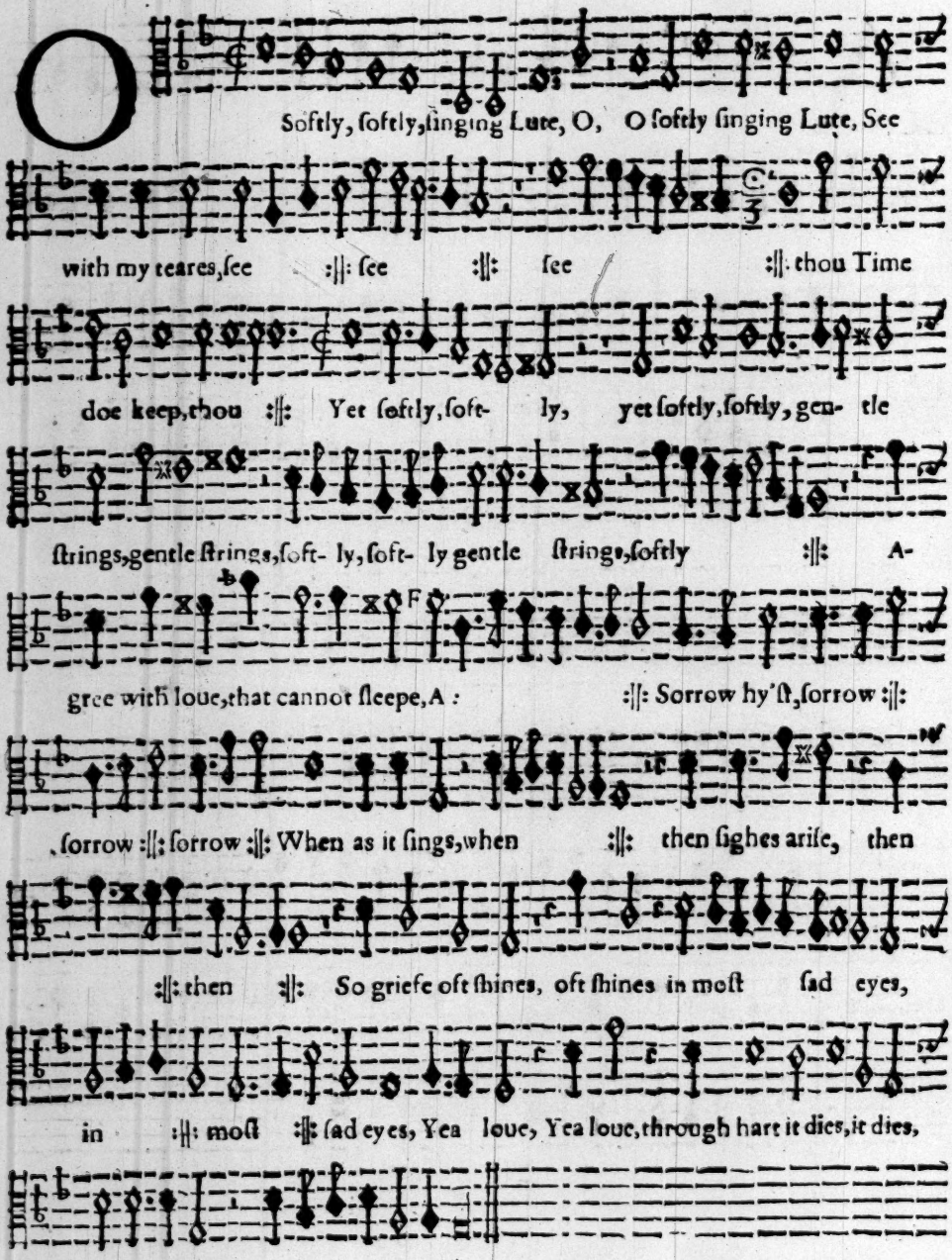
and dead, more cold and dead, more cold and dead, and dead,

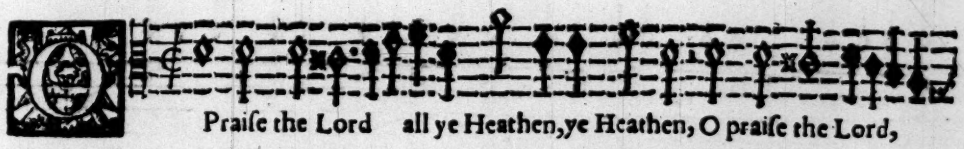
then the moſt cold diſmay. cold diſmay.


Cruell Pabrilla with thine angrie looke, Pabrilla
:||: with :||: Thou euer, euer hold'ſt, thou :||: thou euer
hold'ſt my ſoule in altera- ti- on, And of the pleaſure that I whilome took, I
whilome took, In my faire flocks, in :||: in :||: my faire flocks, thy
threats are depriua-tion, Thee I more loue then hill or valley brooke, hill or
valley, valley brooke, Or thriftie, thriftie, thriftie ſhadow, my flocks delectation,
But yet my ſight, but :||: my ſight, but :||: more hat-full is to thee, is
to thee, Then thornes, then thornes or nettles to thy white foot-be.

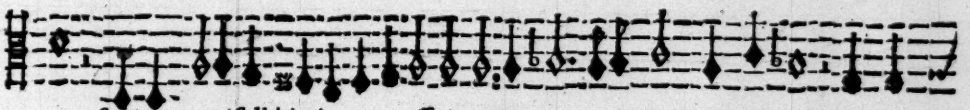
A Fancie for the Violls.

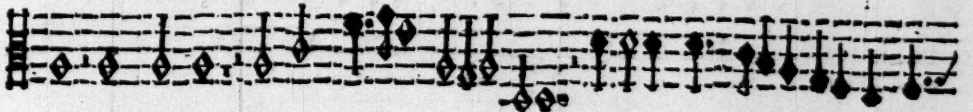


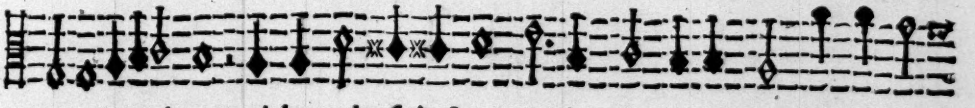

O Softly, ſoftly, ſinging Lute, O, O ſoftly ſinging Lute, See
with my teares, ſee :||: ſee :||: ſee :||: thou Time
doe keep, thou :||: Yet ſoftly, ſoft- ly, yet ſoftly, ſoftly, gen- tle
ſtrings, gentle ſtrings, ſoft- ly, ſoft- ly gentle ſtrings, ſoftly :||: A-
gree with loue, that cannot ſleepe, A : :||: Sorrow hy'ſt, ſorrow :||:
ſorrow :||: ſorrow :||: When as it ſings, when :||: then ſighes ariſe, then
:||: then :||: So griefe oft ſhines, oft ſhines in moſt ſad eyes,
in :||: moſt :||: ſad eyes, Yea loue, Yea loue, through hart it dies, it dies,
through :||: through :||:

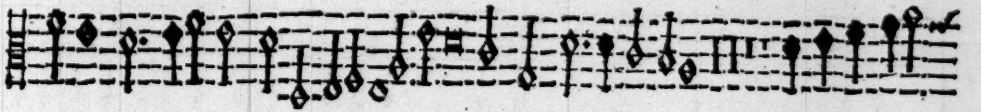

O Praiſe the Lord all ye Heathen, ye Heathen, O praiſe the Lord,

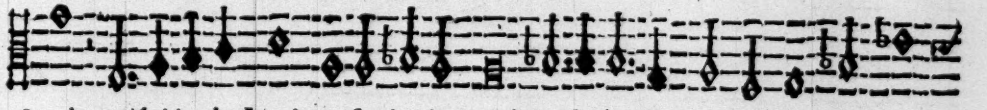
all ye Heathen, all ye Hea- then, For his merciſull kindneſſe is euer more and


more, for his merciſull kind- neſſe is euer more and more towards vs, towards

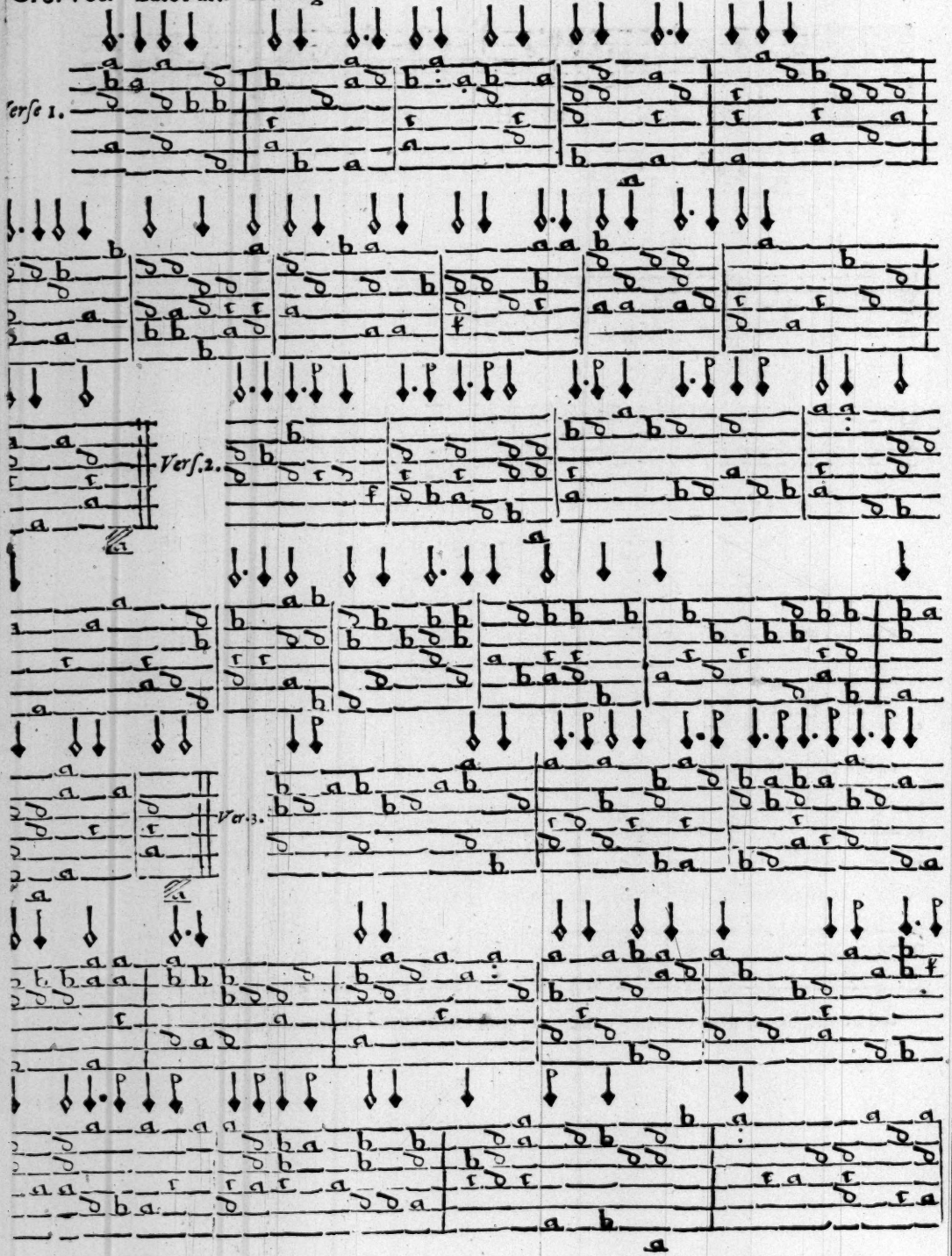

vs, towards vs, for his merciſull kinde- neſſe is euer more and more towards

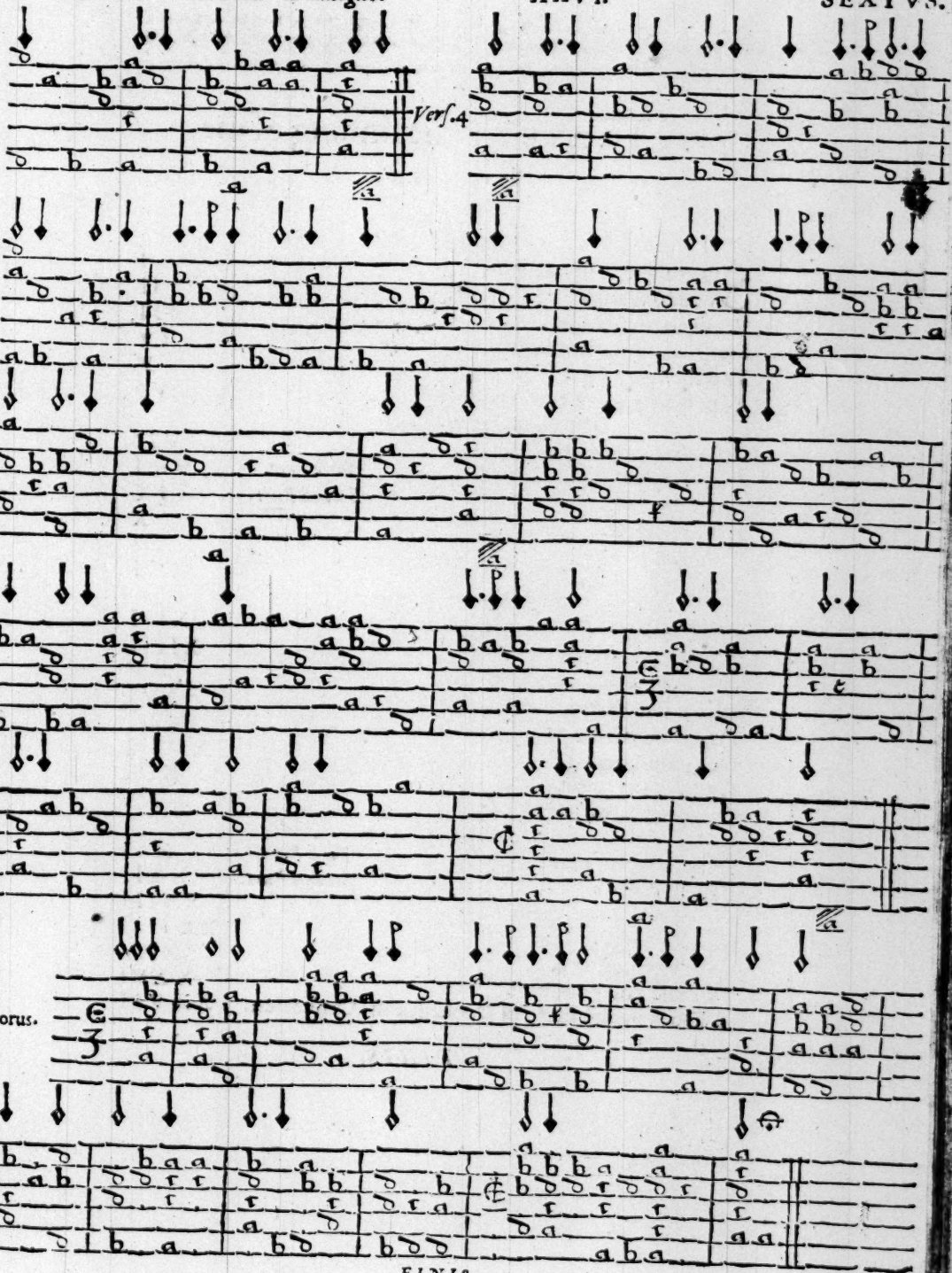

vs, to- wards vs, And the truth of the Lord, and the truth of the Lord, and the truth


of the Lord, of the Lord endu-reth, endureth for euer, for euer, Praiſed be the


Lord, praiſed be the Lord, praiſed be the Lord; praiſed be the Lord, be the Lord, prai-

ſed be the Lord, praiſed be the Lord, praiſed be the Lord. praiſed be the Lord.


Verſe 1.
Verſ. 2.
Ver. 3.



FINIS.

A TABLE for the finding of the SONGS.

Of 3. Voyces.

SOu'raigne of my delight.		I
YOnd hill tops.		II
Wake ſleepy *Thirſis*.		III
Stay hart, runne not ſo faſt.		IV
Ye bubling ſprings.		V
Your fond preferments.		VI

Of 4. Voyces.

Manalcas in an Euening.		VII
Coy *Daphne*.	*Firſt Part.*	VIII
Chaſt *Daphne*.	*Second Part.*	IX
If ſhee neglect.		X
Palemon.		XI
You gentle Nymphs.		XII

Of 5. Voyces.

Chaſt *Syrinx*,		XIII
Come Shepheards.		XIIII
Crowned with flowers.		XV
Weepe ſad *Vrania*.		XVI
O gratious God,		XVII
Goe you skipping.		XVIII
Care for thy ſoule.		XIX
Drowne not with teares.		XX

Of 6. Voyces.

Deare Shepheardeſſe.	*Firſt Part.*	XXI
Cruell *Pabrilla*.	*Second Part.*	XXII
A Fancie for the Violls.		XXIII
O ſoftly ſinging Lute.		XXIIII
O Praiſe the Lord.		XXV
Surceaſe you youthfull.		XXVI
A Pauen by the Earle of *Darbie* for the Orpharion.		XXVII

FINIS.

BASSVS.

THE SECOND SET

Of *Madrigals*, and *Paſtorals*, of 3. 4. 5. and 6. Parts;

Apt for Violls and Voyces:

Newly Compoſed by FRANCIS PILKINGTON, Batchelar of *Muſicke*, and *Luteniſt*, and *Chaunter* of the Cathedrall Church of CHRIST, and bleſſed MARY the Virgin, in *Cheſter*.

LONDON:
Printed by THOMAS SNODHAM, for *M. L.* and *A. B.* 1624.

TO THE RIGHT VVORſhipfull, And worthy of much Honor, Sir PETER LEIGHE of *Lyme*, KNIGHT.

Honoured Sir:

TO him that ſhall demand of me, why I preſume to ſend this fruit of my (now aged *Muſe*) to ſeeke patronage vnder your worth: my anſwere ſhall be this; Aske the little ſparks why they dare flie vpwards towards the glorious Sunne, or the ſmall Riuerets and Brookes, why they with a haſtie boldneſſe ſtriue to be engulphed into the boſome of the vaſte *Ocean*.

Nature her ſelfe hath taught all her workes to tend vnto their proper place: and the *Subiects* of *Vertue* can neuer offer their ſeruice, nor her *Prieſts* bring their ſacrifice, but where their ſoueraigne *Queene* erects a Temple.

Sir: Your Noble diſpoſition inuites all eyes to behold the generous reſpect you beare to all the poore trauellers, that labour in the tedious iourney which leades to *Merit* and *Perfection*: And if *I*, the meaneſt and vnableſt of thouſands of thoſe, (encouraged by all mens generall Admiration of your nobie Courteſies, and imboldened by your particular acceptation of ſuch former ſeruices, as my good hap hath beene to performe in ſome of your imploy ments) may now procure the Reflection of the leaſt beame of your faire *Aſpect*, vpon this my little *Bundle* of *Ruſhes*, that I carry towards the ſtrewing of the flore of that *Amiable Temple*, where that *Great Goddeſſe* hath her *Chaire*, the *Muſes* ſit in the *Quier*, and the *Noiſe* is nothing but *Melodie* and *Harmonious Sweetneſſe*: It will infinitely refreſh my wearie ſteppes: and (happily) yet enliue my fainting ſpirits, that I may lagge on, yet one Iourney more, (if not in the middeſt,) yet in the Rereward of thoſe many expert and able ſeruants of this Soueraigne *Queene*, to doe her and you ſome further ſeruice. To which I deuote the Remainder of my poore endeauours, and my ſelfe to be

Euer your Worſhips at command,

FRANCIS PILKINGTON.

To my approoued Friend, Master FRANCIS PILKINGTON, Batchelar of *Musicke*.

A Sonnet.

THose great Atchieuements *our* Heroicke Spirits
Haue done in Englands *old or Later* Victories,
Shall we attribute wholly to the Merrits,
Of our Braue Leaders? *And faire* Industries
Which their not-named Followers haue exprest
Lie hid? And must the Matchlesse Excellencies
Of Bird, Bull, Dowland, Morley, *and the rest*
Of our rare Artists, *(who now dim the lights*
Of other lands) be only in Request?
Thy selfe, (and others) loosing your due Rights
To high Desert? *nay, [illegible] (yet) more plaint,*
That thou canst hit the Ayres of euery vaine.
Their praise was their Reward, *and so 'tis thine:*
The Pleasure of thy paines all mens: *and mine.*

William Webbe.

To Master FRANCIS PILKINGTON, Batchelar of *Musicke*.

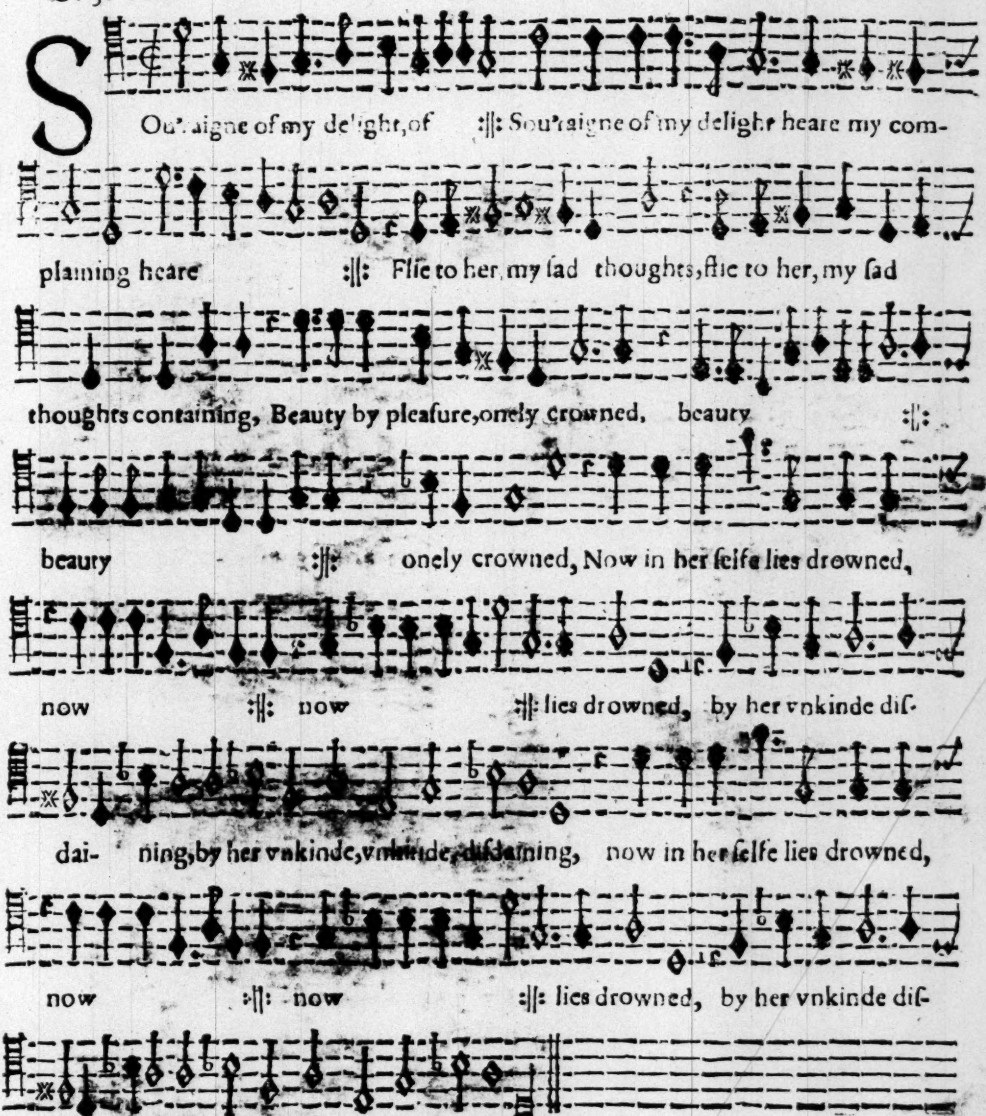
ARt's praise, and Skill's high pitch, are not so tyed
To bankes of *Po*, or siluer Thames (wo see)
[illegible] *Ioues* faire bird may haunt fine streames beside,
And chaunt sweet layes on [illegible] of Antique dee.

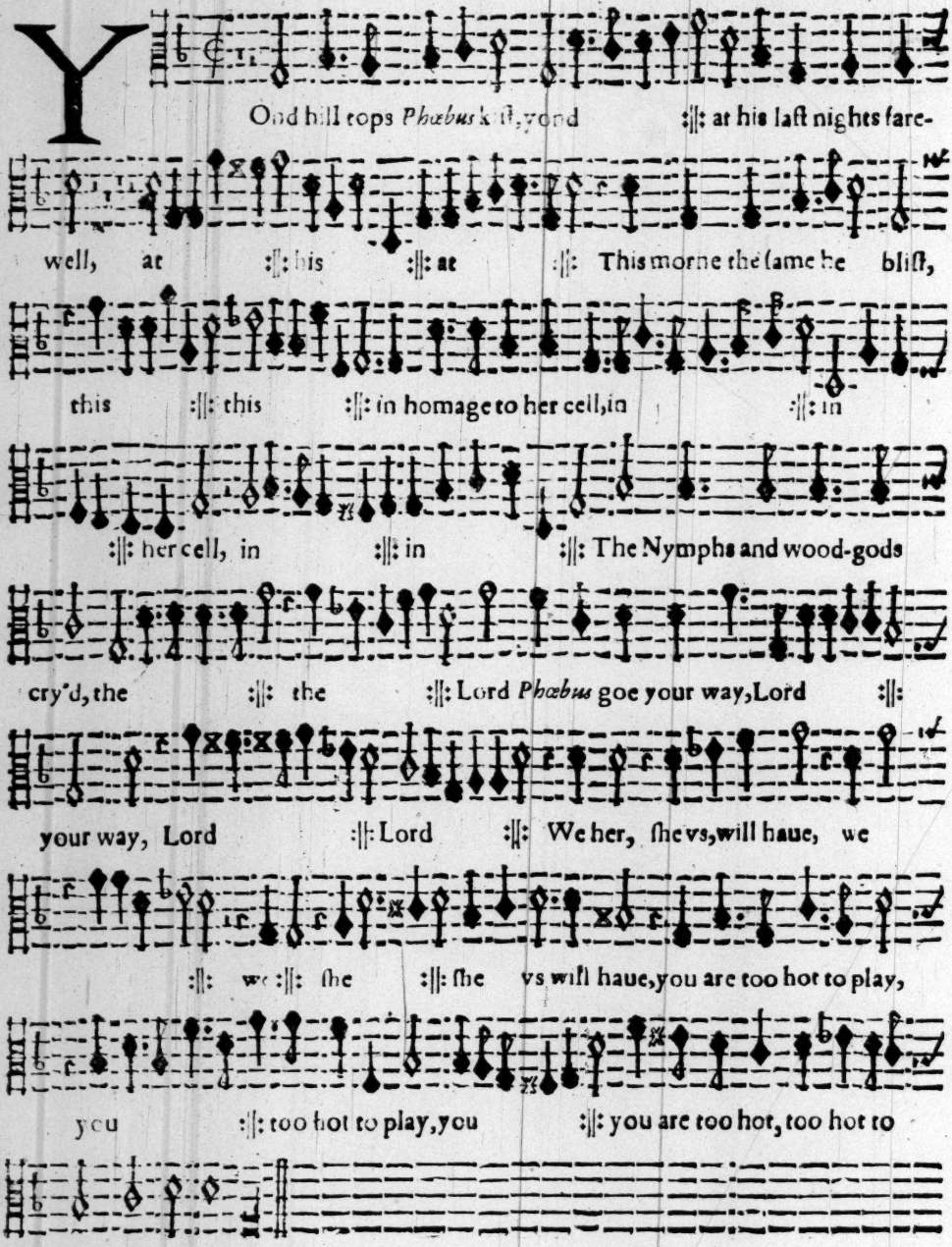
Old *Chester* is not so with Eld ore-laine,
That where contention is for praise, shee then
Should not her old-borne title still maintaine,
And put in, for her claime to chiefe of Men.

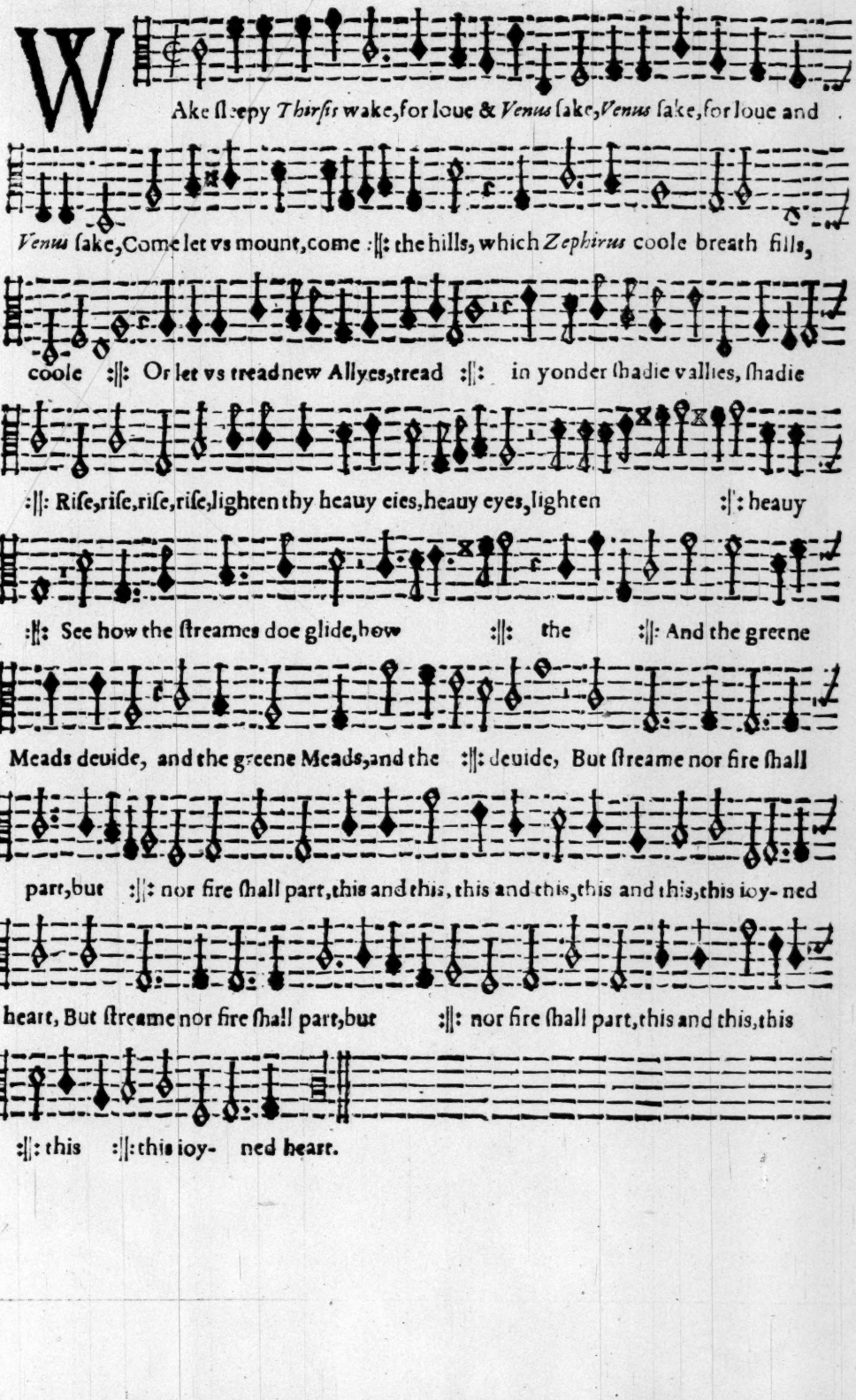
Witnesse more Instances hereof, then cast
Into few lines can be (some larger Quill)
Shall labour that Witnesse [illegible] first and last
Rare-fram'de composures. And this witnesse will

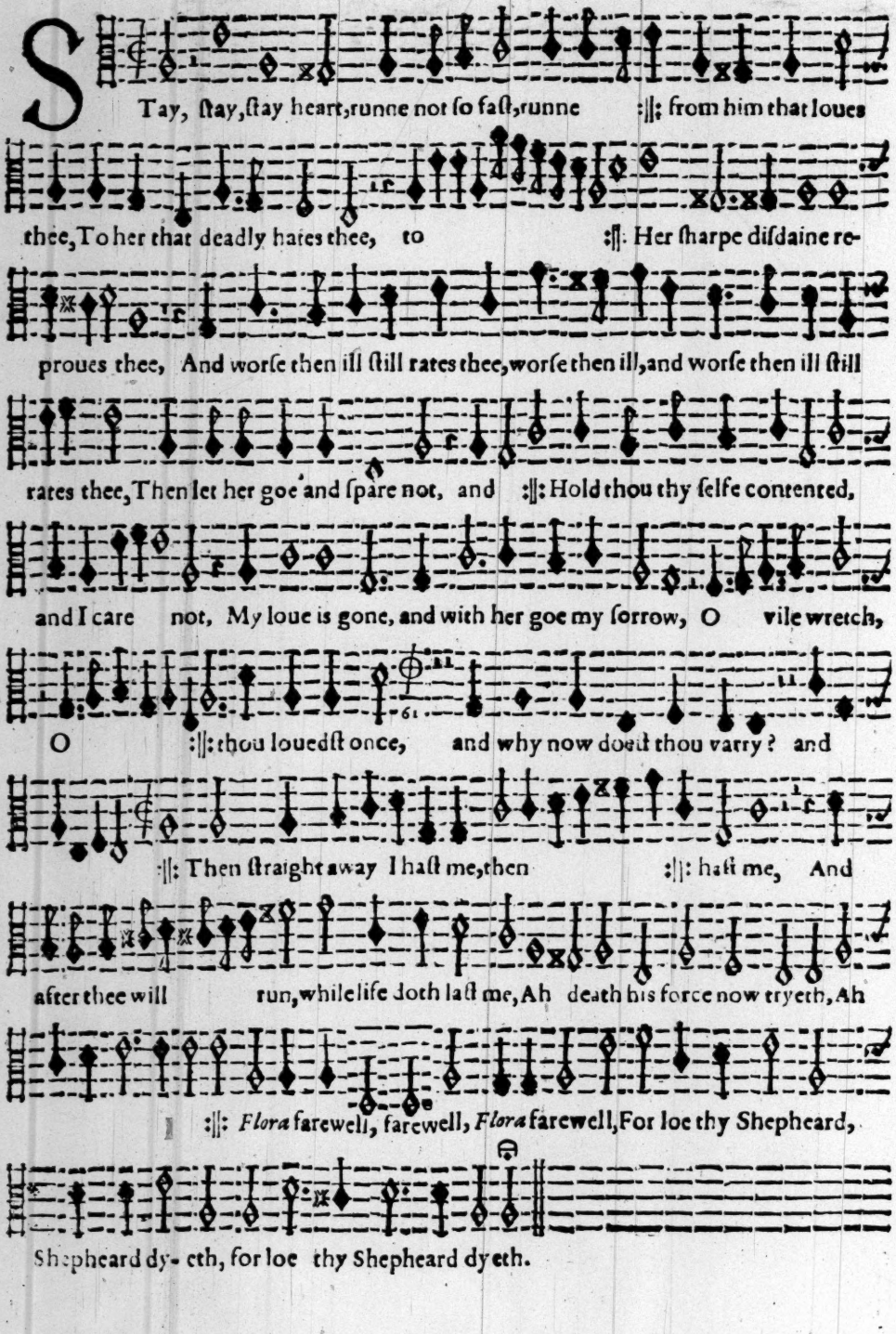
Thy choice for Patron: one for glorious fame,
Chiefe in our Clyme, Grace to thy worke, thy name.

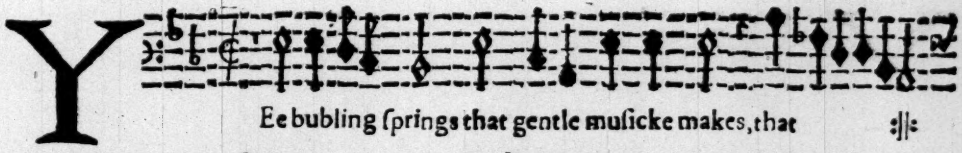
Thine and the Muses friends of *Chester*,
Henry Harpur.


Sou'raigne of my de'light, of :||: Sou'raigne of my delight heare my com-
plaining heare :||: Flie to her my ſad thoughts, flie to her, my ſad
thoughts containing, Beauty by pleaſure, onely crowned, beauty :||:
beauty :||: onely crowned, Now in her ſelfe lies drowned,
now :||: now :||: lies drowned, by her vnkinde diſ-
dai- ning, by her vnkinde, vnkinde, diſdaining, now in her ſelfe lies drowned,
now :||: now :||: lies drowned, by her vnkinde diſ-
dai- ning, by her vnkinde, vnkinde diſdaining.


Yond hill tops Phœbus kiſſ, yond :|: at his laſt nights fare-
well, at :|: his :|: at :|: This morne the ſame he bliſſ,
this :|: this :|: in homage to her cell, in :|: in
:|: her cell, in :|: in :|: The Nymphs and wood-gods
cry'd, the :|: the :|: Lord Phœbus goe your way, Lord :|:
your way, Lord :|: Lord :|: We her, ſhe vs, will haue, we
:|: we :|: ſhe :|: ſhe vs will haue, you are too hot to play,
you :|: too hot to play, you :|: you are too hot, too hot to
play. too hot to play.


Wake ſleepy Thirſis wake, for loue & Venus ſake, Venus ſake, for loue and
Venus ſake, Come let vs mount, come :‖: the hills, which Zephirus coole breath fills,
coole :‖: Or let vs tread new Allyes, tread :‖: in yonder ſhadie vallies, ſhadie
:‖: Riſe, riſe, riſe, riſe, lighten thy heauy eies, heauy eyes, lighten :‖: heauy
:‖: See how the ſtreames doe glide, how :‖: the :‖: And the greene
Meads deuide, and the greene Meads, and the :‖: deuide, But ſtreame nor fire ſhall
part, but :‖: nor fire ſhall part, this and this, this and this, this and this, this ioy- ned
heart, But ſtreame nor fire ſhall part, but :‖: nor fire ſhall part, this and this, this
:‖: this :‖: this ioy- ned heart.

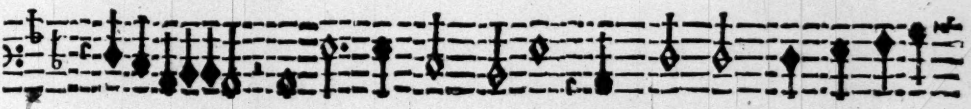

STay, ſtay, ſtay heart, runne not ſo faſt, runne :||: from him that loues
thee, To her that deadly hates thee, to :||: Her ſharpe diſdaine re-
proues thee, And worſe then ill ſtill rates thee, worſe then ill, and worſe then ill ſtill
rates thee, Then let her goe and ſpare not, and :||: Hold thou thy ſelfe contented,
and I care not, My loue is gone, and with her goe my ſorrow, O vile wretch,
O :||: thou louedſt once, and why now doeſt thou varry? and
:||: Then ſtraight away I haſt me, then :||: haſt me, And
after thee will run, while life doth laſt me, Ah death his force now tryeth, Ah
:||: Flora farewell, farewell, Flora farewell, For loe thy Shepheard,
Shepheard dy- eth, for loe thy Shepheard dyeth.



Ye bubling ſprings that gentle muſicke makes, that :||:

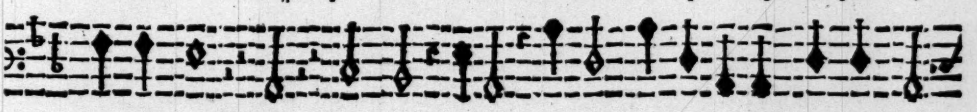
muſicke makes, To louers plaints, to :||: with heart-ſore throbs, ſore :||: immixt.

When as my deare, when :||: when :||: my deare this way her pleaſure takes,



this :||: Tell her with teares, with :||: How firme, how firme my loue is

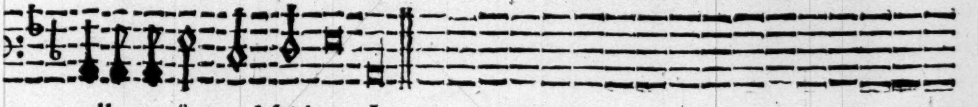
fixt, how :||: my loue is fixt, And *Philomell* report, report, report my



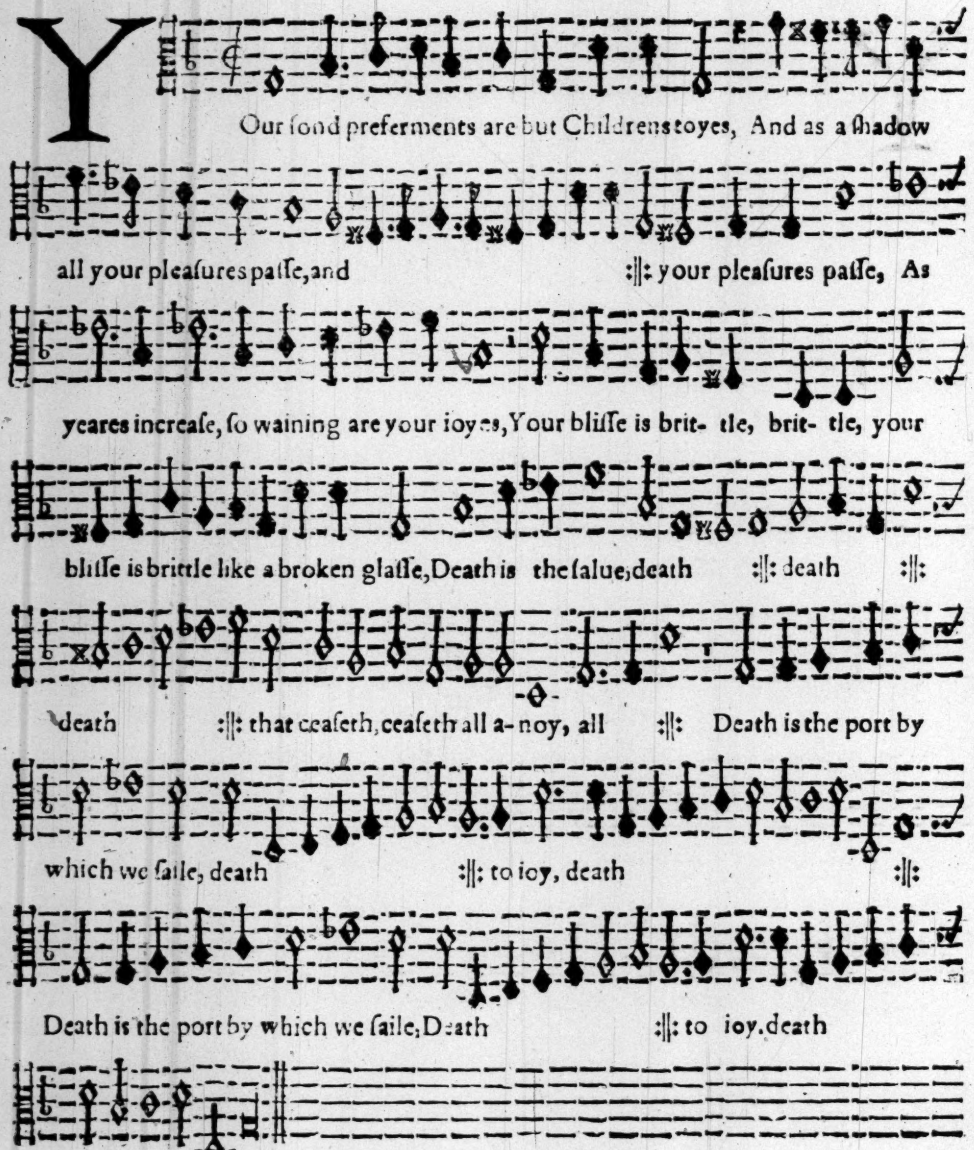
timerous feares, Sound, ſound my highoes, highoes, highoes in her eares, her eares,

But if ſhe aske, but :||: if I for loue will dye, if :||: will :||: if

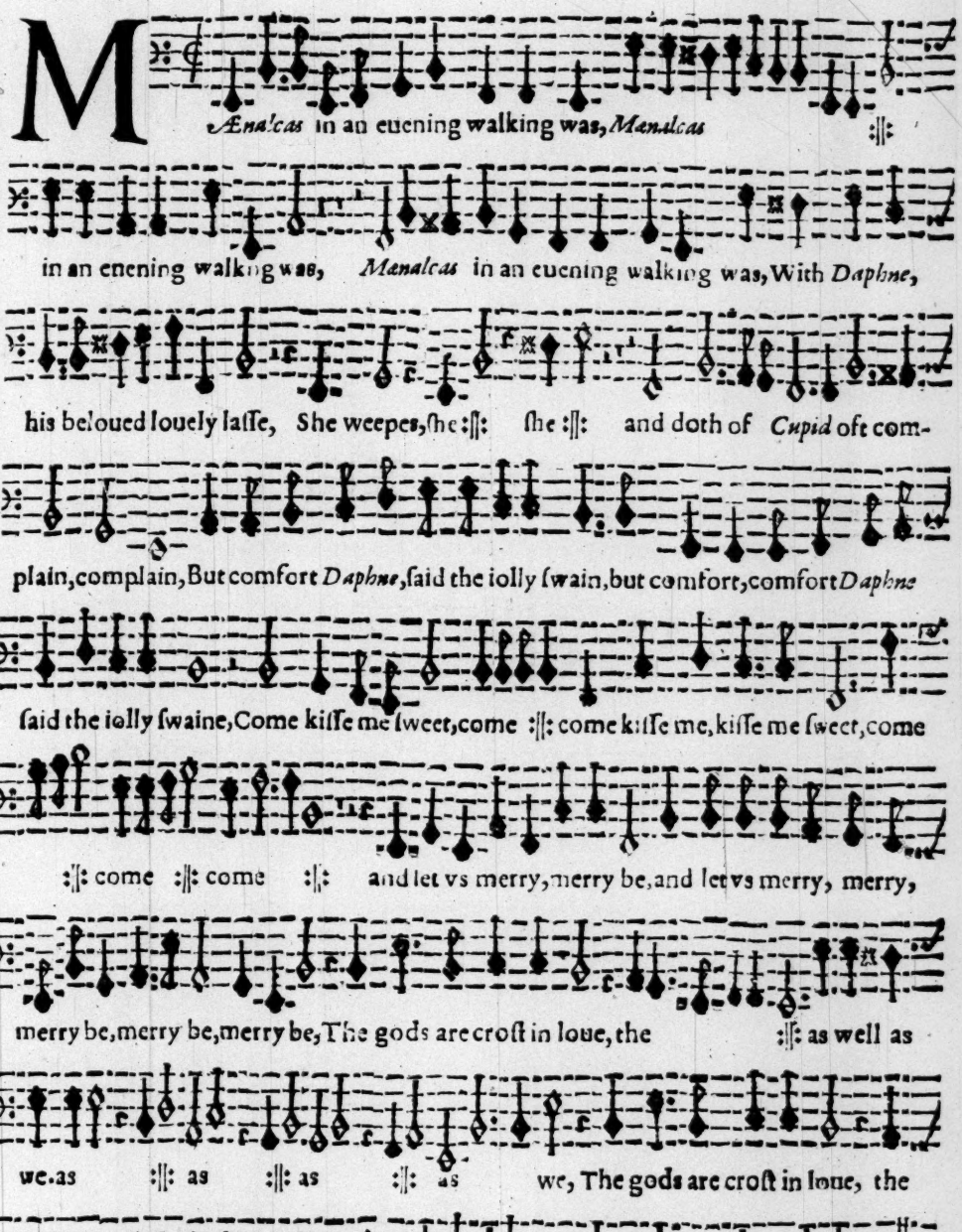
:||: if :||: if :||: will dye, Tell her good faith,

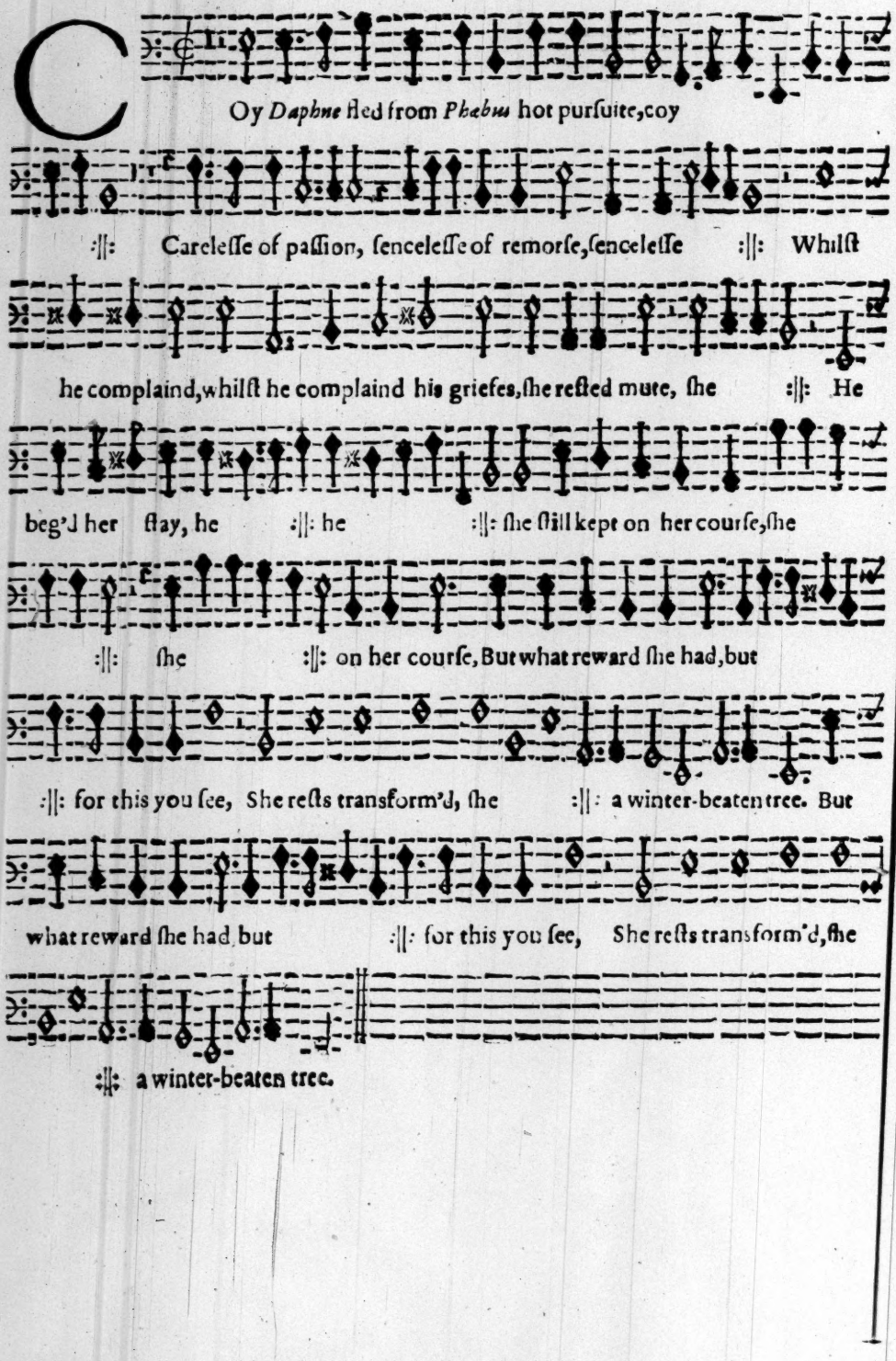


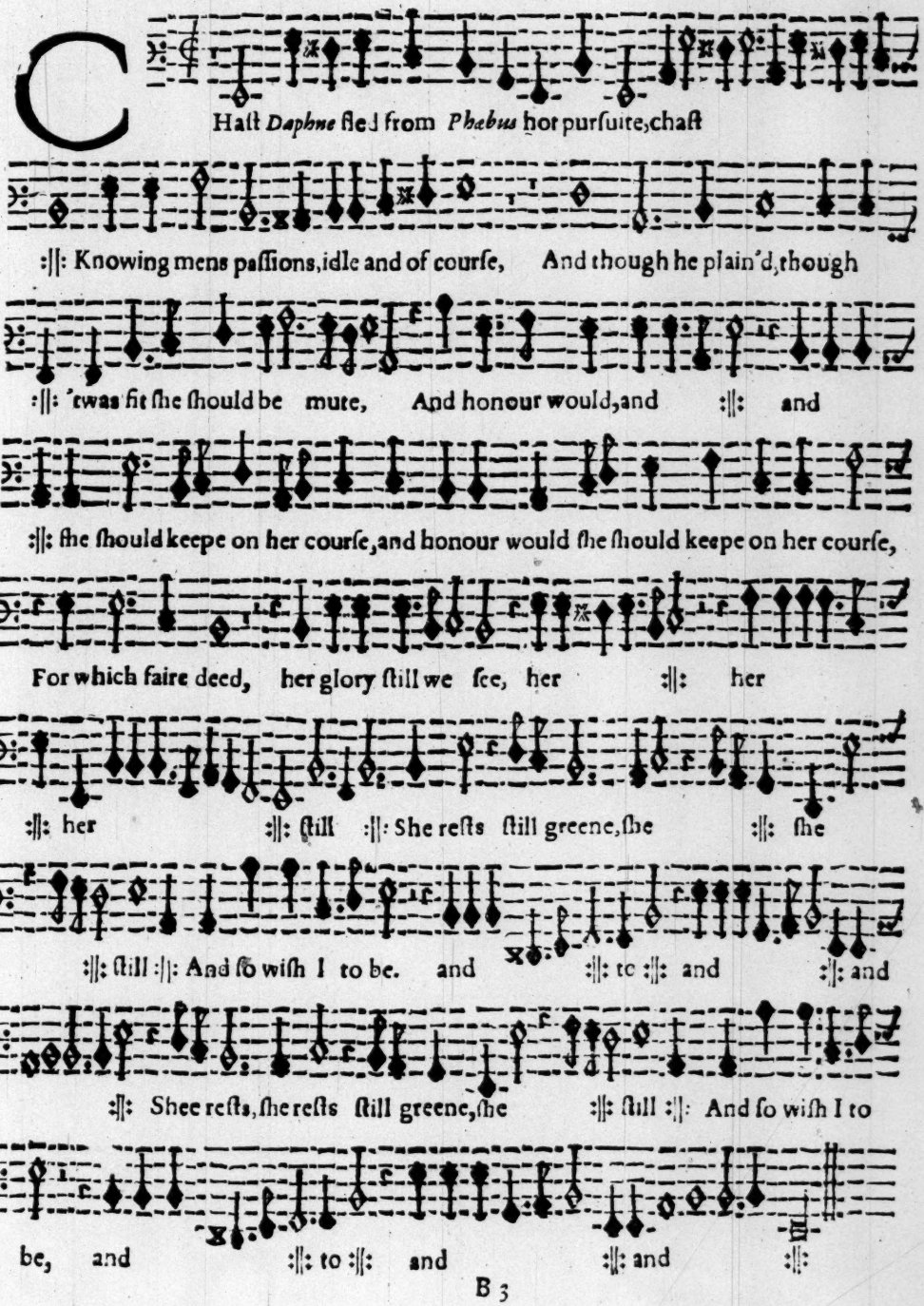
tell :||: good faith not I.

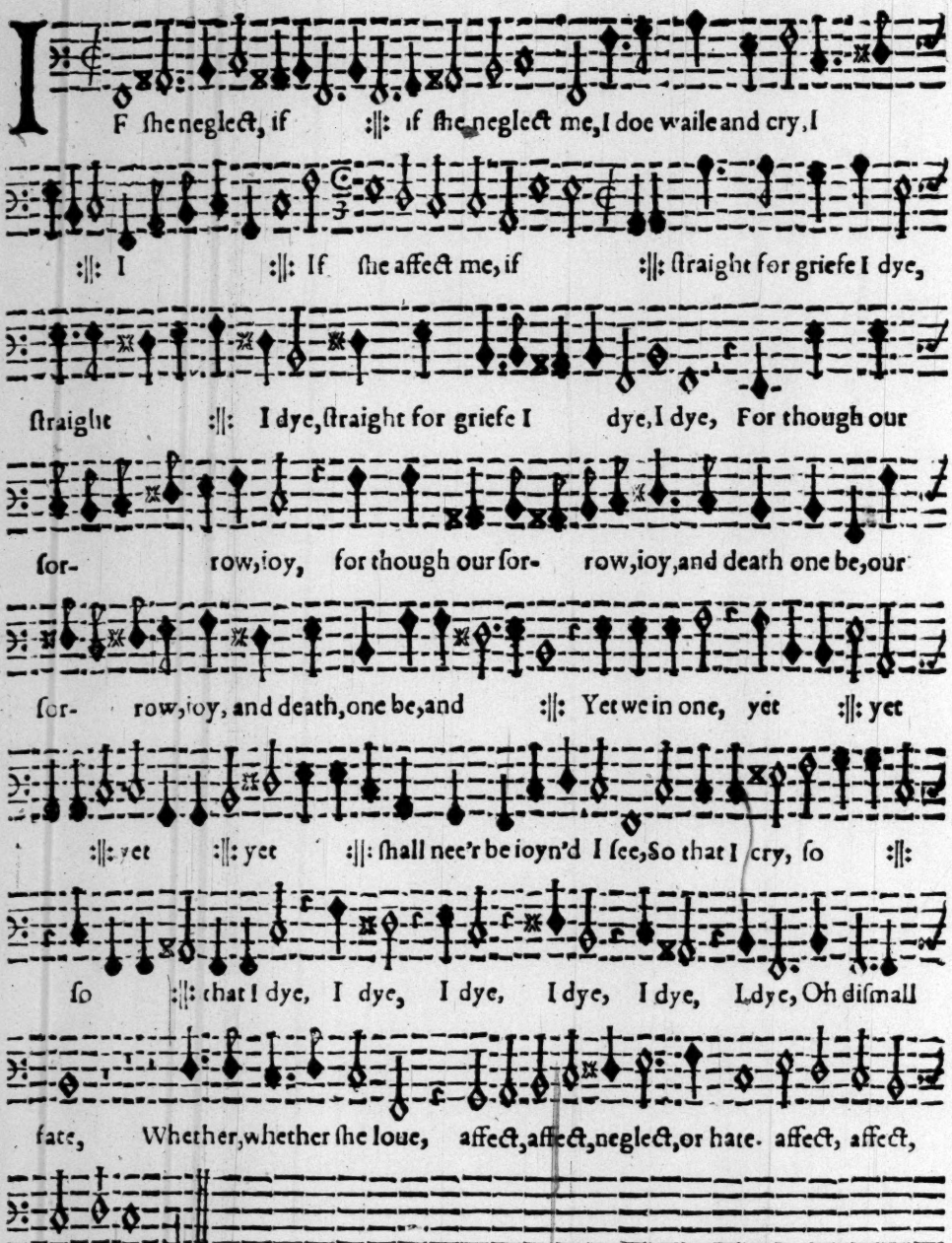


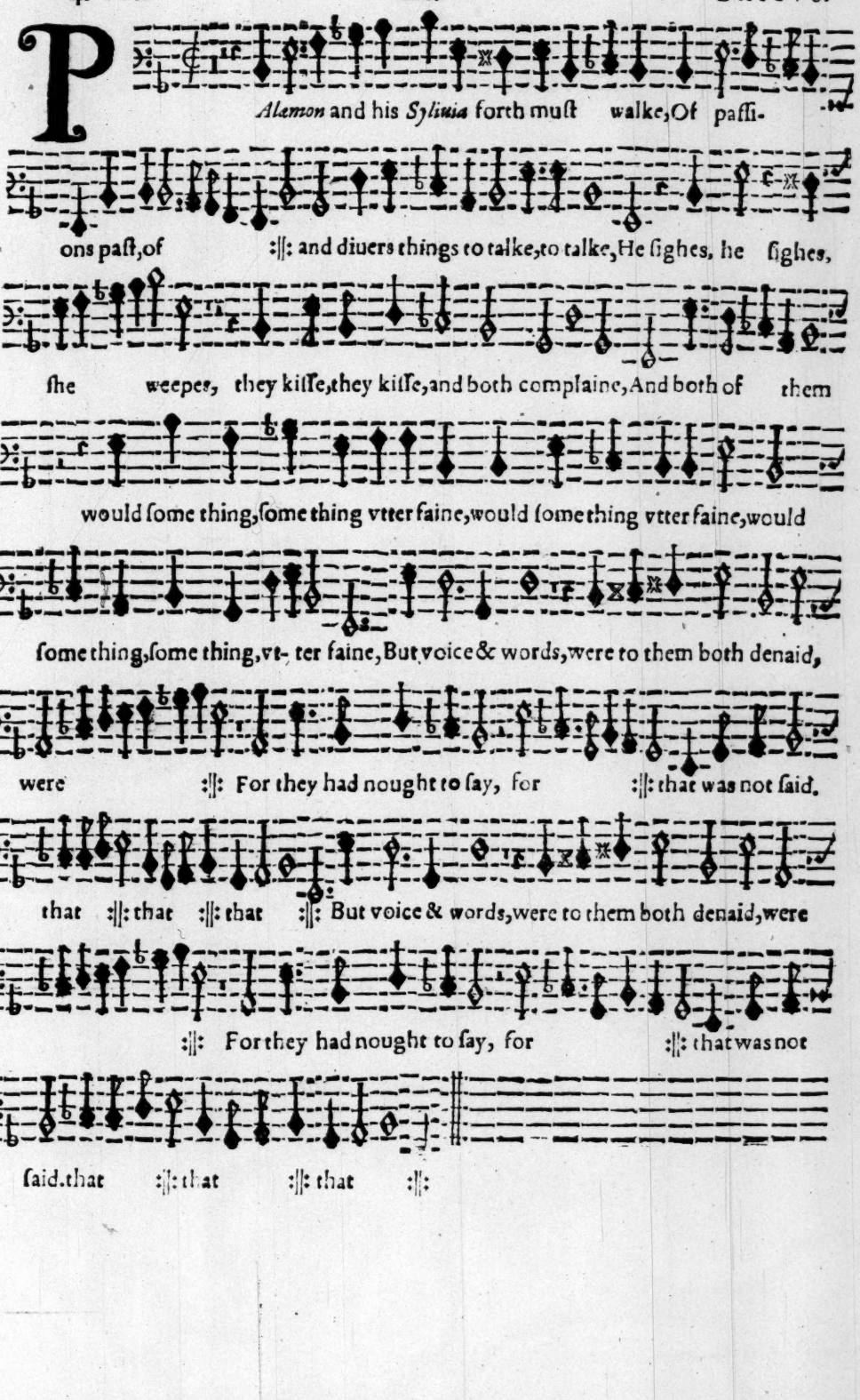
Here endeth the Songs of three Parts.

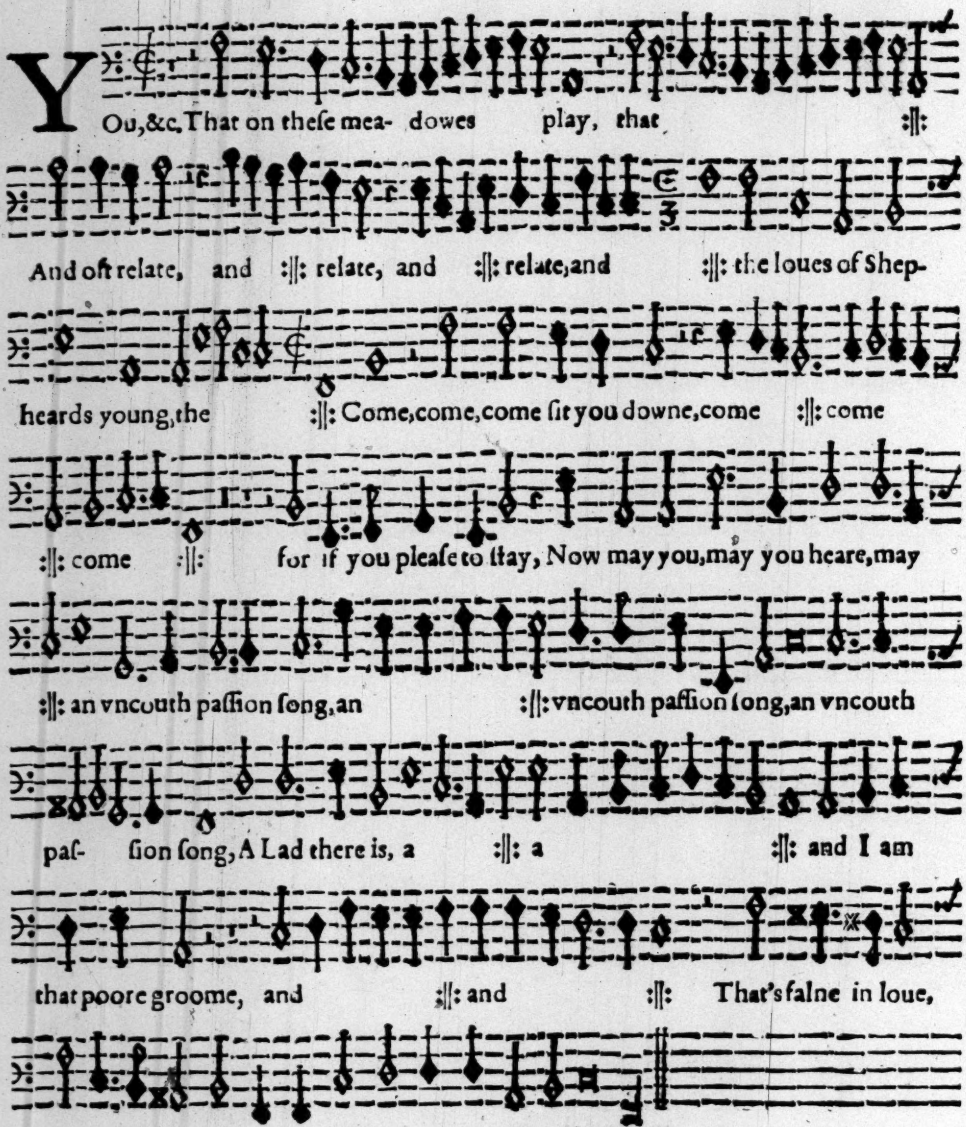

Menalcas in an euening walking was, Menalcas :||:
in an euening walking was, Menalcas in an euening walking was, With Daphne,
his beloued louely laſſe, She weepes, ſhe :||: ſhe :||: and doth of Cupid oft com-
plain, complain, But comfort Daphne, ſaid the iolly ſwain, but comfort, comfort Daphne
ſaid the iolly ſwaine, Come kiſſe me ſweet, come :||: come kiſſe me, kiſſe me ſweet, come
:||: come :||: come :||: and let vs merry, merry be, and let vs merry, merry,
merry be, merry be, merry be, The gods are croſt in loue, the :||: as well as
we. as :||: as :||: as :||: as we, The gods are croſt in loue, the
:||: as well as we. as :||: as :||: as :||: as wee.


Coy Daphne fled from Phœbus hot purſuite, coy
:||: Careleſſe of paſſion, ſenceleſſe of remorſe, ſenceleſſe :||: Whilſt
he complaind, whilſt he complaind his griefes, ſhe reſted mute, ſhe :||: He
beg'd her ſtay, he :||: he :||: ſhe ſtill kept on her courſe, ſhe
:||: ſhe :||: on her courſe, But what reward ſhe had, but
:||: for this you ſee, She reſts transform'd, ſhe :||: a winter-beaten tree. But
what reward ſhe had but :||: for this you ſee, She reſts transform'd, ſhe
:||: a winter-beaten tree.

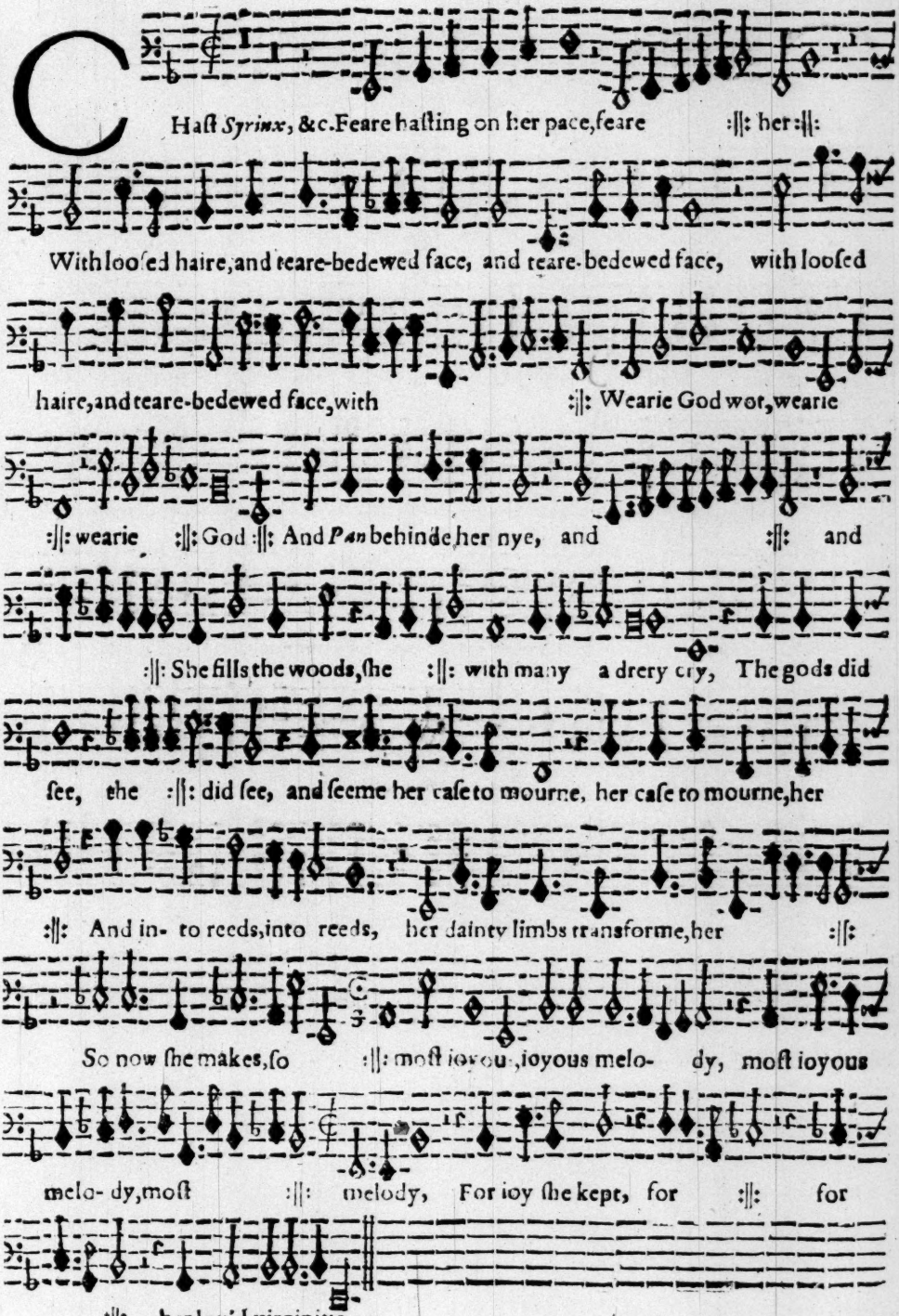

CHaſt Daphne fled from Phœbus hot purſuite, chaſt
:||: Knowing mens paſſions, idle and of courſe, And though he plain'd, though
:||: 'twas fit ſhe ſhould be mute, And honour would, and :||: and
:||: ſhe ſhould keepe on her courſe, and honour would ſhe ſhould keepe on her courſe,
For which faire deed, her glory ſtill we ſee, her :||: her
:||: her :||: ſtill :||: She reſts ſtill greene, ſhe :||: ſhe
:||: ſtill :||: And ſo wiſh I to be. and :||: to :||: and :||: and
:||: Shee reſts, ſhe reſts ſtill greene, ſhe :||: ſtill :||: And ſo wiſh I to
be, and :||: to :||: and :||: and :||:

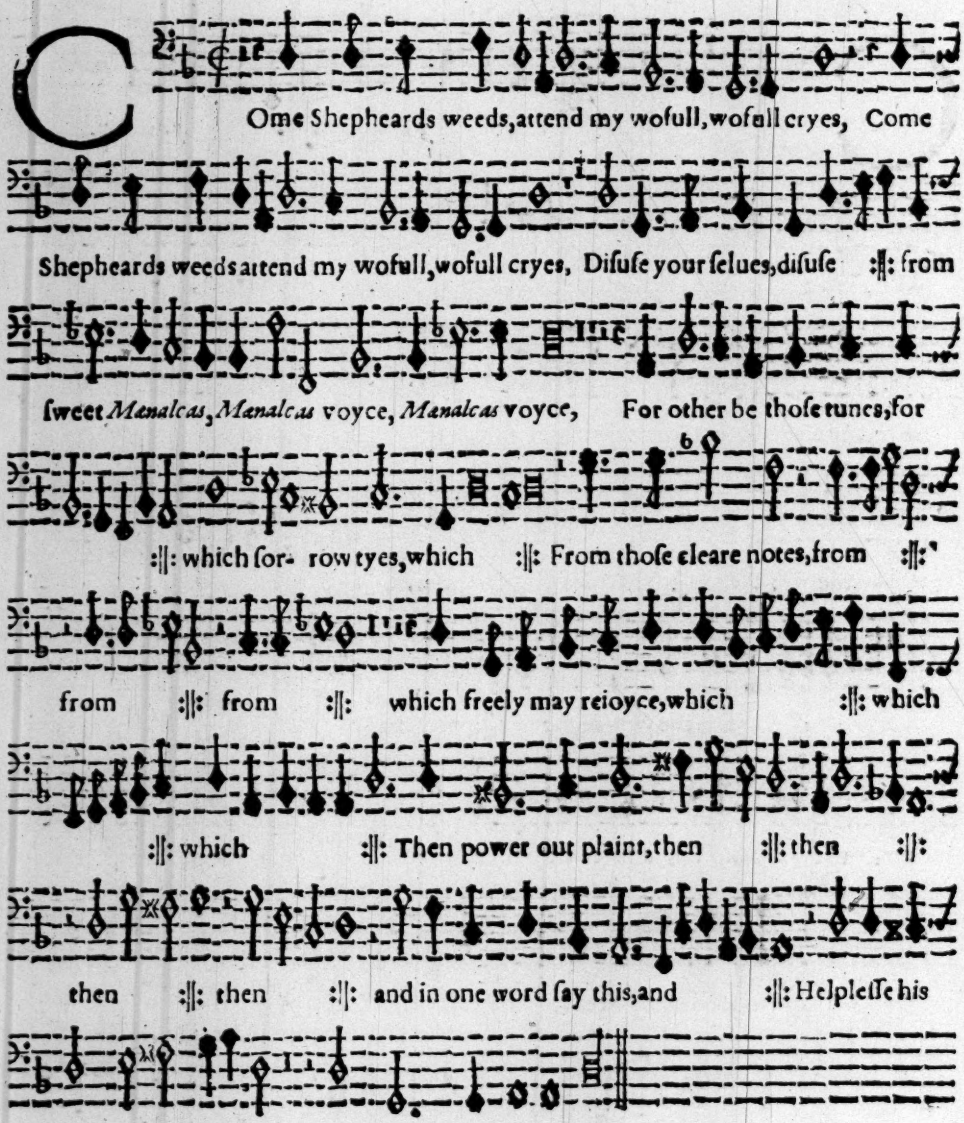

IF ſhe neglect, if :||: if ſhe neglect me, I doe waile and cry, I
:||: I :||: If ſhe affect me, if :||: ſtraight for griefe I dye,
ſtraight :||: I dye, ſtraight for griefe I dye, I dye, For though our
ſor- row, ioy, for though our ſor- row, ioy, and death one be, our
ſor- row, ioy, and death, one be, and :||: Yet we in one, yet :||: yet
:||: yet :||: yet :||: ſhall nee'r be ioyn'd I ſee, So that I cry, ſo :||:
ſo :||: that I dye, I dye, I dye, I dye, I dye, I dye, Oh diſmall
fate, Whether, whether ſhe loue, affect, affect, neglect, or hate. affect, affect,
neglect or hate.

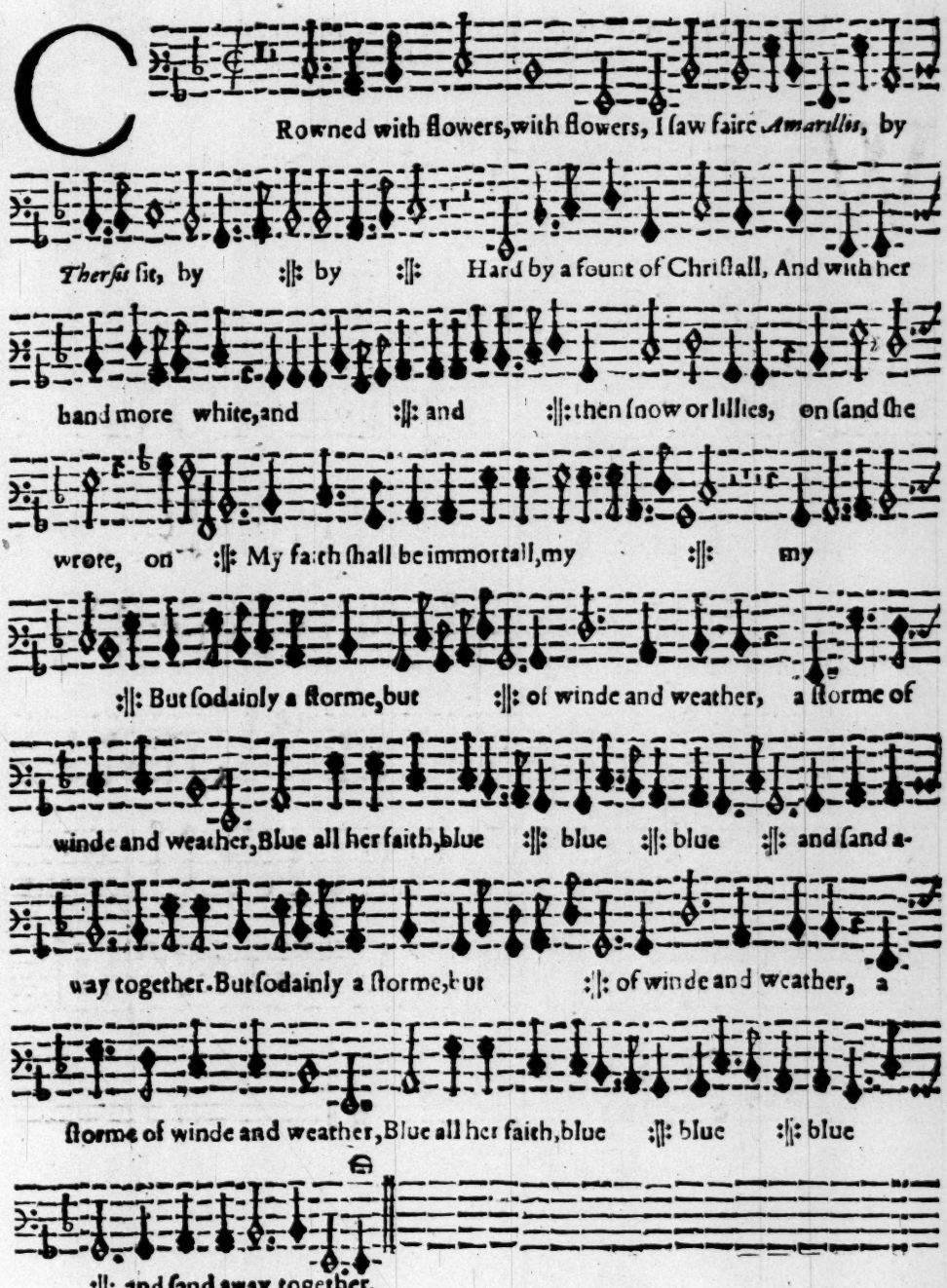

Alamon and his Syluia forth muſt walke, Of paſſi-
ons paſt, of :||: and diuers things to talke, to talke, He ſighes, he ſighes,
ſhe weepes, they kiſſe, they kiſſe, and both complaine, And both of them
would ſome thing, ſome thing vtter faine, would ſome thing vtter faine, would
ſome thing, ſome thing, vt- ter faine, But voice & words, were to them both denaid,
were :||: For they had nought to ſay, for :||: that was not ſaid.
that :||: that :||: that :||: But voice & words, were to them both denaid, were
:||: For they had nought to ſay, for :||: that was not
ſaid. that :||: that :||: that :||:



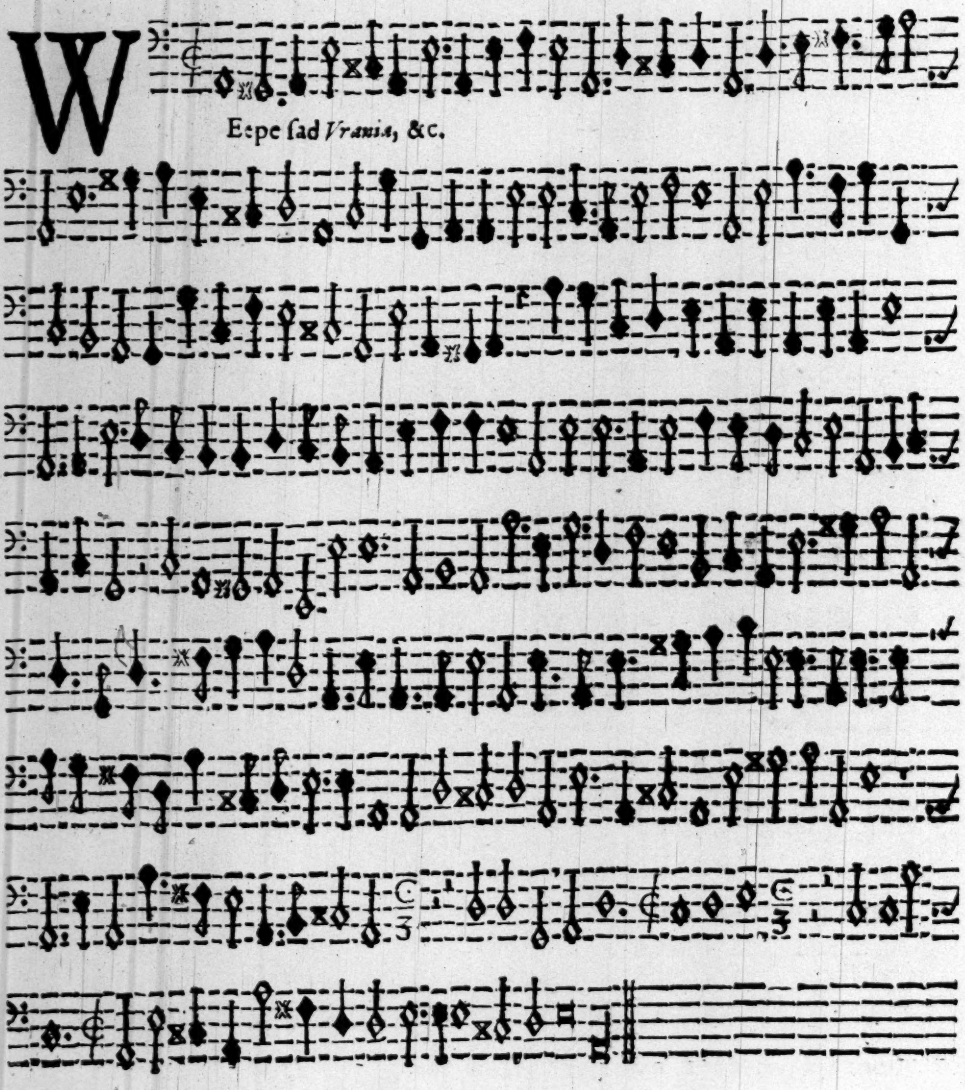
Here endeth the Songs of foure Parts.

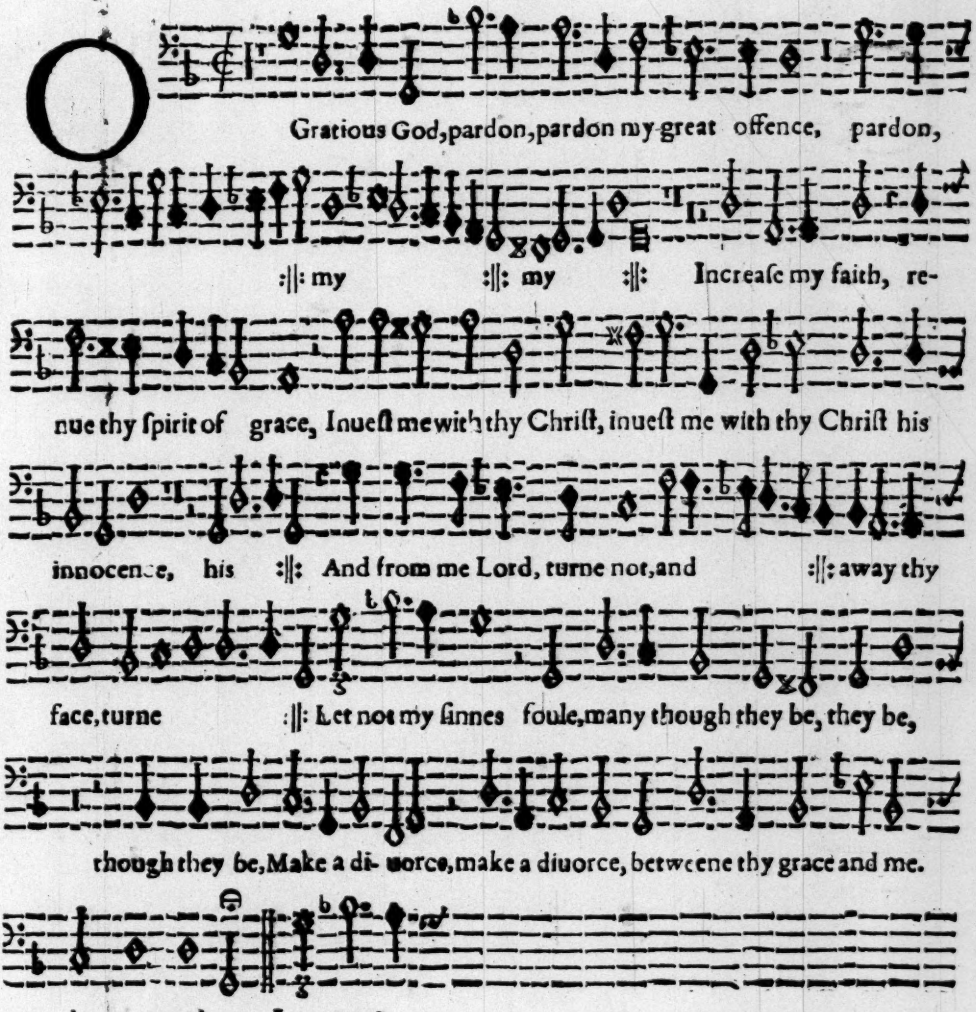

CHaſt Syrinx, &c. Feare haſting on her pace, feare :||: her :||:
With looſed haire, and teare-bedewed face, and teare-bedewed face, with looſed
haire, and teare-bedewed face, with :||: Wearie God wot, wearie
:||: wearie :||: God :||: And Pan behinde her nye, and :||: and
:||: She fills the woods, ſhe :||: with many a drery cry, The gods did
ſee, ſhe :||: did ſee, and ſeeme her caſe to mourne, her caſe to mourne, her
:||: And in- to reeds, into reeds, her dainty limbs transforme, her :||:
So now ſhe makes, ſo :||: moſt ioyous, ioyous melo- dy, moſt ioyous
melo- dy, moſt :||: melody, For ioy ſhe kept, for :||: for
:||: her lou'd virginitie.

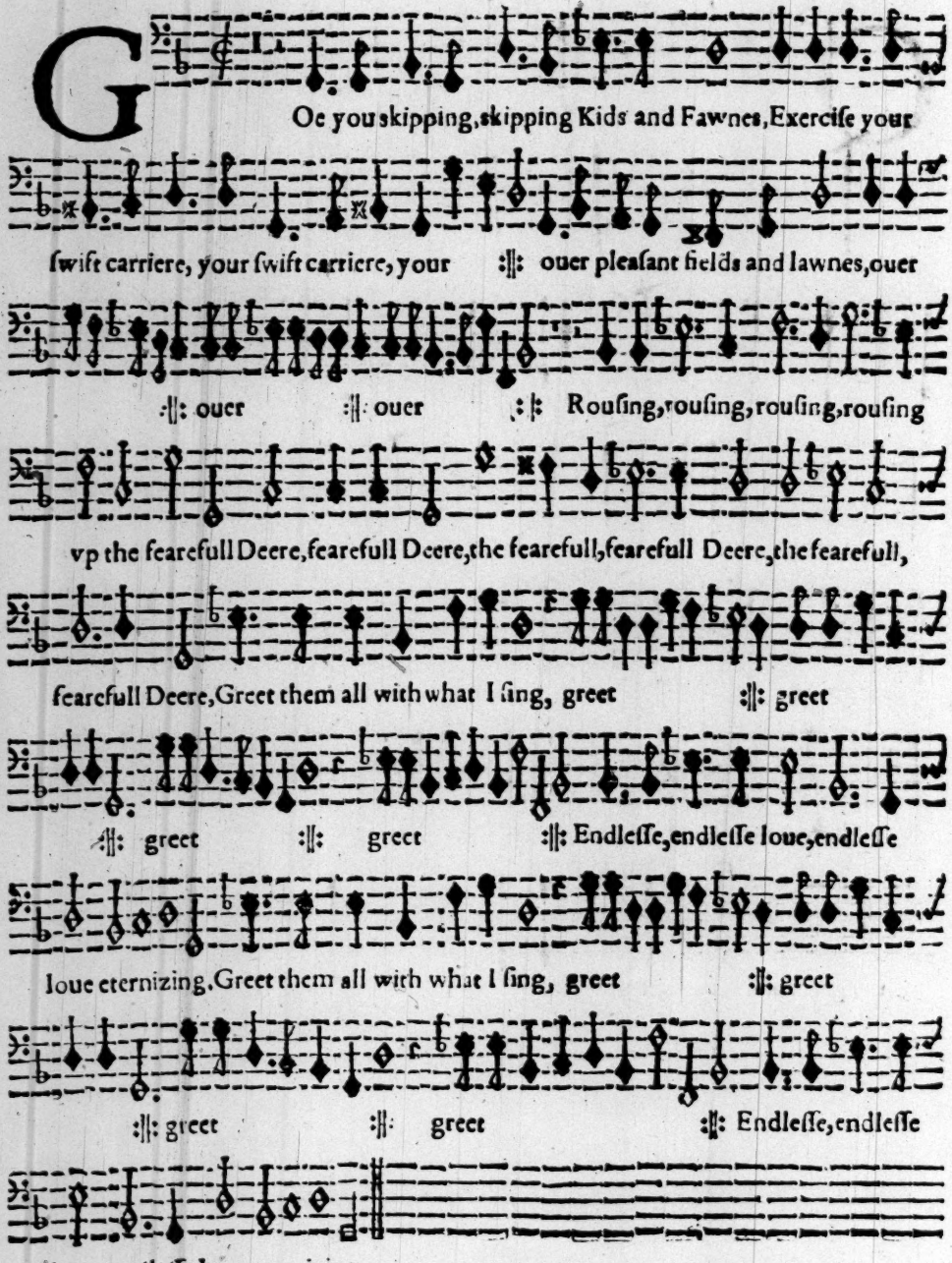

Come Shepheards weeds, attend my wofull, wofull cryes, Come
Shepheards weeds attend my wofull, wofull cryes, Diſuſe your ſelues, diſuſe :||: from
ſweet Manalcas, Manalcas voyce, Manalcas voyce, For other be thoſe tunes, for
:||: which ſor- row tyes, which :||: From thoſe cleare notes, from :||:
from :||: from :||: which freely may reioyce, which :||: which
:||: which :||: Then power out plaint, then :||: then :||:
then :||: then :||: and in one word ſay this, and :||: Helpleſſe his
plaint, his :||: his :||: who ſpoyles himſelfe of bliſſe.

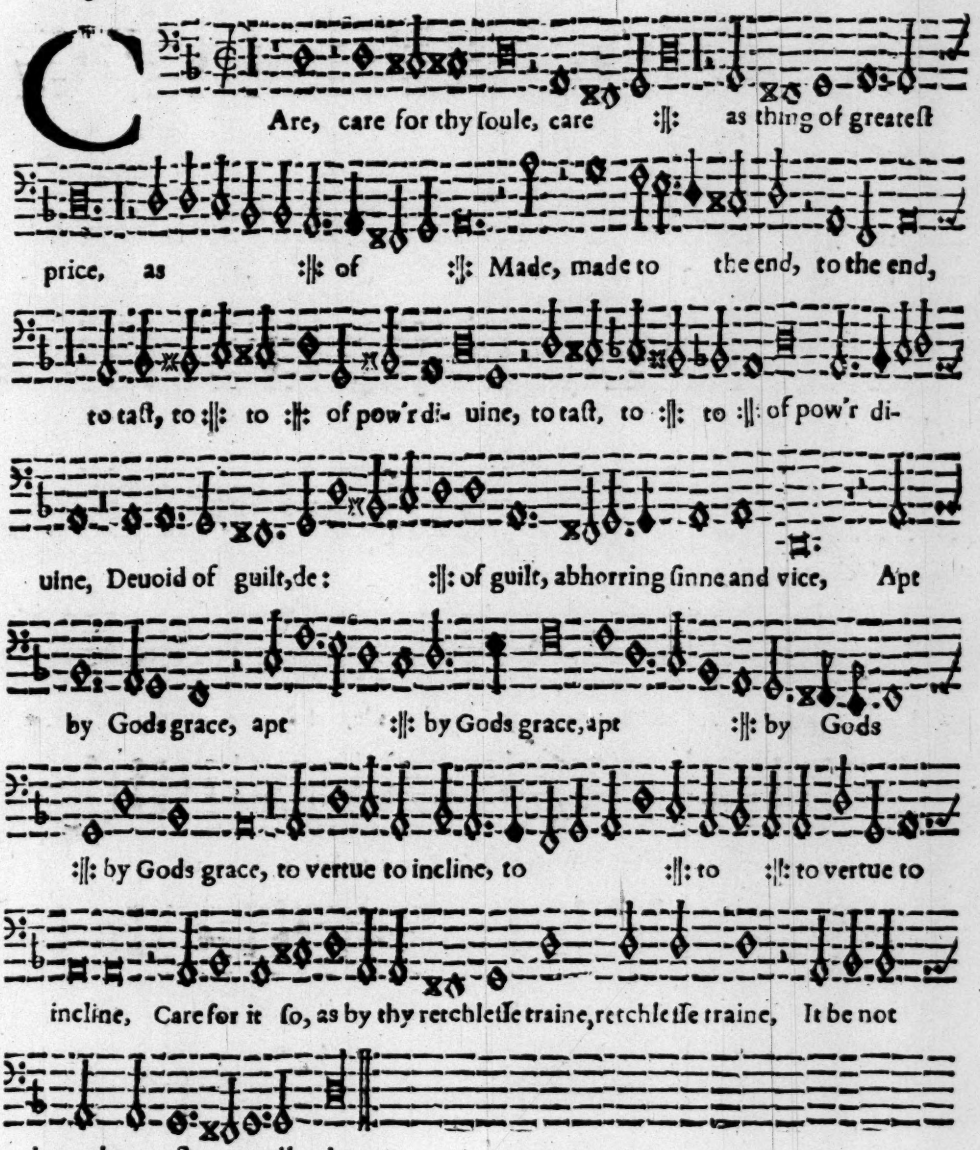

Crowned with flowers, with flowers, I ſaw faire Amarillis, by
Therſis ſit, by :|: by :|: Hard by a fount of Chriſtall, And with her
hand more white, and :|: and :|: then ſnow or lillies, on ſand ſhe
wrote, on :|: My faith ſhall be immortall, my :|: my
:|: But ſodainly a ſtorme, but :|: of winde and weather, a ſtorme of
winde and weather, Blue all her faith, blue :|: blue :|: blue :|: and ſand a-
way together. But ſodainly a ſtorme, but :|: of winde and weather, a
ſtorme of winde and weather, Blue all her faith, blue :|: blue :|: blue
:|: and ſand away together.

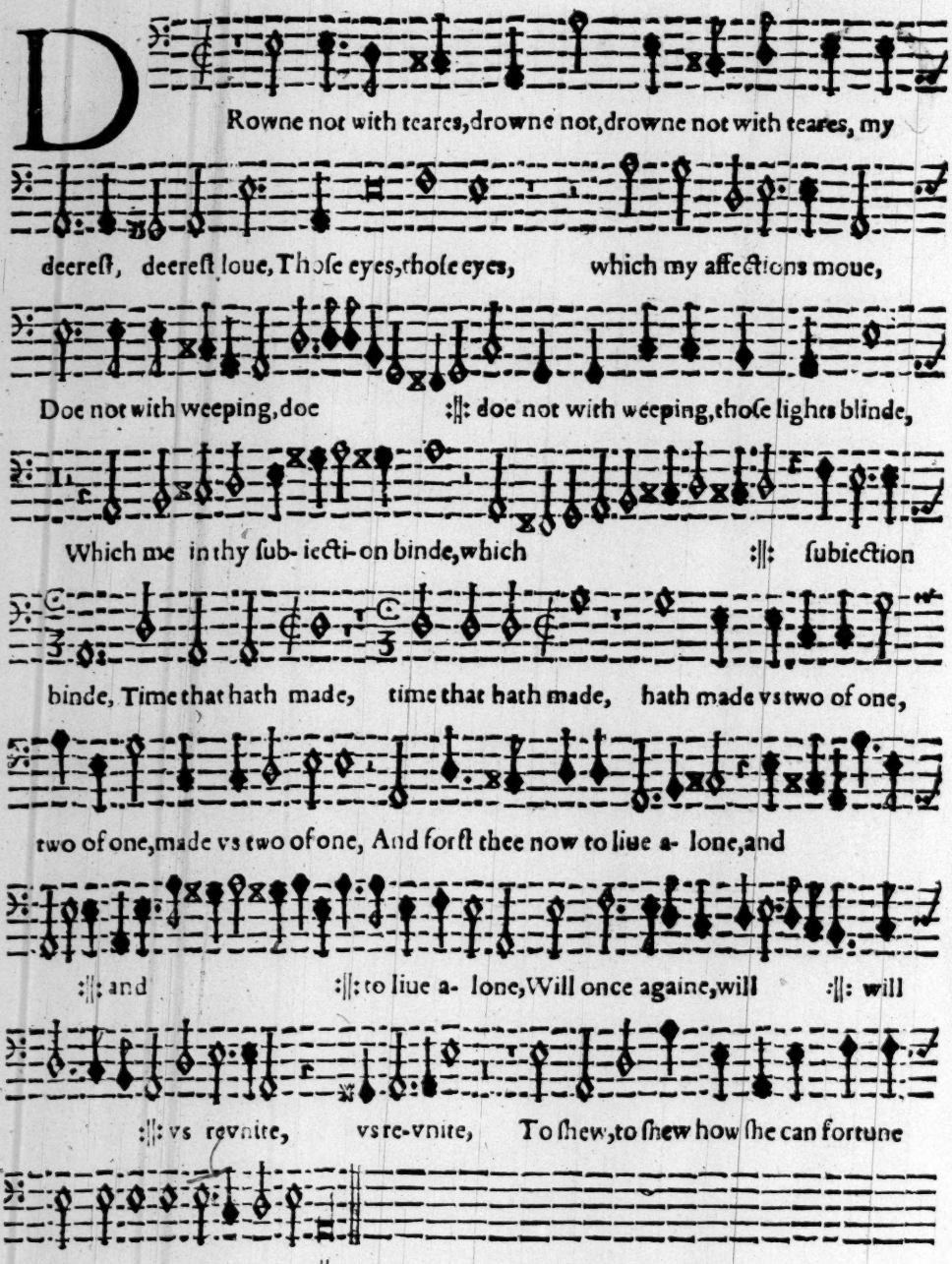
An Elegie on the death of his Worſhipfull friend, Maſter *Thomas Purcell* of *Dinthill*, Eſquire, in *Salop*.




O Gratious God, pardon, pardon my great offence, pardon,
:||: my :||: my :||: Increaſe my faith, re-
nue thy ſpirit of grace, Inueſt me with thy Chriſt, inueſt me with thy Chriſt his
innocence, his :||: And from me Lord, turne not, and :||: away thy
face, turne :||: Let not my ſinnes foule, many though they be, they be,
though they be, Make a di- uorce, make a diuorce, betweene thy grace and me.
thy grace and me. Let not, &c.


Oe you skipping, skipping Kids and Fawnes, Exerciſe your
ſwift carriere, your ſwift carriere, your :||: ouer pleaſant fields and lawnes, ouer
:||: ouer :||: ouer :|: Rouſing, rouſing, rouſing, rouſing
vp the fearefull Deere, fearefull Deere, the fearefull, fearefull Deere, the fearefull,
fearefull Deere, Greet them all with what I ſing, greet :||: greet
:||: greet :||: greet :||: Endleſſe, endleſſe loue, endleſſe
loue eternizing. Greet them all with what I ſing, greet :||: greet
:||: greet :||: greet :||: Endleſſe, endleſſe
loue, endleſſe loue eternizing.


Care, care for thy ſoule, care :||: as thing of greateſt
price, as :||: of :||: Made, made to the end, to the end,
to taſt, to :||: to :||: of pow'r di- uine, to taſt, to :||: to :||: of pow'r di-
uine, Deuoid of guilt, de: :||: of guilt, abhorring ſinne and vice, Apt
by Gods grace, apt :||: by Gods grace, apt :||: by Gods
:||: by Gods grace, to vertue to incline, to :||: to :||: to vertue to
incline, Care for it ſo, as by thy retchleſſe traine, retchleſſe traine, It be not
brought to taſt eternall paine.



:||:

Here endeth the Songs of fiue Parts.

Eare Shepheardeſſe, thou art more louely faire, Then the

both Roſes, then the both Roſes in the prime of May, of May, Thou art more

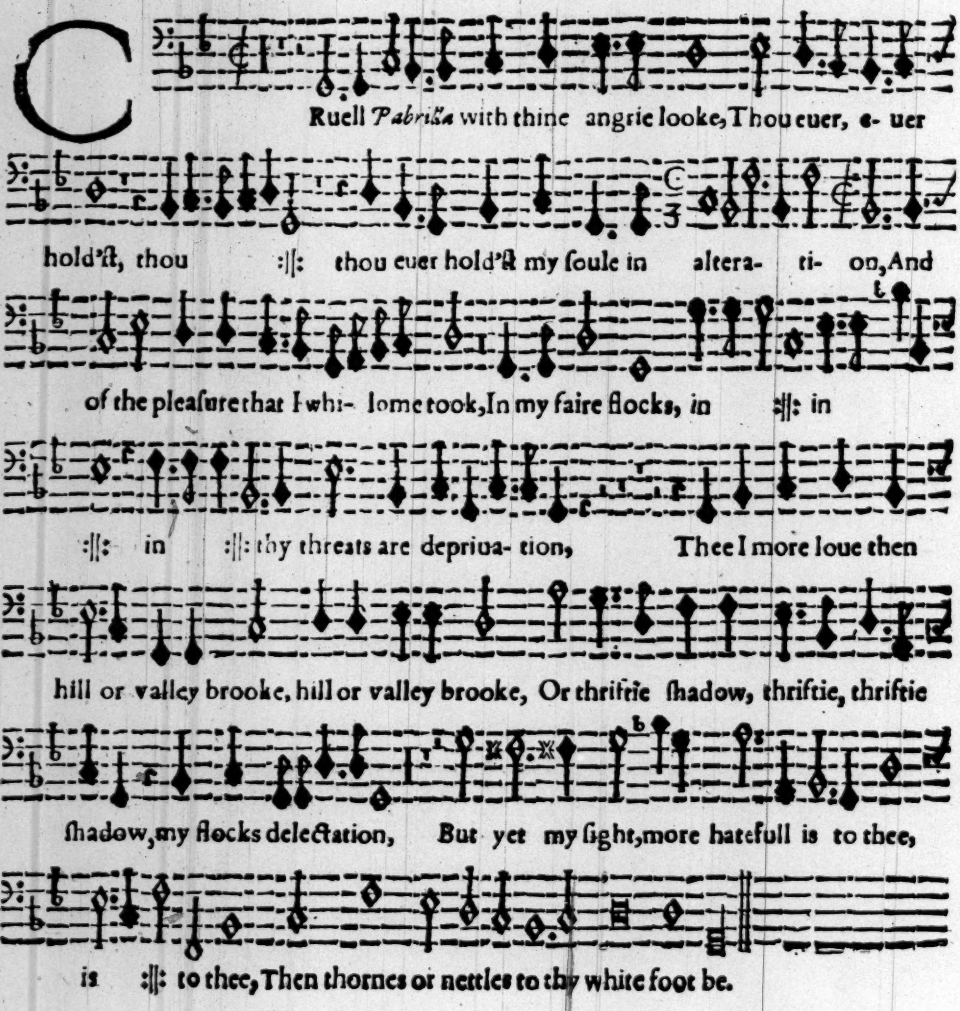
tender, ſweet, without compare, without compare, Then the bright Morning,

at the breake of day, breake of day, at the breake of day, breake of day, at the

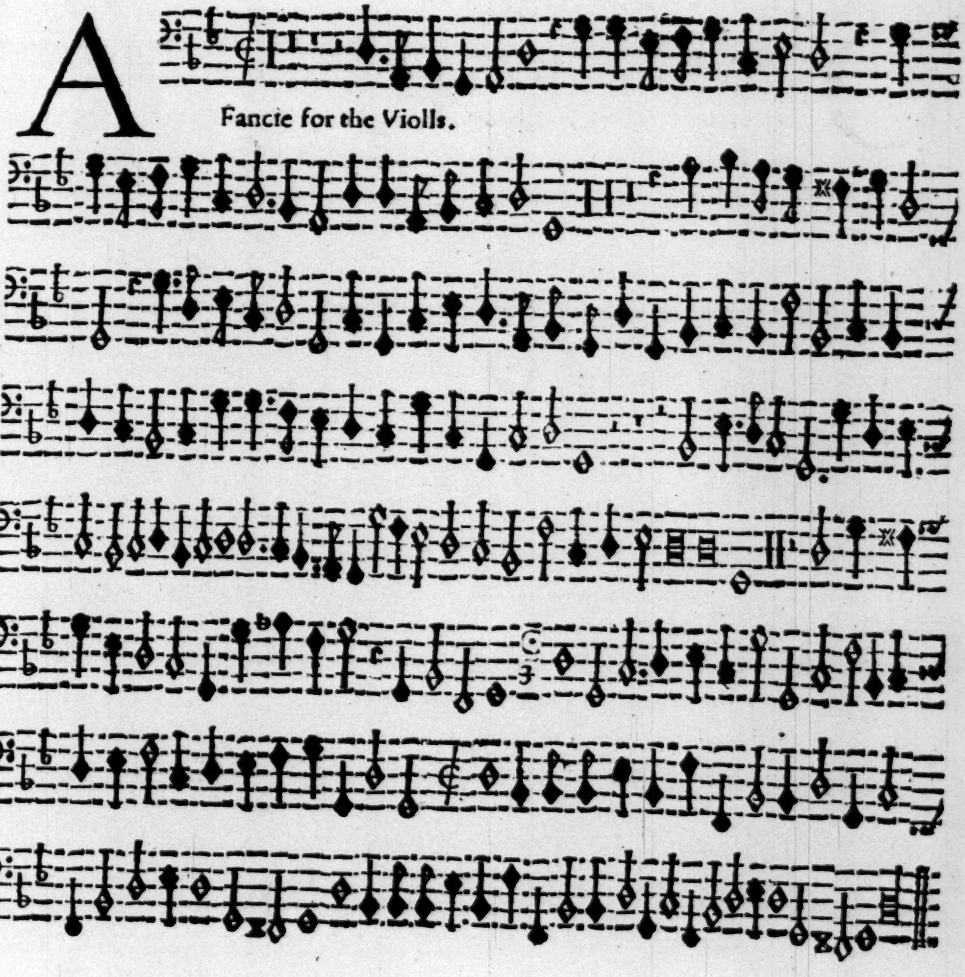
breake of day, But vnto me, that doe thy praiſe declare, More cold, more

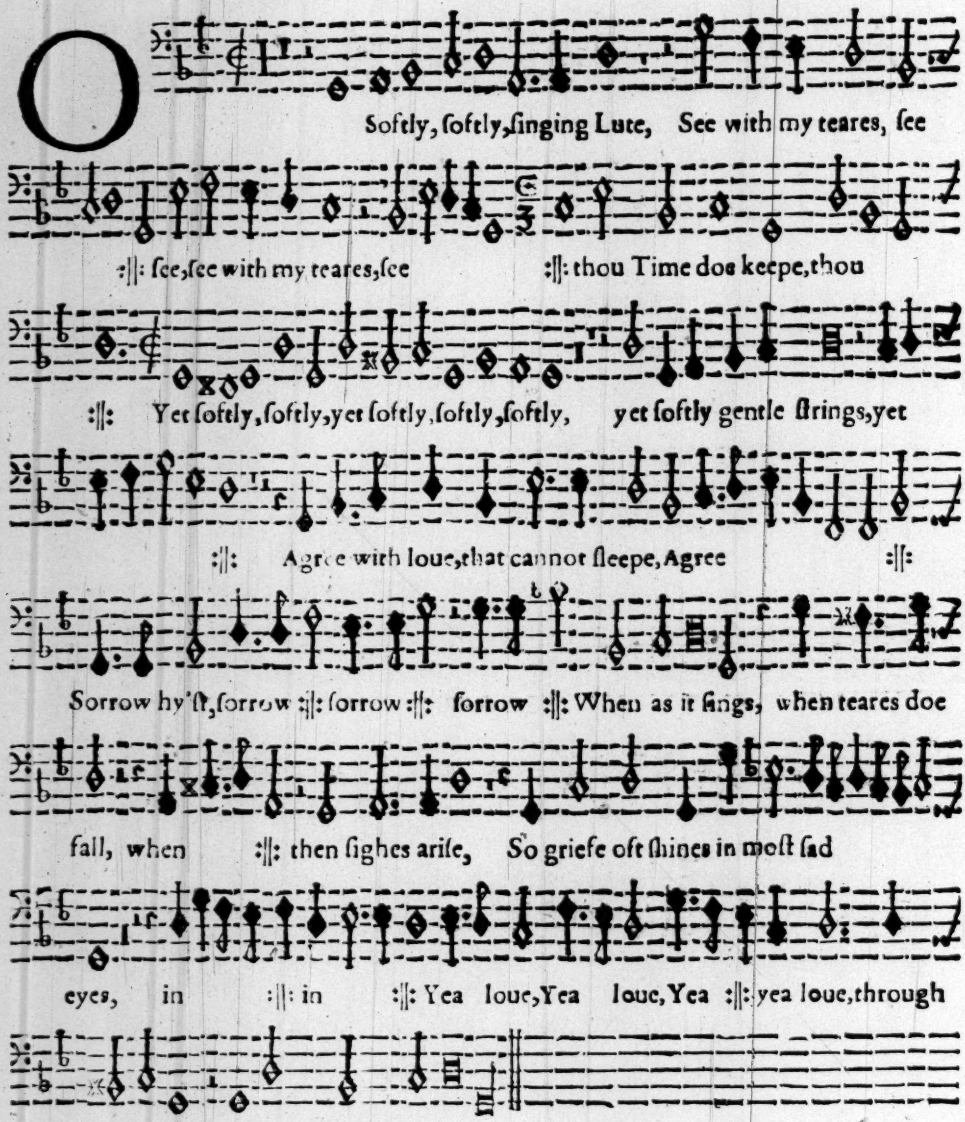
cold and dead, more :‖: more :‖: more :‖: then the moſt cold

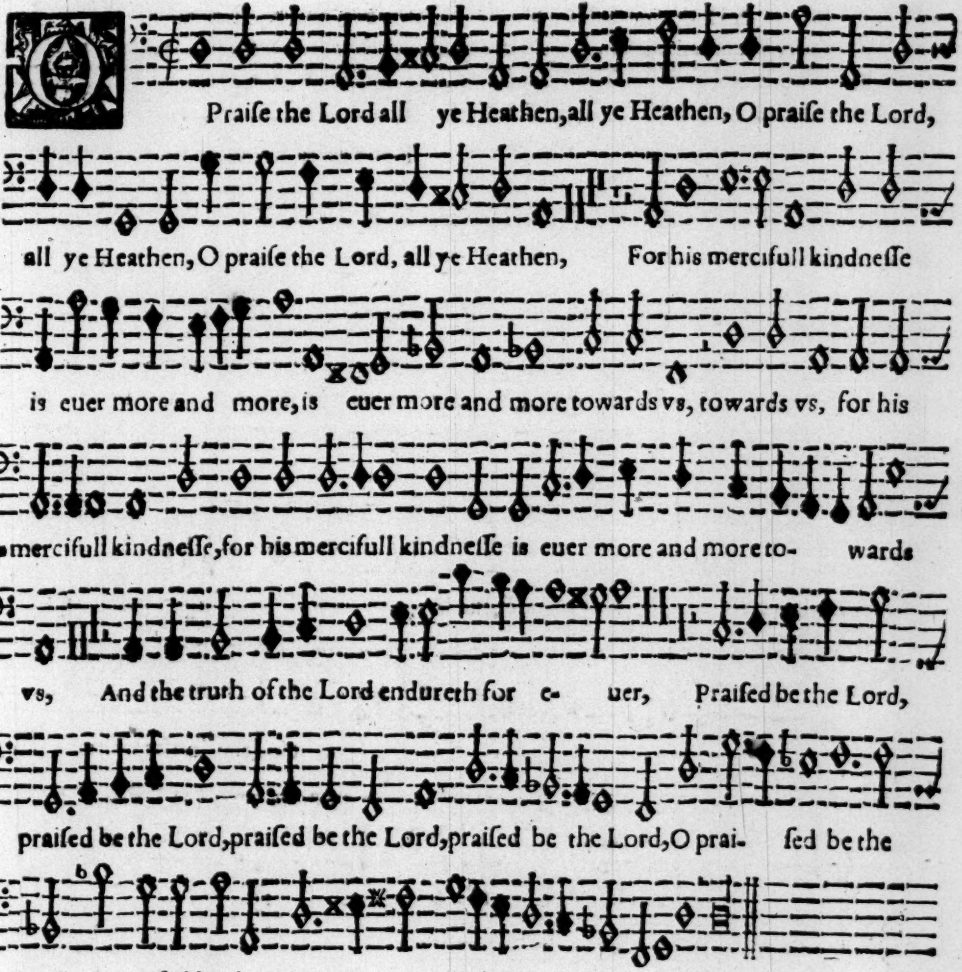
diſmay. moſt cold diſmay.


Ruell Pabriſa with thine angrie looke, Thou euer, e- uer
hold'ſt, thou :||: thou euer hold'ſt my ſoule in altera- ti- on, And
of the pleaſure that I whi- lome took, In my faire flocks, in :||: in
:||: in :||: thy threats are depriua- tion, Thee I more loue then
hill or valley brooke, hill or valley brooke, Or thriftie ſhadow, thriftie, thriftie
ſhadow, my flocks delectation, But yet my ſight, more hatefull is to thee,
is :||: to thee, Then thornes or nettles to thy white foot be.

A Fancie for the Violls.



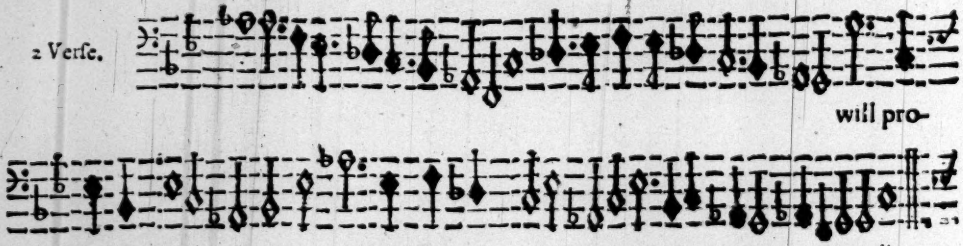

O
Softly, ſoftly, ſinging Lute, See with my teares, ſee
:||: ſee, ſee with my teares, ſee :||: thou Time doe keepe, thou
:||: Yet ſoftly, ſoftly, yet ſoftly, ſoftly, ſoftly, yet ſoftly gentle ſtrings, yet
:||: Agree with loue, that cannot ſleepe, Agree :||:
Sorrow hy'ſt, ſorrow :||: ſorrow :||: ſorrow :||: When as it ſings, when teares doe
fall, when :||: then ſighes ariſe, So griefe oft ſhines in moſt ſad
eyes, in :||: in :||: Yea loue, Yea loue, Yea :||: yea loue, through
hart it dies, it dies, through hart it dies.


Praiſe the Lord all ye Heathen, all ye Heathen, O praiſe the Lord,
all ye Heathen, O praiſe the Lord, all ye Heathen, For his merciſull kindneſſe
is euer more and more, is euer more and more towards vs, towards vs, for his
mercifull kindneſſe, for his mercifull kindneſſe is euer more and more to- wards
vs, And the truth of the Lord endureth for e- uer, Praiſed be the Lord,
praiſed be the Lord, praiſed be the Lord, praiſed be the Lord, O prai- ſed be the
Lord, O praiſed be the Lord, O prai- ſed be the Lord.

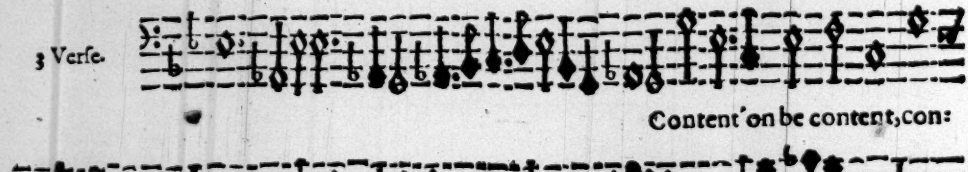
A Dialogue for the Violls and Voyces, and the Lute.

1 Verſe.

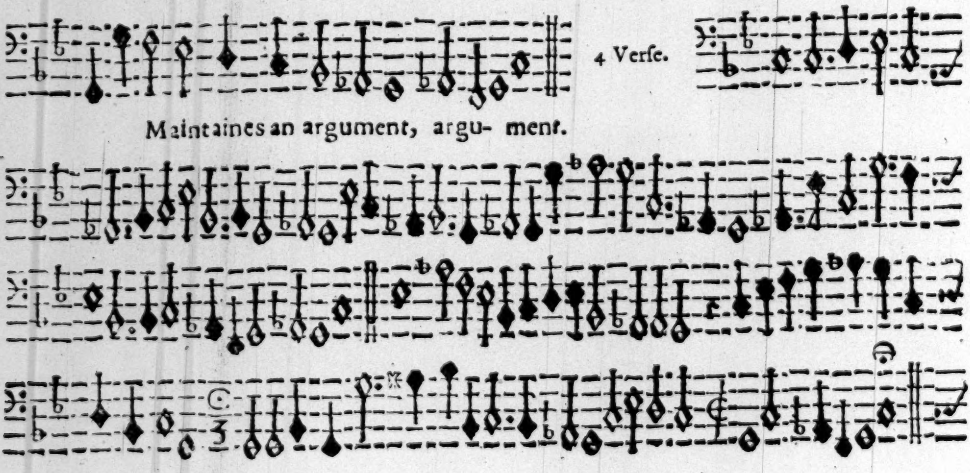
2 Verſe.



3 Verſe.



4 Verſe.



A Dialogue for the Violls and Voyces, and the Lute.

Chorus.

Loue be propi- tious, Shepherdeſſes ſing, *Olympus* likes

and loues, and loues, *Olim- pus* likes and loues, and loues our Caro- ling.

FINIS.

A TABLE for the finding of the SONGS.

Of 3. Voyces.

SOu'raigne of my delight.		I
Yond hill tops.		II
Wake sleepy *Thirsis*.		III
Stay hart, runne not so fast.		IV
Ye bubling springs.		V
Your fond preferments.		VI

Of 4. Voyces.

Menalcas in an Euening.		VII
Coy *Daphne*.	*First Part.*	VIII
Chast *Daphne*.	*Second Part.*	IX
If shee neglect.		X
Palæmon.		XI
You gentle Nymphs.		XII

Of 5. Voyces.

Chast *Syrinx*,		XIII
Come Shepheards.		XIIII
Crowned with flowers.		XV
Weepe sad *Vrania*.		XVI
O gratious God,		XVII
Goe you skipping.		XVIII
Care for thy soule.		XIX
Drowne not with teares.		XX

Of 6. Voyces.

Deare Shepheardesse.	*First Part.*	XXI
Cruell *Pabrilla*.	*Second Part.*	XXII
A Fancie for the Violls.		XXIII
O softly singing Lute.		XXIIII
O Praise the Lord.		XXV
Surcease you youthfull.		XXVI
A Pauen by the Earle of *Darbie* for the Orpharion.		XXVII

FINIS.

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